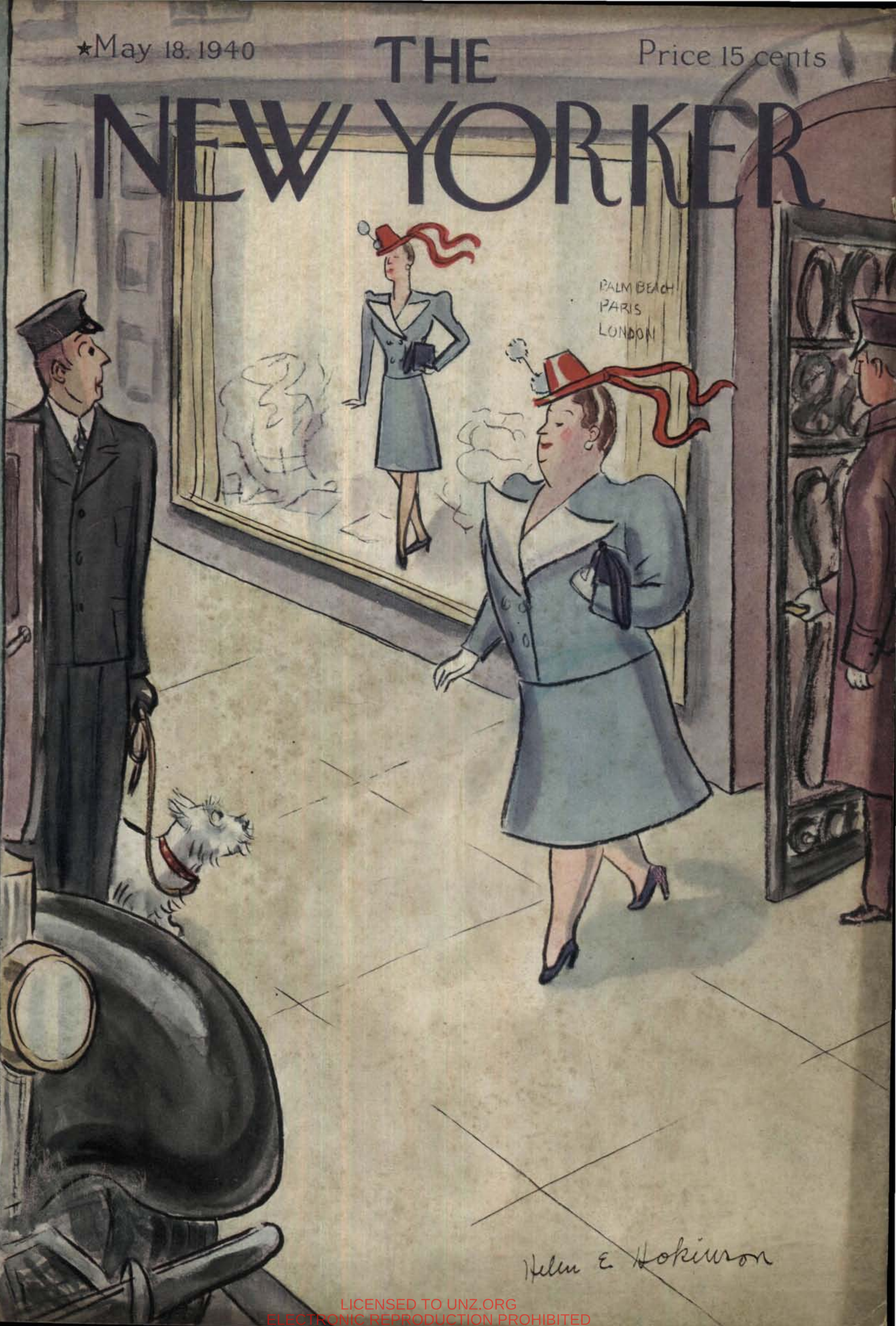
★May 18. 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents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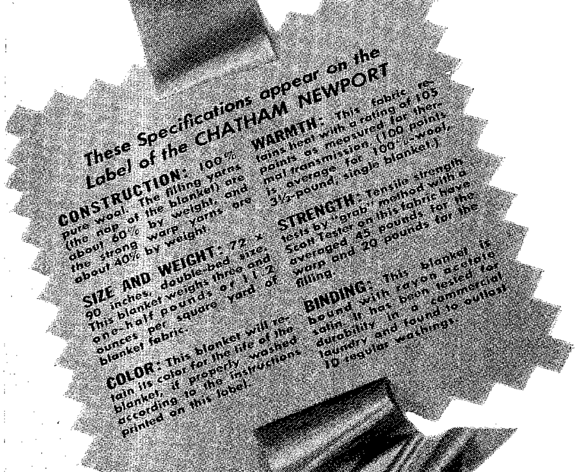


These Specifications appear on the Label of the CHATHAM NEWPORT

CONSTRUCTION: 100% pure wool. The filling yarns (the nap of the blanket) are about 60% by weight, and the strong warp yarns are about 40% by weight.

SIZE AND WEIGHT: 72 × 90 inches, double-bed size. This blanket weighs three and one-half pounds or 11.2 ounces per square yard of blanket fabric.

COLOR: This blanket will retain its color for the life of the blanket, if properly washed according to the instructions printed on this label.

WARMTH: This fabric retains heat with a rating of 105 points as measured for thermal transmission (100 points is average for 100%-wool, 3½-pound, single blanket.)

STRENGTH: Tensile strength tests by "grab" method with a Scott Tester on this fabric have averaged 45 pounds for the warp and 20 pounds for the filling.

BINDING: This blanket is bound with rayon acetate satin. It has been tested for durability in a commercial laundry and found to outlast 10 regular washings.

CHATHAM offers these stunning *"Closet Boxes"* with both Winter- and Summer-weight Blankets

This lovely direct-color photograph gives you an idea of the rich beauty of the quilted-satin "closet boxes" in which Chatham's finest All-Wool Blankets are available as wedding gifts. This year, in addition to white, the boxes come in the standard closet-accessory colors of Dubonnet, Chocolate, Spruce Green and Midnight Blue. Each box is packed with blankets in a color to harmonize or contrast with the box. No more suitable, practical or welcome gift could be chosen for the Bride of 1940—for the blankets themselves are the finest and most luxurious that have ever carried Chatham's famous Trade Mark. The winter-weight ensemble of two all-wool "luxury" blankets and quilted-satin closet box is priced at about $35.00, the summer-weight ensemble at about $12.50. The blankets are made in six colors—white, dusty rose, powder blue, green, peach, and cedarose.

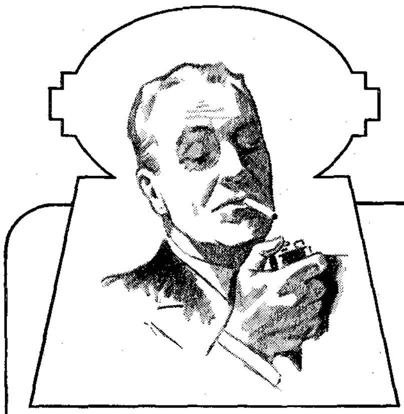
• • •

If you do not know which stores in your vicinity carry these new "Bride's Boxes," write to The Chatham Mfg. Co., Dept. B, 57 Worth St., N. Y. City, and the information will be sent to you promptly. Mills at Elkin, N. C.

This beautiful all-wool, "luxury" blanket is the one which is packed in pairs in the large Bride's Box pictured above.

DIRECT-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

CHATHAM·BLANKETS



By the time you've smoked a cigarette . . . . . .

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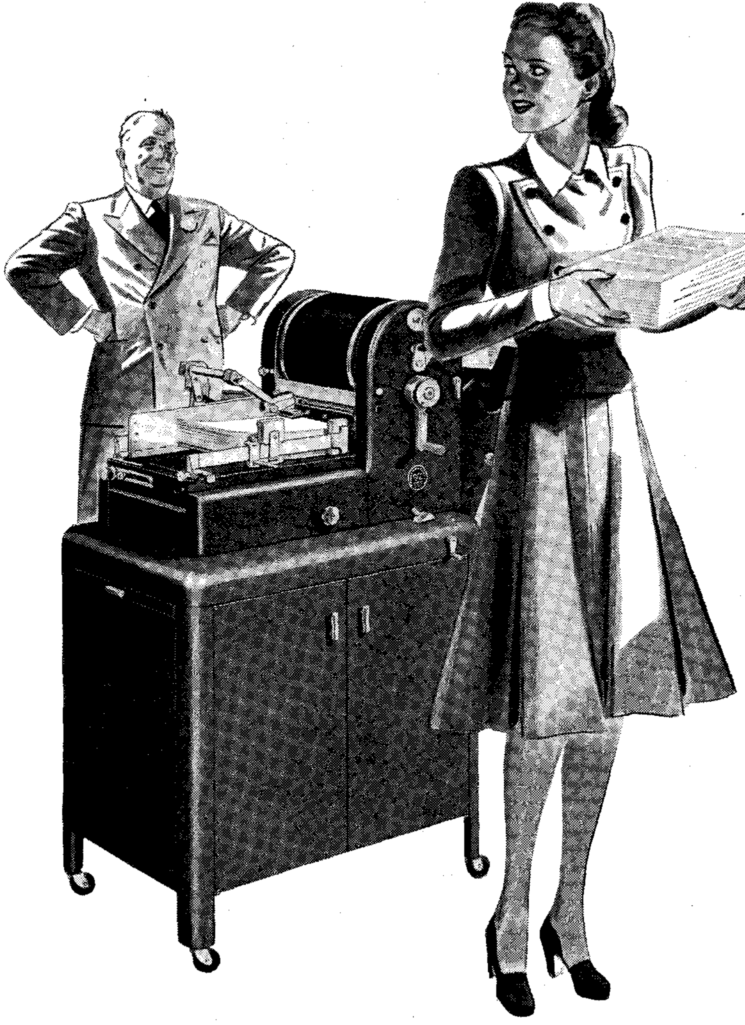

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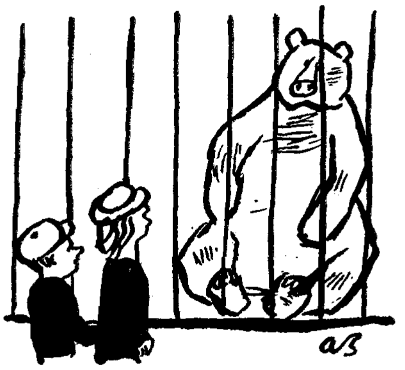
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 25. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Column—Except for the substitution of pure love for high-class bitchery, the Theatre Guild has dealt respectfully and well with Ernest Hemingway's play about the war in Spain. Franchot Tone's counter-espionage agent is very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 18.)

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske is strangled and put in an oven by the sanest of three crazy old maids. Gilbert Miller has produced one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen and is enormously helped by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Lady in Waiting—Gladys George is responsible for whatever gaiety there is in this comedy about a lively American woman putting the British aristocracy in its place. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Love's Old Sweet Song—The troubles a lady is likely to run into if she happens to fall in love with a snake-oil salesman, told in William Saroyan's happiest vein. The odd but fascinating cast includes Walter Huston, Jessie Royce Landis, Arthur Hunnicutt, and Doro Merande. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Showing that you can push even a professor of English only so far. James Thurber being co-author, there is more to it than just that. The excellent cast includes the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—Miss Clare Boothe licking hell out of the Nazis in a furious but not terribly ingenious melodrama. Otto Preminger gets killed, and Sam Levene tries to find out who did it. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Morning Star—Molly Picon is splendid in her first full-length play in English, even if the play itself is a bit too sentimental and naïve. With Joseph Buloff and Sidney Lumet. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Dear Children—John Barrymore kidding a comedy that wouldn't amount to anything without him and doesn't amount to a great deal anyway. Elaine Barrie, Philip Reed, Patricia Waters, and Tala Birell are also in it. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat. Closes Sat., May 18.)

Romeo and Juliet—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in Mr. Olivier's own revival of the tragedy. Romeo is handsome and Juliet more than lovely, but that's about all that can be said for it. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. 8 o'clock. Mats. at 2, Wed. and Sat.)

Skylark—Miss Gertrude Lawrence's extraordinary vitality carrying along an otherwise mediocre comedy about love and the advertising business. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eve. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Closes Sat., May 25.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business made into a powerful and eloquent play. The Lunts are excellent, and they are very capably supported by Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Return of the Vagabond—A new play by George M. Cohan. He's also the producer and plays the lead. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr making everything more than all right unless you are hypersqueamish. Cole Porter's music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—A lot of pretty girls and a Rodgers and Hart score winning a very close decision over a dull book. Sharkey the Seal is supported by a competent cast including Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Practically the same as the old "Hellz-a-Poppin" in spirit, which is one of roughhouse at its funniest. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Pins and Needles—Good, honest social and political satire from people who know how to put on a show. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Too Many Girls—What happens when old Pottawatomie unexpectedly gets hold of an All-America football team. An excellent musical comedy, with Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. Rodgers and Hart wrote the songs. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—A bright, pleasant, and modest revue put on by the same people who did "One for the Money." Richard Haydn, Brenda Forbes, and Betty Hutton do most of the work. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Keep off the Grass—Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, Jane Froman, and Ilka Chase in a new revue, produced by the Shuberts and staged by Edward Duryea Dowling, with choreography by George Balanchine. Opens Thurs., May 23. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Russian Bank—A play by Theodore Komisarjevsky and Stuart Mims, with James Rennie, Tonio Selwart, and Effie Shannon. Staged and produced by Mr. Komisarjevsky. Opens Thurs., May 23. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—This green and pleasant retreat has just reopened with Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room, looking cool and comfortable, is currently occupied by Sleepy Hall's orchestra and a show.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—The Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra provide entertainment enough for so small a spot.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of café society's cafés. The De Marcos are here, and so are Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—The Hartmans are on hand now, doing their share to make this one of the best. Ted Straeter's and Ray Morton's orchestras.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—A nautical setting, with a show and music by Val Olman's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried place, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Gay and sprightly, and designed primarily to please the younger set. Charlie Murray's and Don de Vodi's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Joe Marinaro's orchestra plays in the spacious Tapestry Room.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jane Pickens, Paul Draper (through Thurs., May 23), and Eddy Duchin and his orchestra are in the perennial Persian Room.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Ben Cutler's orchestra and a new show, all up above the world so high. . . . Marlynn and Michael are now in their third year in the Rainbow Grill, also way, way up, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has a show and Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Carmen Miranda and Anne Francine are singing here. Music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is now playing on the Starlight Roof, alternating with Peter Brent's at the supper hour. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers here are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): they've decided to keep this open for the summer; John Buckmaster is in charge of things now. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): George Lloyd is on hand, eating his peanut-butter sandwich. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, music by

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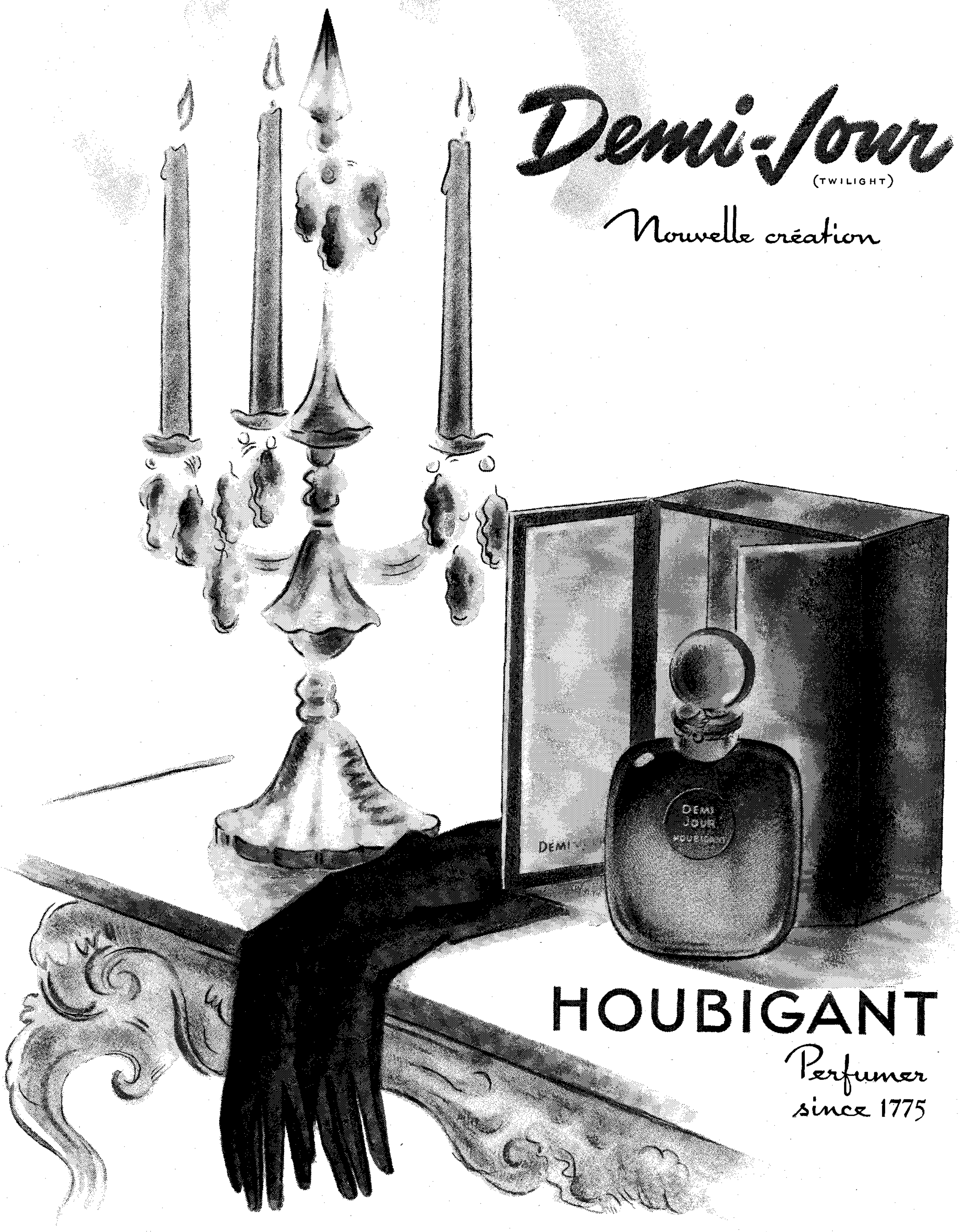
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 14, May 18, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Frank Mandella's orchestra, and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nicholas Matthey's orchestra and a show. . . . **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): one that caught on quickly, with a Polish orchestra which plays polkas as well as rumbas. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with William Scotti's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Chester's on Fri., May 17. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there. Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

Al-fresco dining: **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), with Joe Ricardel's orchestra; **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), with Michael Zarin's orchestra. . . . Without dancing: **CHATHAM WALK,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); and **PAVILLON MARGUERY,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000).

Among the sidewalk cafés now open are those of the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 24 5 Ave., at 9; **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12; and **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a new Billy Rose show. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's best, to judge by the crowds, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a Latin show. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction. . . . **COTTON CLUB,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Andy Kirk's orchestra and a new colored show.

Pure Swing—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): John Kirby and his orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis, an old-time Dixie Land trombonist from New Orleans, and his orchestra play every night except Mon. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar nook, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

Harlem—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are the **SAVOY BALLROOM,** Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM,** Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), but either one may be taken over by private parties for an evening, so you'd better call before you go.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Three Viennese places started by refugees, who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); **CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE,** B'way at 77 (TR 4-6711); and **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

ART

Americans—Small paintings by Ryder, Eilshemius, and Lawson: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25.

Calder—Endlessly graceful and interesting mobile sculptures: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Campbell—An exhibition of effectively imaginative water colors: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Dehn—Coast-to-coast water-color impressions, with the broader Western views responding as readily as the Eastern ones to the artist's crisp style: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

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Dove—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

Eisendieck—*Fluffy, spattery, but undeniably* decorative paintings of Parisian girls: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Epstein—His huge, controversial "Adam," and a group of strongly stylized portrait heads: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

French Groups—At the **GUY MAYER,** 41 E. 57: small paintings by post-Impressionists and other moderns, including a fine, tiny Dufy. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: a pleasantly contrasted group of works by both modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Groups—At the **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: Taubes, Shulkin, Doris Rosenthal, and others in a generally representative collection. Weekdays *10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.* . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 113 W. 13: exhibition and sale of works by contemporary Americans, for the creation of a fund for artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 24. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent paintings by John Sloan, Louis Bouché, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 15.

Hordyk—Paintings by a modern Dutch artist, full of stylistic borrowings from the French but clean and bright in color: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23.

Ishigaki—Oils, occasionally stereotyped in subject but always dramatic in form: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 18.

Italian—Filippino Lippi, Timoteo Vite, and others in a well-presented showing of the lesser masters *of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries*: Acquavella, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Jarvis—Centennial show of portraits by a New York artist who painted almost everyone of consequence in his era. Interesting historically: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2.

Lie—Last paintings, some unfinished, mixed in with a few earlier ones in a kind of preliminary memorial exhibition: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24.

Lux and Shahn—Lux shows broodingly stylized marines; Shahn's closeups of contemporary scenes are remarkably keen, understanding, and intelligent: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—*Mexican* art from away back right up to the present in a big, glittering show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Persian Art—Sixty centuries and some $10,000,000 worth of it—rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and just about everything else. The rugs in particular are something to see: 1 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 22.

Rouault—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: a ten-year retrospective (1928 to 1938), including a number of his religious paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: a selective showing of his lithographs and etchings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

Rubin—Attractive, *lightly Impressionistic oils, prin*cipally of Palestinian subjects: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Soutine—Small, well-selected retrospective (1916 to 1939), presenting some of the best examples of this crudely powerful Expressionist painter's work to be seen here in a long time: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. This time it's the less well-known artists who steal the show. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Zucker—Scenes of upcountry New York, done with nice freedom and consistent good taste: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 18.

Here and There—At the **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: sculpture by John Rood. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: sporting paintings from the Thieriot Collection. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: paintings by modern American and European artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings by Paul Dougherty. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24. . . . **BONESTELL,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Julio De Diego. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: oils by Byron Thomas. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **HUDSON D. WALKER,** 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Mervin Jules. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: exhibition and sale of early Chinese ceramics, a benefit for China. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **SCHAEFFER,** 61 E. 57: exhibition of works by Italian and Dutch masters from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460. Other numbers are listed below.)

People's Chorus—Camilieri conducting: Waldorf-Astoria (EL 5-3000), Thurs. Eve., May 16, at 8:45.

United Choristers of New York—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" in concert form, Morgan conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. Eve., May 17, at 8:45.

New York City Symphony—Golschmann conducting the Music Project orchestra in one of a series of programs sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., May 19, at 8:45.

Note—A series of programs of Mexican music, with an orchestra which includes native Mexican musicians, will be given at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 16-18, at 8:45, Carlos Chavez conducting; Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 17-18, at 2:30, and daily thereafter at 2:30 and 8:45 P.M., through May 29, Eduardo Hernandez Moncada conducting.

OPERA

Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49—The San Carlo Opera Company presenting "Lohengrin," Thurs. Eve., May 16; "Faust," Fri. Eve., May 17; "Martha" and a Viennese ballet, Sat. Aft., May 18; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., May 18; "Rigoletto," Sun. Eve., May 19, final performance of the season. (CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20; Mats. at 2:30.)

Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58—The Gotham Opera Company presenting the chamber opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Wed. Eve., May 22, at 8:15. (CI 7-7000.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Aft., May 16, at 3:15; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 17, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 18, at 3; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sun. Aft., May 19, at 3, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 20-21, at 3:15; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 22-23, at 3:15; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., May 24, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., May 25, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. Aft., May 16, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., May 17, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sun. Aft., May 19, at 2:30, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 20-21, at 3; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 22-23, at 3.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Al Davis vs. Tony Marteliano, Thurs. Eve., May 16; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (10 rounds) at about 10. . . . Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, for the middleweight title, Fri. Eve., May 24;

preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Crew—Sat. Aft., May 18—Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Penn, at Philadelphia: freshman at 5, junior varsity at 5:30, varsity at 6. . . . Carnegie Cup, Yale-Cornell-Princeton, at Derby: freshman at 5:30, junior varsity at 6, varsity at 6:30. . . . American Henley Regatta, at Cambridge: Joe Wright Cup Race, at 5 (other races from 10:30 A.M. on).

Sat. Aft., May 25—Cornell-Harvard-Syracuse, at Ithaca: freshman at 6:30, junior varsity at 6:45, varsity at 7.

Dog Shows—Ladies' Kennel Association, Garden City, Sat., May 18, at 9 A.M. . . . Long Island Kennel Club, Cedarhurst, Sun., May 19, at 9 A.M. . . . Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Giralda Farms, Madison, N.J., Sat., May 25, at 9 A.M.

Golf—Goodall Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, Thurs., May 16, at 2 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., May 17-19, at 10 A.M. . . . Metropolitan Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., Fri. and Sat., May 24-25, at 10 A.M., and Sun., May 26, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City G.C., Fri. and Sat., May 24-25, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 26, at 9:45 A.M.

Horse Shows—Watchung Riding and Driving Club, Summit, N.J., Sat., May 18, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 19, at 1 P.M. . . . Vassar, Poughkeepsie, Sat., May 18, at 9:30 A.M., and Sun., May 19, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, Sun., May 19, at 9 A.M. . . . Wilmington, Del., Thurs. through Sat., May 23-25, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Race—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 18, at 3.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2:15 P.M.; through June 8. The Withers and the Jockey Club Plate, May 18; Metropolitan Handicap and Juvenile Stakes, May 25. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:35 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:45 and 1:35 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Track—Heptagonal games, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: American Y.C., Sat. Aft., May 25, at about 1:45.

OTHER EVENTS

Garden Exhibitions—The old-fashioned garden of Mrs. Giles Whiting, Scarborough Rd., Scarborough: Sat. Aft., May 18, from 2 to 6. The garden of Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. McFadden, East Main St., Peekskill: Wed. Aft., May 22, from 2 to 6. The gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siegbert, Old Lake St., Purchase: Sat. Aft., May 25, from 2 to 6. (Tickets: Westchester County Children's Association, 8 Church St., White Plains. White Plains 9098.) . . . Long Island gardens of Mr. and Mrs. S. Z. Mitchell, Oyster Bay, and Mr. Paul D. Cravath, Locust Valley: Tues. Aft., May 21, from 2:30 to 5:30. (Tickets: Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, 161 Front St. WH 3-1085.) . . . City gardens of Mrs. Lucy Benjamin Lemann, 44 W. 12; Mrs. Robert S. Davis, 29 W. 10; Wilfred E. Anthony, 8 Grove; Miss Natalie Gomez, 34 Grove; and Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, 88 Grove: Thurs. Aft., May 16, from 2 to 6. City gardens of Mrs. August Zinsser, 6 W. 9; Mrs. William J. Glackens, 10 W. 9; Mrs. Ernest Elgart, 136 Waverly Place; Mrs. Edmond Martin, 20 Christopher; and Mrs. Maximilian Elser, Jr., 134 W. 11: Fri. Aft., May 17, from 2 to 6. (Tickets: Mrs. C. Lefferts Brown, 29 W. 9, or at the places on exhibition. GR 5-1326.)

Industrial Art—A survey of contemporary developments, mainly on the flossier side: Gallery D 6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Morgan Library—This year's exhibit of rare literary and artistic works includes autographed manuscripts by Milton, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, and Mark Twain, and drawings by Hogarth, Raphael, and Dürer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Children's Costumes—Clothes and accessories worn by American youngsters during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, together with books and toys of the period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Benefit—Fête Parisienne. For a French ambulance unit: Brevoort, Wed. Eve., May 22, at 8.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Early American and English furniture, silver, and glass, owned by Harry C. Barker and Euchlin Dalcho; also Early American hooked rugs, the property of James L. Hutchinson: Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2. . . . Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture, silver, and porcelains: Thurs. Aft., May 23, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 56—English and Continental silver, eighteenth-century French furniture and art objects, Chinese porcelains and paintings, and Oriental rugs, from the collections of Baron Albert R. Rothschild and others: Thurs. Aft., May 16, at 2. . . . The library of Mrs. Cortlandt F. Bishop: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 22-23, at 2.

GREYSTONE, N. B'way, Yonkers—Furnishings and art objects belonging to, and sold at the estate of, the late Samuel Untermyer: Thurs. and Fri., May 16-17, at 10:15 A.M. and 2 P.M. . . . Orchids and other rare plants: Sat., May 18, at 10:15 A.M. and 2:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Carlos Chavez—Conducting an orchestra of American and Mexican musicians in a program of Mexican music: Sun. Eve., May 19, at 10:30, WABC.

Boxing—Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, for the middleweight title: Fri. Eve., May 24, at 10, WJZ.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts., at 3:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Foreign news broadcasts Sun. at 3:30 P.M., and Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; weekdays at 6:45 P.M., and Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ.

Television—Racing: The Withers, at Belmont Park, Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 8, WOR. . . . Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . "Music and Ballet," with Béla Bartók, 10, WQXR. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC.

SUNDAY—Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. . . . John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WOR. . . . "Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Black conducting, 10, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Baker's Wife—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—A light Robert Montgomery item, but somewhat different from the usual run. About a racketeer and the British feudal system. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., May 21-24.)

The Fight for Life—Another Pare Lorentz film, based this time on the maternal-welfare chapters from Paul de Kruif's book and handled with notable force and distinction. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Gone with the Wind—Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; weekdays at 10 A.M., and 2 and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 8 P.M.)

The Grapes of Wrath—One of the very big pictures of the season. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 20-21. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 21-22.)

PEACE
5¢
Sula

The Mayor's Dilemma—A French film of village life during the last war. With more humor than one might expect, considering all things, and really delightful. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Sun., May 19.)

My Little Chickadee—Mae West, gallantly escorted by W. C. Fields, defies the horrors of the Far West in the days of the bandits. Savage! (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., May 22-24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Thurs., May 23.)

Ninotchka—Garbo's comedy, charming and frivolous, of a Red Russian in capitalistic Paris. Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas are also in it. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., May 19-20.)

Of Mice and Men—Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, and Lon Chaney, Jr., in the Steinbeck story of ranch hands. Very good. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., May 18. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., May 16-19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., May 18-20.)

Primrose Path—Sterilized yet sprightly. The play and book are at any rate clearly hinted at, and the informal people are ably done by Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., May 16-20. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., May 21-23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., May 22-23. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., May 22.)

The Shop Around the Corner—A gentle pleasantry, with charm. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan are mildly involved. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 16. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., May 17-20.)

Sidewalks of London—Just a minor British film which displays Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton and may amuse you in an off moment. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., May 16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., May 18-21. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 21-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., May 23-24.)

The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet—Edward G. Robinson at his very best as the discoverer of salvarsan. A levelheaded, sensible, and engrossing production. Ruth Gordon, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Otto Kruger also appear. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 17.)

Torrid Zone—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, O'Brien, banana-pickers and bandits, and the wilds of South America. On the tough side. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., May 17.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 21-23.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., May 17-18.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—French picture. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., May 24-25.)

Dead End (1937)—Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., May 19-20.)

Easy Living (1937)—Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., May 16-17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 21-22.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 19-20.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., May 16-18.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., May 19-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 19-21.)

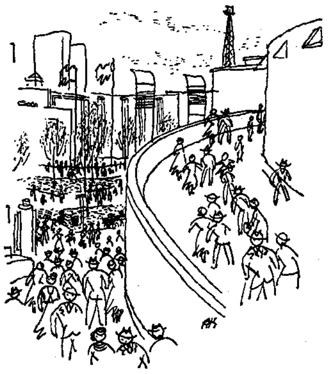
The River (1938)—Pare Lorentz film. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

The Story of a Cheat (1938)—French, with Sacha Guitry. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., May 16-18.)

True Confession (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 16.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films daily at 4 P.M.: "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Thurs., May 16, and Fri., May 24. "The Mark of Zorro," Fri., May 17, and Sat., May 25. "The Three Musketeers," Sat., May 18. "The Thief of Bagdad," Sun., May 19. "The Black Pirate," Mon., May 20. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Tues., May 21. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Wed., May 22. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Thurs., May 23.

THE WORLD'S FAIR



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

THE FAIR, ESPECIALLY THE AMUSEMENT AREA, IS NOT YET FULLY UNDER WAY AND PROBABLY WON'T BE FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER WEEK. A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., *but some restaurants and* bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9, on Liberty Lake (formerly Fountain Lake) at 10.... The places you want most to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.:** the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Sta. (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E-169 Street" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG-World's Fair." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan.... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.:** Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Rides on elevated highways and a garden where Ferde Grofé's Novachord ensemble plays. Dancers from the Ballet Caravan are scheduled to perform "A Thousand Times Neigh" (what a horse thinks of a Ford) once an hour, beginning Sat., May 18.

Gardens on Parade (A)—The current exhibit stresses tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, petunias, and azaleas. Special arrangements of cut flowers are changed every Tues. and Fri. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The Futurama, the biggest hit of last year, is again hard to get into without standing in line. It opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones dramatically displayed.

Railroads (F)—The historical pageant isn't scheduled to reopen until Sat., May 25, but there are plenty of real trains to clamber over, and the big model-train show, "Railroads in Action," runs continuously from 10:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. Admission to the show, 10 cents.

Telephones (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

Trylon and Perisphere—Democracity, you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

Others Worth Seeing—At **BORDEN'S** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor.... **CHRYSLER** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night.... **DU PONT** (D): the wonders of *Ersatz*, including nylon.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up.... **FIRESTONE** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small but amusing zoo in a jungle setting.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, in Steinmetz Hall; electrical prestidigitation in the House of Magic.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): how glass-blowers work.... **GOODRICH** (F): male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows, Mon. through Fri., at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **KODAK** (D): colored photographs flashed on eleven big screens at once.... **PETROLEUM** (D): a full-sized oil derrick in operation, boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil.... **R.C.A.** (C): up-to-the-minute television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp; one in the collection is valued at $50,000. Admission, 25 cents.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): an outsized robot man and his robot dog.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

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Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but the showy ones of Great Britain, France, Italy, Poland, and Brazil, among others, remain. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden (D) are no longer government-sponsored, but run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

Note—Of the state exhibits, only the Florida Building (I) is at present worth more than a cursory visit, except for particularly loyal native sons. Its coral beach on the lake shore is scheduled to be ready on Sun., May 19.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, making its début in a new amphitheatre, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M., except in heavy rain.

Barbary Coast (J)—Billy Rose again, this time with a night club to which he has brought much of the show that ran at his Diamond Horseshoe on Broadway for over a year. Fritzi Scheff and Tom Patricola are in it and Abe Lyman's orchestra plays. Floor shows nightly at 6:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.

Dancing Campus (I)—Michael Todd has turned the old Merrie England into an outdoor dance floor with room for 4,000 couples and plenty of bars and eating places all around. Horace Heidt and his orchestra play from 6 P.M., Mon. through Fri., and from 4 P.M., Sat. and Sun.

Gay New Orleans (H)—The opening of this village is now promised for Fri. Eve., May 17. An almost continuous round of revues directed by Hassard Short will be presented on a stage surrounded by cafés and bars. It's another Michael Todd venture.

Rides—Most of last year's speed-and-swoop devices are on hand again, together with some new ones. Among the better are: **AERIAL JOYRIDE** (K), steerable planes attached to a whirling pole; **CYCLONE** (K), you may remember this roller coaster from last year; **COMET** (K), a new, fast chute-the-chutes; **OVER THE TOP** (K), gondolas on the ends of a pole spin you around and turn you upside down; **SKY-RIDE** (H), a placid, joltless view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **WATER-BUGS** (J), a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

Mild and primarily for children are a small Ferris wheel (K), a merry-go-round (H), and the Magic Mountain (H), which the youngsters climb up and then slide down on pads.

Streets of Paris (H)—Still another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee and Abbott and Costello are in it. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

White Way Casino (K)—Rosita Royce and her dove dance surrounded by a lively girl show. There are seats, and the barkers don't fool you about curtain times. Frequent performances from midafternoon until closing.

Winter Wonderland (J)—A show on skates and skis in last summer's Sun Valley. Performances at 5, 7, 8:45, 10, and 11:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—A night club under a tent top, with a tropical-island setting. Floor shows frequently from 5 P.M.

Some Other Good Ones—The **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): this, moved to a more accessible location, will reopen any day now.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck has added new animals and acts to his circus and more monkeys to the swarm on his mountain.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one on Broadway.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motor bowl.

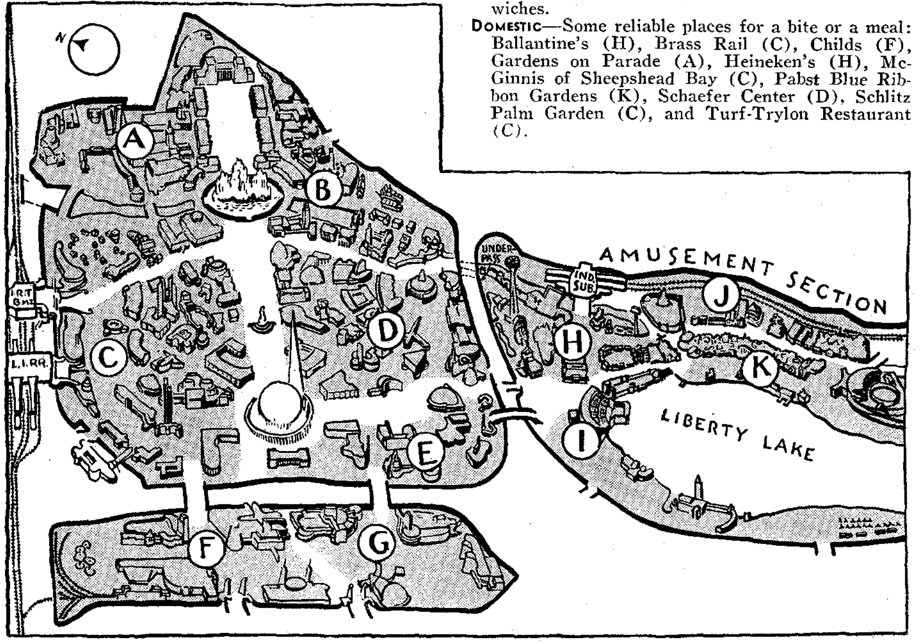
Notes—A few special features of the amusement area: a fenced-in playground (H), where children may be checked by the hour; a small trapshoot (H); a roller-skating rink (H); and self-operated pedal boats at the boat dock (I).

RESTAURANTS

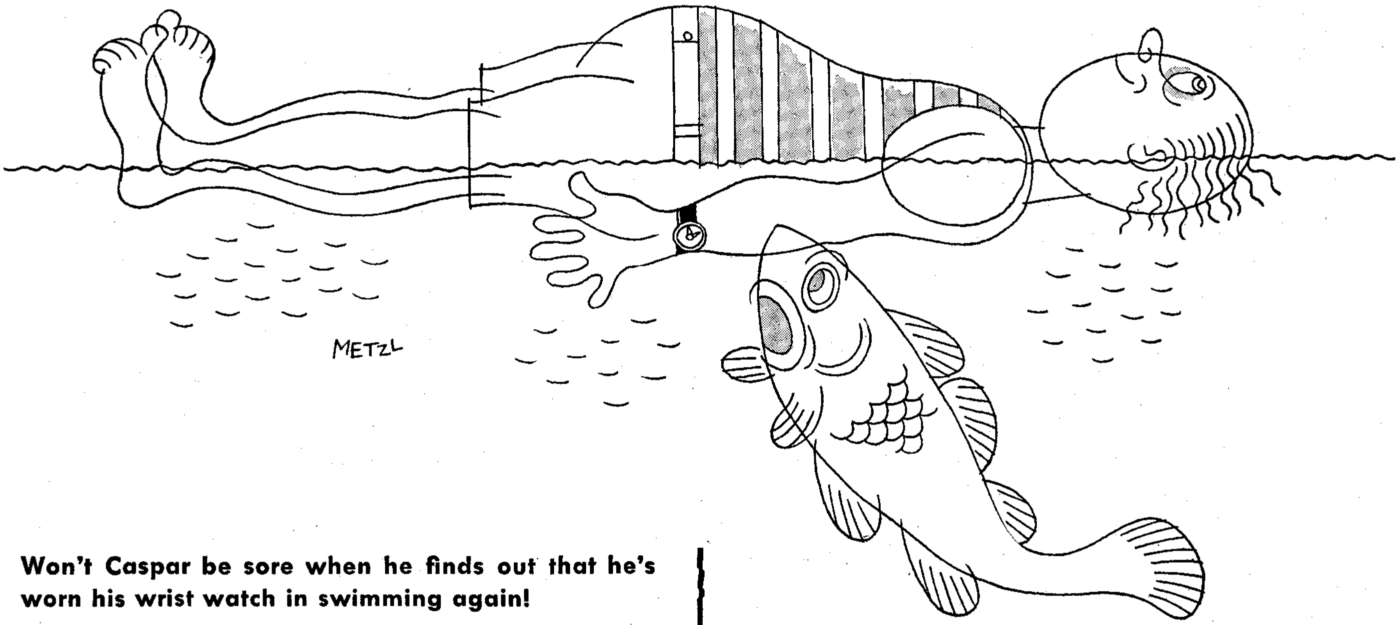
(Don't expect too much in the way of service and food until these places get back into their stride.)

Foreign—The following buildings and pavilions are equipped to serve complete meals: Belgium (B), Brazil (A), Czecho-Slovakia (B), Finland (A), France (A), Hungary (A), Iceland (B), Iraq (A), Italy (A), Palestine (C), Poland (A), Sweden (D), and Switzerland (A).... Japan (B) and Norway (B) serve snacks and sandwiches.

Domestic—Some reliable places for a bite or a meal: Ballantine's (H), Brass Rail (C), Childs (F), Gardens on Parade (A), Heineken's (H), McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay (C), Pabst Blue Ribbon Gardens (K), Schaefer Center (D), Schlitz Palm Garden (C), and Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C).



"Glug!" said the codfish . . . "I had no idea it was so late"



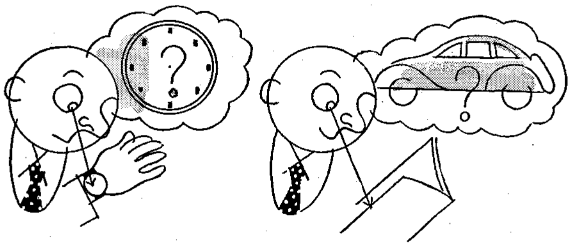
Won't Caspar be sore when he finds out that he's worn his wrist watch in swimming again!

"○✠ꝏ D. ɷ⫽*ꝏ!" he will exclaim. "@★⁄*@!@*!!" And then, "&*★O*!!!"

His wife Clarissa will shake her head and say, "You *are* getting absent-minded, Caspar. Whatever were you thinking about?"

Whether you realize it or not, Clarissa, that remark shows that you are aware of a great Fundamental Truth about advertising.

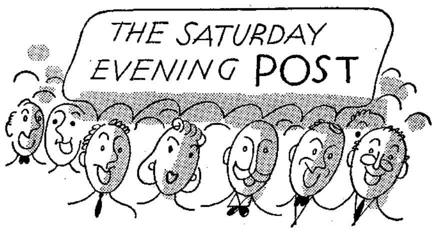
The Truth is that when a man's attention is focused on anything—be it swimming or golf or anything else—all other things tend to be shut out, even if they're as prominently displayed as a watch on his wrist.



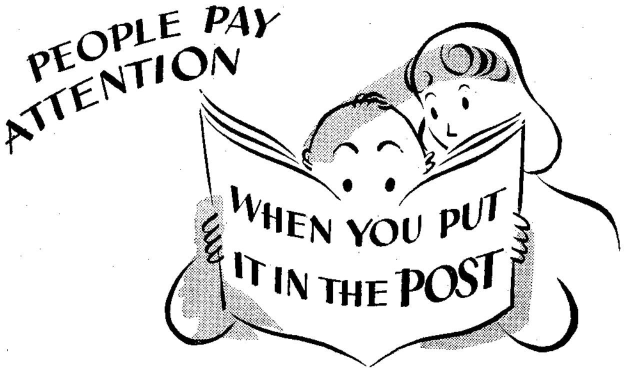
People are attentive to a watch when they want to know the time.

People are attentive to advertising when they want to know what's for sale.

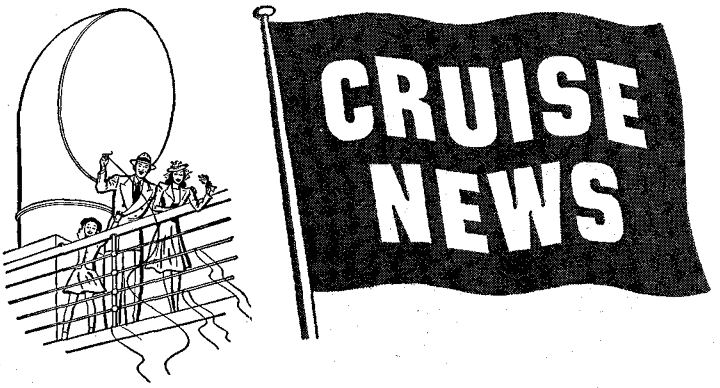
It follows that the way to get attention for advertising is to put it where people turn when they *want* to know what's for sale. Is there such a place? People say there is. They say that they have a favorite place to read advertising, just as they have a favorite street to shop on and a favorite sport and a favorite place to spend their holidays. In survey after survey, they affirm that this favorite place is—



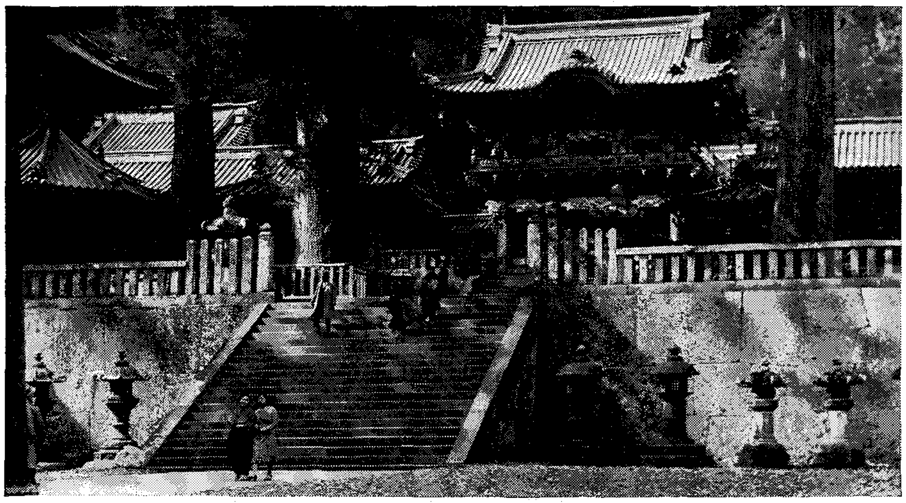
No wonder America's most successful advertisers invest more money in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine. They concentrate in the Post, where people concentrate on advertising.


PEOPLE PAY ATTENTION
WHEN YOU PUT IT IN THE POST

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES



About the low summer fares to the Orient and the President Liner go-as-you-choose Cruises that take you there . . . to California's Exposition, Hawaii or Round the World.



Nikko's Temples—the Japan of 2000 years ago.

American President Lines' special low summer roundtrip fares to the Orient were designed to fit most any vacation budget. For example: Cruise to Japan and back, via Honolulu for only $480. Japan and China for $547. Or cruise to Japan, China and the Philippines for as little as $630 roundtrip—First Class all the way. These special Cruise-Season fares allow you all the famous President Liner privileges . . . the go-as-you-choose-way of cruising . . . the fun of games and dancing and pleasant companions on a big, friendly ship designed for vacationing . . . all the privileges that usually go with President Liner tickets at regular rates.

GO AS YOU CHOOSE

Frequent President Liner sailings (every fourth week from New York to California and every other week from Los Angeles and San Francisco, via Hawaii and the Sunshine Route to the Orient) give you this unusual type of cruise—the President Liner go-as-you-choose cruise that lets you stopover anywhere, then continue on the next or another of these big "designed-for-vacations" ships, with almost identical accommodations: Every stateroom outside, high amidship, broad playdecks up in the sun, ample promenades, spacious public rooms, outdoor swimming pools and grand, varied President Liner food.

MANILA—18 DAYS

President Liner reduced Cruise-Season fares also apply to Manila-Direct sailings now offered by President Lines' chartered liners, the famed Panama Pacific "City Ships". From San Francisco to Manila, 18 days ($615 First Class). Hongkong 22 days ($604). Singapore 27 days ($703). Penang 29 days ($729). No other service to Manila and Malaya is so fast.

CALIFORNIA, ROUND AMERICA

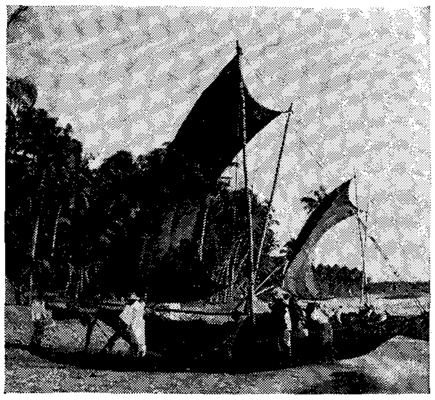
President Liner Round America Cruises give you both World's Fairs—New York and San Francisco—and a sunny 17-day ocean voyage in one grand vacation. Your President Liner ticket includes rail transportation from your home town to New York, a 17-day cruise to Havana, through the Caribbean, the Panama Canal, up the West Coast of Mexico to California—both Los Angeles and San Francisco, and your train trip home again. $304 is the complete First Class fare (only train meals and Pullman not included). And you may stopover anywhere you wish.

ROUND THE WORLD—85 DAYS

Complete globe-circling cruises on American President Liners allow you to sail from New York, Los Angeles or San Francisco, via Hawaii and the Pacific's Sunshine Route to Japan, China, Philippines, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy and home again across the sunny South Atlantic. First Class fares are from $1049 (train fare across America included), or $1143 all the way by President Liner. And you may stop over anywhere; take from a minimum of 85 days up to two years.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

See your own Travel Agent for full information. Or write or call on us at 604 Fifth Avenue, New York; 462 Boylston St., Boston; Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 110 So. Dearborn St., Chicago; 514 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; Skinner Bldg., Seattle; or 311 California St., San Francisco (Head Office).

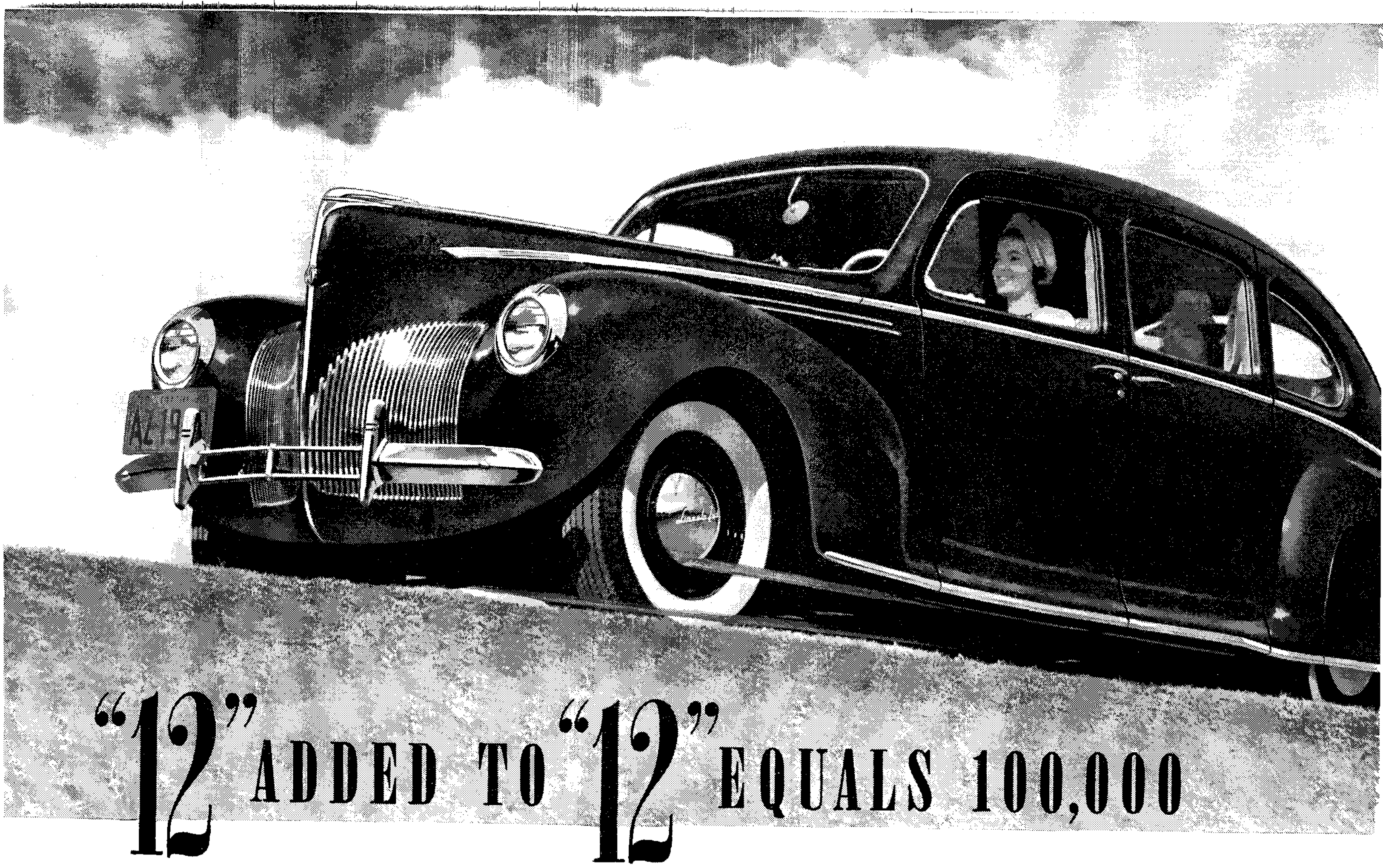


The tropic Ceylon Coast.

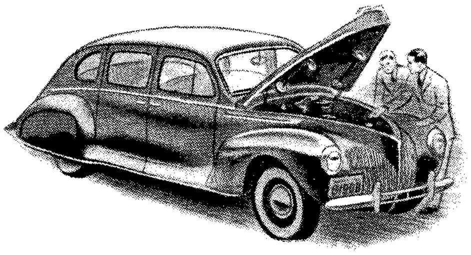
TO CALIFORNIA AND ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK: *Pres. Harrison June 18; Pres. Polk July 26; Pres. Garfield August 9; Pres. Adams September 6; Pres. Harrison October 4.* TO THE ORIENT, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: *Pres. Coolidge June 3; Pres. Taft June 14; Pres. Cleveland June 28; Pres. Pierce July 12; Pres. Coolidge July 26; Pres. Taft August 9; Pres. Cleveland August 23; Pres. Pierce September 6.* ROUND THE WORLD, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: *Pres. Adams June 17; Pres. Harrison July 10; Pres. Polk August 17; Pres. Garfield August 31; Pres. Adams Sept. 28.*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Round-World Service



"12" ADDED TO "12" EQUALS 100,000



Lincoln engineers designed the famous Lincoln V-12—"as nearly perfect a car as it is possible to create."

Lincoln engineers, five years ago, sought ways to bring Lincoln excellence to the medium-price field.

The result is the Lincoln-Zephyr.

It, too, is a "twelve"—*only one in the medium-price field.*

It, too, is built in the Lincoln precision plant—to Lincoln standards of mechanical excellence.

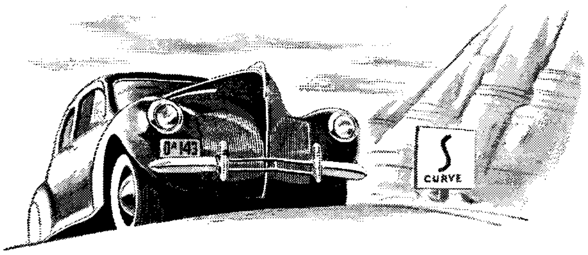
But the Lincoln-Zephyr brings to its price class a combination of features not matched by any car at *any* price.

Its twelve-cylinder engine is restless and ambitious. It urges you to go places! Operation is more economical than in many cars of fewer cylinders.

The unique unit-body-and-frame, steel panels welded to steel trusses in all closed types, is a rigid, unyielding framework—great in strength and safety.

Comfort for longest trips is found in chair-high seats . . . passenger position "amidships" where riding is best . . . low center of gravity . . . and large, restful interiors.

And style leadership still sets the Lincoln-Zephyr apart — as it has from the day of its introduction!



What has been the American public's response to the Lincoln-built Lincoln-Zephyr?

"It is one of the finest cars I have ever owned—a great pleasure to operate," writes a Kansas owner.

100,000 who think the same are on America's roads today!

THE LINCOLN ZEPHYR V-12

Designed by Lincoln engineers and built in the Lincoln plant to Lincoln standards of precision.

regatta colors, blazing bright in ice cool rayon jersey . . . a flag red sash, huge blocks of royal blue and brilliant green, and for the rest, the clear dazzling white of a sail in the sunlight. Color dramatics, lovely with your suntinted skin this summer. 12 to 18, 29.95. evening gowns . . . third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HISTORY spoke over the radio last week without much dignity or conviction—in the voice of a tired old man in London, hastily sandwiched into a baseball broadcast, raging impotently against the enemy he helped to arm; in dialect-comedy voices from Rome and Berlin and Moscow, brought to us through the courtesy of a long, cool smoke, filling the air with patriotism and murder; in the brisk, cultivated voices of studio announcers giving us a few hints of the end of the world between dance tunes. Orson Welles did much better than any of them. The German parachute troops dropping behind the border forts were only as real as the Martians and a good deal less interesting technically. The fire burned at least as bright and convincing in the sky over Grovers Mill as it did over Rotterdam. In times like these, when any moment of incredulity is so much velvet, we are often grateful for the radio. There is nothing like it for putting an equal emphasis on Armageddon and toothpaste.

ABOUT the only cheerful writing being turned out these days is done by Major George Fielding Eliot, who discusses the technical aspects of war for the *Herald Tribune*. The Major is a military expert in the pure, traditional form—moving vast, hypothetical armies at lightning speed over the most difficult terrain, outwitting the foe's deadly stratagems with brilliant enfilading and pincer movements, taking Napoleonic risks to gain Napoleonic ends. The best thing about the Major's work, however, is that its phraseology almost eliminates the idea of death or suffering. A bloody shambles is described with military detachment as "some expenditure of personnel," a column cut off and annihilated has suffered from nothing more serious than a "tactical error," a country lost forever to freedom owes its condition only to a "faulty coördination of the air arm with the infantry." Sometimes, when other writers seem too graphic and the pictures of dead men and ruined cities are more than we can bear to see, we turn confidently to the Major, knowing that he will give us a better, cleaner, brighter war. In a way he brings back some of the happiest afternoons of our childhood, when the lead soldiers marched and died on the nursery carpet, the tin ships went down in the bathtub, and cities made of blocks were easily rebuilt, after a bombardment, by any clever child.

"INDUSTRIAL research and technological progress will provide American youth with greater frontiers than the old geographical frontiers," Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., told four hundred college students the other day. We have been listening to this remark ever since we saw our first prominent industrialist, and we still don't know exactly what it means. The picture it always brings up in our mind is that of all the young men of tomorrow either busily inventing cheaper substitutes for the present cheap substitutes for cloth and wood and stone or else endlessly designing new machines to provide their own children with technological unemployment. It has always seemed to us that even this lovely program, like the old geographical frontiers, has to end somewhere, there being a point beyond which things can get no cheaper and even conceivably a time when the world will have more machines than it can absorb. Furthermore, in spite of Mr. Sloan, we have never felt that the new frontiers are going to be very romantic. A young couple starting out to master a synthetic breakfast food may be performing a useful function, although this is debatable, but a young couple starting out to master Indians and bears on the whole probably gets more out of life. We have tried to think sentimentally of the Pioneer of the Future, but all we keep seeing is General Motors in a Daniel Boone hat.

WE'VE been uneasy ever since we read in the *World-Telegram* that Elliot Paul, author of "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town," has applied for a position as a lighthouse-keeper. A catboat owner ourself, we don't approve of this at all. Keepers of lights ought to be people who read books but don't write them. We don't like the idea of a light being kept by somebody who, at the height of a storm, is busily blocking out his next novel. Writers have a sort of personal incandescence, we suppose, but it isn't bright enough to warn ships, and most of the writers we have met don't give a damn whether anything else glows, just so long as *they* glow. There must still be a few persons left who haven't written a book—lighthouses should be given to them.

WILLIAM SAROYAN, still invincibly strange though quite a big boy now, has refused the Pulitzer Prize because he thinks it is bad taste for wealth to try to reward or even appreciate art. "I would be no more guilty of bad taste if I made an annual William Saroyan award to one or another of the great, magnificently organized industries for most effectively profiting more than any other similar industry during the year," he writes in jewelled prose. We admire Mr. Saroyan's theory that art and industry must be forever strangers, just as we have admired many of his other wayward and turbulent dreams, but we doubt if there's much truth in it. In fifteen years of magazine publishing, we have handled—to use an idiom of the trade—enough artists to populate Siberia, and we have been impressed less by their talent than by their chilly business acumen. We have seen poets, paid on a vertical-space basis, cleverly doubling the length of their poems by chopping a line in half and making two lines out of it; we have seen cartoonists, also paid according to the amount of space their work takes up, carefully designing their drawings so they necessarily occupied a full page. We have never seen a day when the business office, a group of reasonably competent mathematicians, could hope to outwit one of these foolish dreamers, with their heads full of logarithms. We don't even believe that Mr. Saroyan was being conspicuously improvident when he turned down a thousand dollars from the Pulitzer Committee. With advertising rates what they are, he probably couldn't have bought the amount of space he got for doing it for less than fifteen hundred.

Ladies, Ladies

TO appreciate the following anecdote, which we feel has a certain historic value, you must know (1) that the Racquet Club is full of ticker machines and thus supplies the latest athletic news as part of its regular service to members, and (2) that on Wednesday of last week the club, nodding to a prevailing trend, held a Ladies' Day for the first time since it originally opened. The ladies were supposed to clear out by seven, and at eight-fifteen a member whose confidence we enjoy, and who had been pointedly staying away from the club all day, called up to find out which horse had won the sixth race at Pimlico. "Oh, this has been Ladies' Day here," said the second-floor attendant to whom the call was referred, "and everything is disconnected." Our man reports that the attendant's tone was almost hysterical. The last lady left at seven-thirty, and we haven't any idea when the usual service was resumed.

The Day After Tomorrow

WE had scarcely finished our scrambled eggs after the Allied Relief Ball when we realized that the reopening of the Fair was only a few hours off, and remembered that a benevolent American Express Company official had offered us a motor chair for a last-minute preview. We went out to Flushing by cab, and were hailed by the driver as a good omen. "It's a ice-breaker!" he'd shout to his fellow-hackmen whenever a red light halted him beside a parked cab. "Awready comes a call to the Fair!" "Nuts!" seemed to be the general reaction of his fellows. We arrived at the Fair gates a good hour before the public was to be admitted, and found that the official button which would turn on the old charm had not yet been pressed. "Where you think *you're* going, Jack?" the ticket-taker asked, as we made as if to enter. We calmed him with a display of journalistic credentials.

Waiting for us in the first motor chair to go out in 1940 was Frank Gates, who had piloted us in our farewell tour of the grounds in October. He told us something we hadn't known about before; namely, that many knowledgeable New Yorkers had done their Fairgoing after the formal closing, making a leisurely inspection of exhibitions then being dismantled or made ready for the winter, and dining in the restaurants that stayed open for the benefit of the staff. Pottering over to the Futurama, we found it in readiness for the rush. It already had its first guest, a youth who had been waiting outside since six-thirty. His name is Robert Reichert, and he will be thirty-two when the streamlined world of 1960 comes into its own. Meanwhile, he was being cherished by the publicity men of 1940, holding court in General Motors' Press Lounge. At a quarter to ten the public was admitted to the Fair, the crowds outside the gates having grown too large to manage. When we saw the newcomers wandering about uncertainly, like new souls recently come to Paradise, we whizzed over to the Theme Center. The first patron in line there was a young man named Dick Pyper, a Hollander on vacation from Colombia, where he works for a gold-dredging company. We thought it an odd place for a Hollander to be that morning, and he seemed, rather helplessly, to agree with us. Herbert Hall, a schoolboy from Queens, was the first one up the Perisphere's escalator; he had a combination ticket and didn't have to wait in line at the ticket booth. Both Pyper and Hall expressed a temperate admiration of Democracity, and then wandered away.

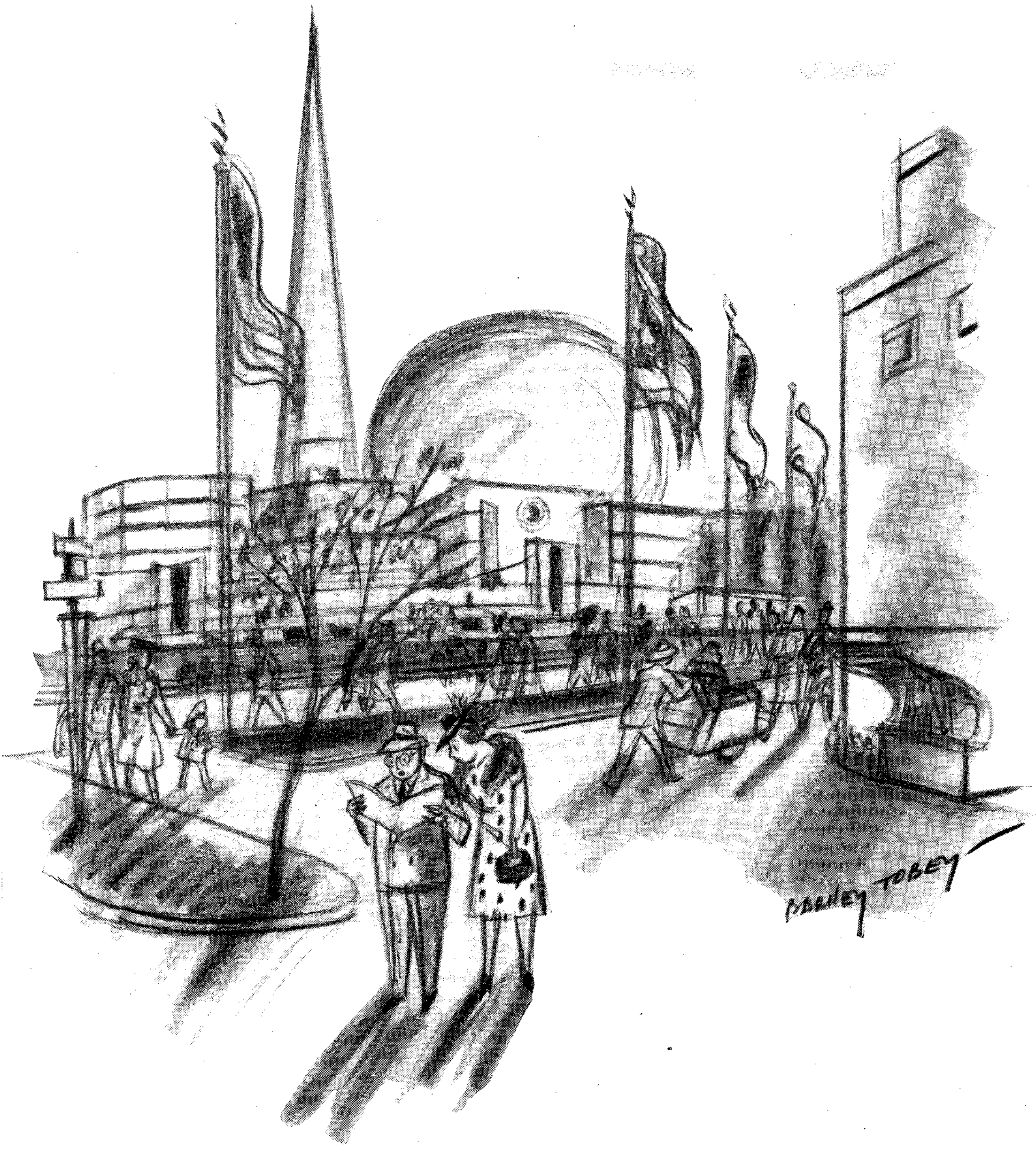
We tried to get some information about Grover Whalen's activities, but all we learned was that he had already arrived, wearing a gardenia in the lapel of a dark business suit, and gone off to help dedicate something or other. Outside the Press Building we saw Leslie Ostrander, the man who posed as Elmer for the Fair posters, leaning against a fence and chewing gum with a dutiful air.

Down in the Great White Way we found the concessionaires, true to a great tradition of show business, surprised and indignant that opening day had dawned before they were ready for it. There were more carpenters and painters about than there were customers. In the Dream of Venus building, rechristened "20,000 Legs Under the Sea," we found a solitary, beautiful girl in rehearsal clothes practicing strange attitudes with a rubber octopus. "I'm supposed to do something sexy with this octopus for two minutes," she told us with a worried frown. We wished her luck.

Over near the Futurama, we heard a middle-aged man saying to his wife, "If we can get into this Futurama thing, I can show you what I mean. A couple bombs on the dam, a couple on the main road—*wammy!*" "Well, hurry *up*," she said. "There's a big line already."

Keyed Up

THE Navy Department, it appears, shares private business's idea that pressing documents can be hurried through the barricade of office red tape if they are specially marked for immediate attention. The trouble with this system, as the Navy Department has found out, is that people get used to any sort of immediate-attention mark, and then you have to resort to an even more stimulat-



"Now let me see—where did we leave off last year?"

• •

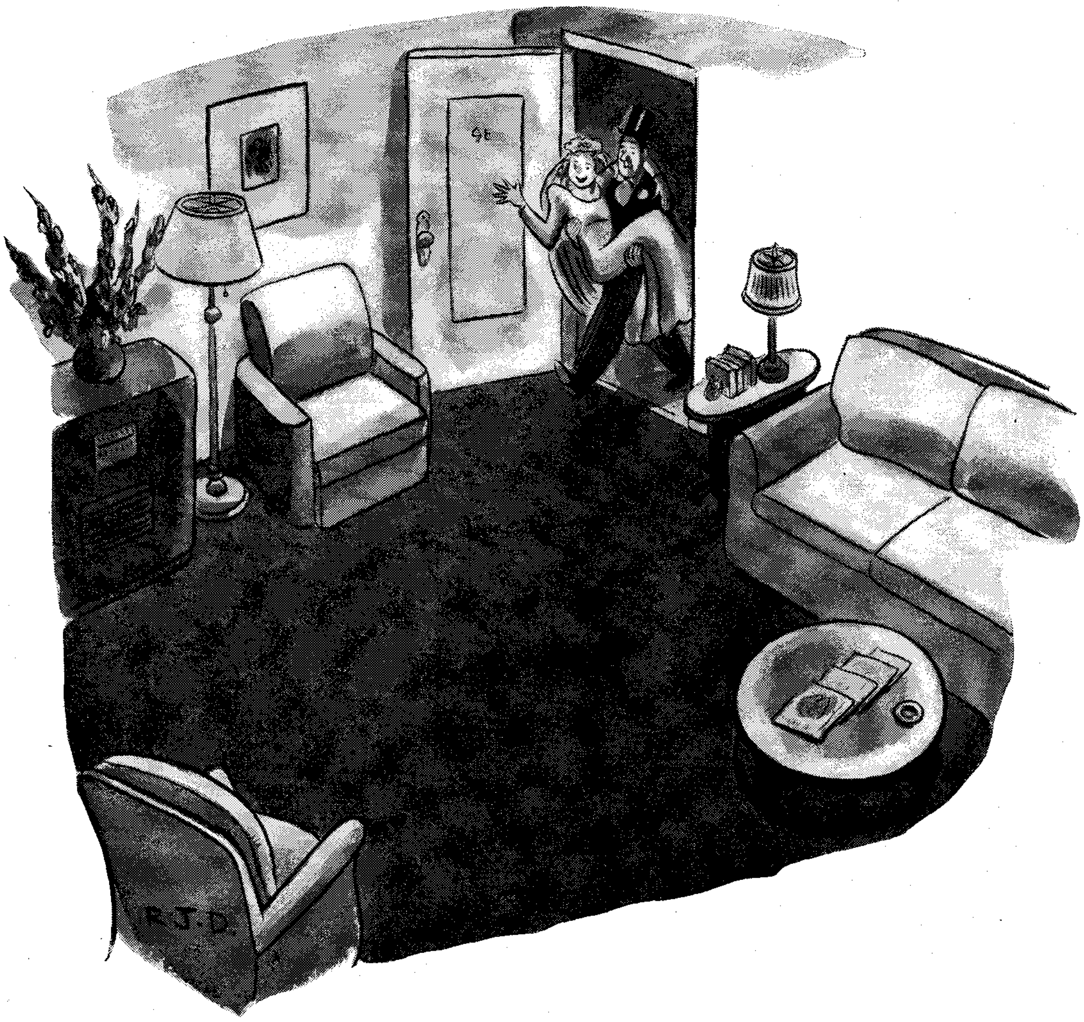
ing one. Long ago, a Navy Department official got in some little pink slips that said "EXPEDITE." The novelty of "EXPEDITE" wore off, and the slips next said "URGENT." This was followed by "RUSH." Came the inevitable time when documents marked "RUSH" were discovered days later, buried in somebody's desk, and the high command realized that a new word was in order. They were a long time finding it, but they found it. Pressing papers are now marked "FRANTIC."

Newspaper

THIS is by way of rounding up the known facts about *PM*, the new tabloid, which is now scheduled to appear on the newsstands around the middle of June. *PM* (so spelled; not *P.M.* or *P-M*) will differ from the other newspapers in several important respects. It will cost five cents, and the sale of copies will constitute its sole revenue; there will be no advertising. Sales, announcements of new merchandise, and other items of interest to consumers will be lifted from the advertising in other papers and published in a department called "News for Living." *PM* will be on the stands all day, in three editions, and will take up the news where it left off the day before, violating the convention that a newspaper should designate itself as either a "morning" or "evening" paper. All news stories and critiques, however trivial, will be signed with the writers' initials, and their full names will appear on the masthead. *PM* will be smaller and more nearly square than the present tabloids, and will have the same number of pages every day—thirty-two. The editors will try to maintain a 3-to-2 ratio between space devoted to pictures and to text. *PM* is also going to revive the old custom of having artists, instead of photographers, cover many of its news stories.

The editorial offices of *PM* are over in Brooklyn, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Pacific Street. They occupy the third (and top) floor of the Munyer electrotype foundry, and all three floors of an adjoining building. The Munyer Company will do the composition, engraving, and stereotype work, and the printing will be done by the Brooklyn *Eagle's* presses. Two hundred thousand copies will be run off daily during the first few weeks, and Mr. Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, the publisher, hopes eventually to have a million readers. (*PM* will not submit sworn circulation statements to the Audit Bureau of Circulation, which is interested only in publications that sell advertising space; you'll just have to take its word for the figures.) When things get going full blast there will be an editorial force of one hundred and forty: sixty reporters, fifteen photographers, ten artists, and fifty-five editors and editorial assistants of one kind or another. Mr. Ingersoll, who served a term with Time, Inc., has recruited only nine of his staff from *Time* and *Life*, which seems moderate. The managing editor will be George H. Lyon, who used to be city editor of the *World-Telegram*. Reginald Marsh is one of the staff artists, and Margaret Bourke-White heads the platoon of photographers. Louis Kronenberger, the *Time* dramatic critic, will review plays, and Elizabeth Hawes will write about fashions. One of the reporters will be young George Huntington Hartford II, of the A. & P. Hartfords, who has put up some of the $1,500,000 capital.

Mr. Ingersoll is by no means satisfied with the name *PM*. For one thing, it



"Before we do another thing, I must rearrange the furniture."

implies that the tabloid is an afternoon paper, though it's really an all-day paper. Up to March, it had been referred to, in the prospectuses and correspondence, as *Newspaper*, and Mr. Ingersoll was temporarily satisfied with that. *Newspaper* was the inspiration of T. M. Cleland, the typographer who, a year ago, designed a printed dummy that was made up to show to prospective investors. He just slapped the word "Newspaper" on the masthead, and Mr. Ingersoll was delighted. It was fate, working inscrutably through the persons of Lillian Hellman, the playwright, and Leonard Lyons, the wit, that won the day for *PM*. One night, in a bar, Miss Hellman told a group of friends that she thought the name ought to be *PM*. Mr. Lyons somehow got this mixed up, and announced in his column that it *was PM*. So many outsiders began using the name that when it came time to make a formal announcement, Mr. Ingersoll just thought what the hell. Incidentally, although *PM* was christened by a gossip columnist, it isn't going to have a gossip columnist.

Pensée

AT the Underwood World's Fair exhibit, they provide typewriters and pads of paper for the benefit of people who might want to write home. A friend of ours saw an abandoned, half-finished, self-explanatory note in one of the machines:

DEAR MOTHER AND POP,
I am writing from the Underwood exhibit in the Worl fair. sometimes i wonder why I do these things. (puf

Underwater Man

PROBABLY the most important thing Vincent Palmer, Harvard '35, has done since leaving college is the perfection of an ultraviolet-ray contraption by which he stuns fish into quiet while taking their pictures. He was in town last week, lecturing and exhibiting pictures of fish taken under water. He took some of the pictures of the birth of a porpoise that *Life* ran a few months ago. On that job he didn't use his new device, which so far works only on small fish. It's an arc lamp whose beam is projected through a piece of optical quartz from which it somehow emerges as a 10,000-volt ultraviolet ray. Fish swimming into this develop symptoms of apparent intoxication and float there dumfounded and helpless. Palmer can then gather them in a net, if he is in a collecting mood, or photograph them where they are, if he isn't. If he keeps the ray on five minutes, the fish die. He is baffled himself by the whole procedure, which he discovered accidentally five years ago. He was fluorescing rocks at the time and whimsically decided to fluoresce some fish swimming nearby. Instead he merely stopped them cold.

Mr. Palmer, who is twenty-seven, owns a diving suit, which he bought three years ago for a thousand dollars. He often spends eight hours a day in it under water, with a telephone connected to an Ediphone recorder on the surface—handy for getting down observations. Last September, he was a party to what would seem to be an ideal marriage: his bride likes to paint under water. For submarine work she uses a metal easel and, instead of a brush, a metal paint-scraper. Occasionally a fish nibbles hopefully at the oil paints on her palette. Mr. Palmer has been interested in fish ever since 1931, when he heard William Beebe lecture in Boston. Palmer persuaded Beebe to take him on as a part-time assistant and spent three vacations from Harvard on expeditions. In between he majored in fine arts and, as an editor of the *Lampoon*, helped to steal the sacred codfish from the Massachusetts Capitol and a sacred bulldog from Yale University. In 1937, he organized a treasure-hunting expedition to Mona Island, in the West Indies. Fifteen Harvard men contributed $10,000 and went along. They returned with no treasure but some interesting entomological specimens, which they gave to the Peabody Museum in Cambridge. As a photographer, Palmer attended the

Olympic Games in Germany and the war in Spain. He got nowhere with the latter until he had the inspired notion of taking some firecrackers from his bag (all former *Lampoon* editors carry them) and throwing them from his hotel window. The detonations caused the Spaniards to scatter rapidly, which made an excellent picture of a bombing scare.

Quite Different

Our proofreader has saved this magazine from an embarrassing mistake. Somewhere, in a poem, one of our writers referred to "Red Caps," meaning, of course, the colored men who carry your luggage in railway stations. The proofreader advised that it should be "redcaps," spelled as one word and without capitals. A Red Cap, according to Webster's New International Dictionary, is, it seems, "a specter having long teeth, popularly supposed to haunt old castles." It's not a mistake one would care to make.

Début

Part of one of *Our* Days recently was spent in the Fox Movietone Studio on Tenth Avenue watching Mrs. Roosevelt's first adventure as a motion-picture actress. She is co-starring with Dave Elman, the Hobby Lobby man of radio, in the first of a series of short features he is making. We arrived on location at 10 A.M., the scheduled shooting time, and found a large, bare, Hollywood-like studio with flood- and spotlights focussed every which way and dozens of soundmen, cameramen, electricians, and other experts, all of whose attention was centred on a small dressing table, before which sat a Powers model who, it turned out, was acting as Mrs. Roosevelt's stand-in. We also found a group of reporters—two male, two female—and edged toward them just as a press agent arrived, tripped over a rope, and announced that Mrs. R. was being made up and would appear shortly. She did, and the lady from the *Sun* had a brief conference with the lady from the *Post*. "Would you call the dress powder or Eleanor blue?" the *Sun* asked. "Powder is safer," said the *Post*. "Brown oxfords?" suggested the *Sun*. "Brown oxfords," agreed the *Post*, jotting it down. The only thing we noted on our own hook was that the First Lady and the Hobby Lobby man were painted the color of Cherokee Indians. This was the work of Ira, the makeup man, who edged over to the press and issued the spelling of his name.

As far as we were able to gather, the scenario called for several shots of Hobby Lobby features, followed by a quick, informal interview with Mrs. R. by Mr. Elman. The hobbies had already been shot and we were to see the last couple of minutes of action. Mrs. R., supposedly seated offstage, was congratulating Mr. Elman, as he came over and sat beside her, on the show just presented. Got it? O.K. Action!

Mrs. R.: It was all so delightful, Mr. Elman.

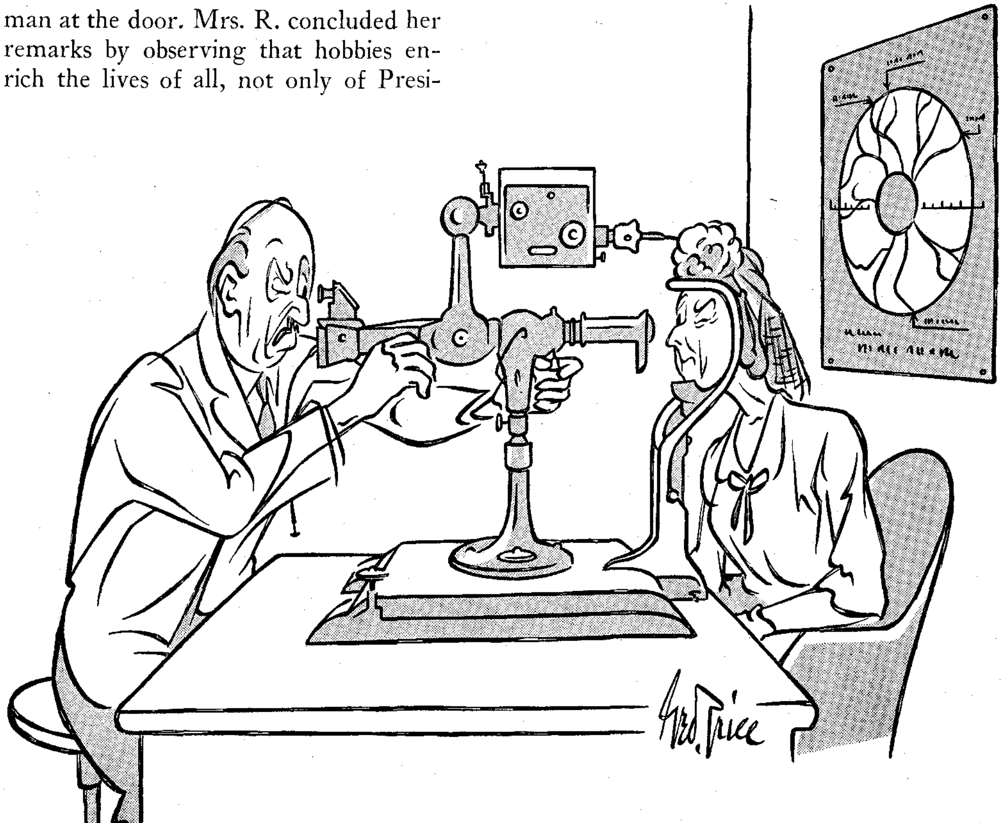
Mr. Elman: I'm glad you liked it, Mrs. Roosevelt. You know, there are some very famous hobbyists in your own home. Suppose you tell us about hobbies in the White House.

The Director: Cut!

These two lines had to be retaken before they met approval, and then Mrs. R. gave a brief outline of her family's extracurricular activities, mentioning her husband's naval collection, James's books, Elliott's ranch, Franklin, Jr's., arguments, John's riding, and Anna's women's page in her husband's newspaper. She had to go over this speech several times, and once she got a frog in her throat. "Cut!" said the director. "Get a glass of water, somebody." "Glass of water, somebody," called the assistant director. "Water!" shouted a man at the door. Mrs. R. concluded her remarks by observing that hobbies enrich the lives of all, not only of Presidents but of everyone, and she delivered this so well that she succeeded on her second try. Some of the reporters, hopeful of interviews, waited while Mrs. R. went upstairs to wash her face. They were disappointed when a studio guard told them, after ten minutes, that she'd gone down the back stairs and off in a taxi. "Another Garbo," said the lady from the *Sun*.

Domestic Crisis

Now we take you to Brooklyn, where a lady occupying an apartment in an old, remodelled house poured half a bottle of spoiled claret down the drain. Something was wrong with the plumbing, and in the kitchen below hers, a large, bloody stain appeared on the ceiling. In Brooklyn, we are told, you learn not to waste time when a bloodstain appears on your ceiling. The tenants below called the police. The mystery was cleared up right away, of course. The cops knocked on the lady's door and she explained about the spoiled claret and the plumbing. The only point to the story, in fact, is a household hint tossed over his shoulder by one of the departing cops. "Lady," he said, "next time a bottle of claret spoils on you, don't go throwing it out. It's swell for basting roasts."



"Is that a twitch, Madam, or are you giving me the old come-on?"

RAID

"YES," said Mr. Opal, "even my Aunt Deborah approves of this apartment."

Miss Asia lifted her eyes from her bridge hand, made a slow survey of the pleasantly respectable room with its black walnut and its agreeable, worn plush, nodded her own endorsement of the décor, and turned her head back again just in time to perceive that Miss Shaw, to her right, had been taking a quick peek. And Miss Asia's sole ace was exposed like a baby on the steps of a Foundlings' Home.

"Sweet?" She smiled at Miss Shaw.

Miss Shaw hauled herself together. "I love the Victorian," she murmured. "I think, Mr. Opal, the way you have done this place is delightful. It's like having a whole house, isn't it? I mean the way you enter downstairs, from your own vestibule, and up that little flight of stairs, and then this nice room, so private, so secluded, so remote from the world."

Miss Asia was amused, though her eyes were relentless. Let Miss Shaw gabble, gabble, gabble, in her effort to conceal the guilty knowledge of that ace; it would avail her nothing. Miss Asia despised a cheat. Let that ace brand, bite into Miss Shaw's conscience, work havoc with her soul, sear her with hell-fires of shame.

"Pass," said Miss Asia.

"At first," Mr. Opal was saying, "Aunt Deborah thought my choice of residence a disgrace to the family name. That an Opal should live over a saloon—for, as you may have noticed, Miss Shaw, the basement has been altered into a drinking place—horrified her. Aunt Deborah had known all these East Fifties when they were still purely residential. It has broken her heart to see one basement after another bloom into bars, with a clientele quite different from the worthy kitchen mechanics of the old days. However, she has adjusted herself to the change and forgiven me. At least there has been no erasure of codicils. I have explained that this bar is a mild place. Personally, I find it no trouble. Pass."

Miss Asia's partner, the usual fourth-at-bridge type (male), said, "One no trump."

Under the fixed, icy stare of Miss Asia, Miss Shaw seemed headed for hysteria. With that ace in her wits, she was gabbling still about the house and its arrangements. She had noticed another door in the vestibule, opening to *that* side. Was that Mr. Opal's, too? A service entrance? Mr. Opal had to diagram the house, to explain in careful words that there was another flat directly below, between them and the bar, and that it was quite separate from his own and occupied by an elderly gentleman ashy in coloring and modest in demeanor. He had been there some years and they had met only once or twice.

"Isn't it strange about New York," reeled on Miss Shaw, "that people can live right next door to each other, or under the same roof, and never know the slightest thing—"

My God, thought Miss Asia, is this meant to be bridge? She wished she had gone to a concert. There was a beautiful concert at Town Hall this very afternoon, designed for the most fastidious music lovers, and Miss Asia had turned it down for Mr. Opal's luncheon and a game like this. And to be cheated by this feeble-minded Shaw!

There was another interruption. Mr. Opal had to nod to his servant and say goodbye to the man. Everything but bridge seemed to be happening.

"I told Wilfred that he could leave," said Mr. Opal. "I am sure that we can look out for ourselves. He wants to get the tail end of a concert at Town Hall."

"Pass," said Miss Shaw.

"You'd better," said Miss Asia, quite to herself, of course, and then she bid. It amused Miss Asia to use that ace to take Miss Shaw's king. Not that Miss Shaw had missed her glimpse of the ace or was forced to follow suit with the king. By an apparent attempt to finesse the ace with it, she tried to fool Miss Asia into believing her innocent. Miss Asia was not fooled. More than ever she despised Miss Shaw. To cheat and not to dare act on it was an even more miserable performance. Miss Asia snorted. The wretched Shaw couldn't play an honest game anyhow. All those liftings of eyebrows and improper liltings of expression, the eloquent turn of her glance toward her partner, were part of a disreputable shilly-shallying. Miss Asia loathed such a performance. It had almost a physical effect upon her at times. She could cuff the woman. There was pleasure, certainly—a kind of secondary pleasure—in winning against such byplay, and the scorecard was telling a very pretty story to Miss Asia.

FOR half an hour there was bridge, then suddenly in the midst of a good round the doorbell rang.

"Good God, my aunt!" said Mr. Opal. "Nobody else rings like that."

Wilfred being at fine music, Mr. Opal had to go to the door himself, and at what those at the bridge table could hear being said down the little flight of stairs, they sat frozen and amazed, for it was not Aunt Deborah but the police. No one spoke, but they turned and stared as Mr. Opal returned, a shaken Mr. Opal.

"Murder?" murmured Miss Asia.

"I don't know," said Mr. Opal. "I don't know what it's about. They are breaking in that other door in the vestibule, crashing right through it. I heard a—a whimper on the other side."

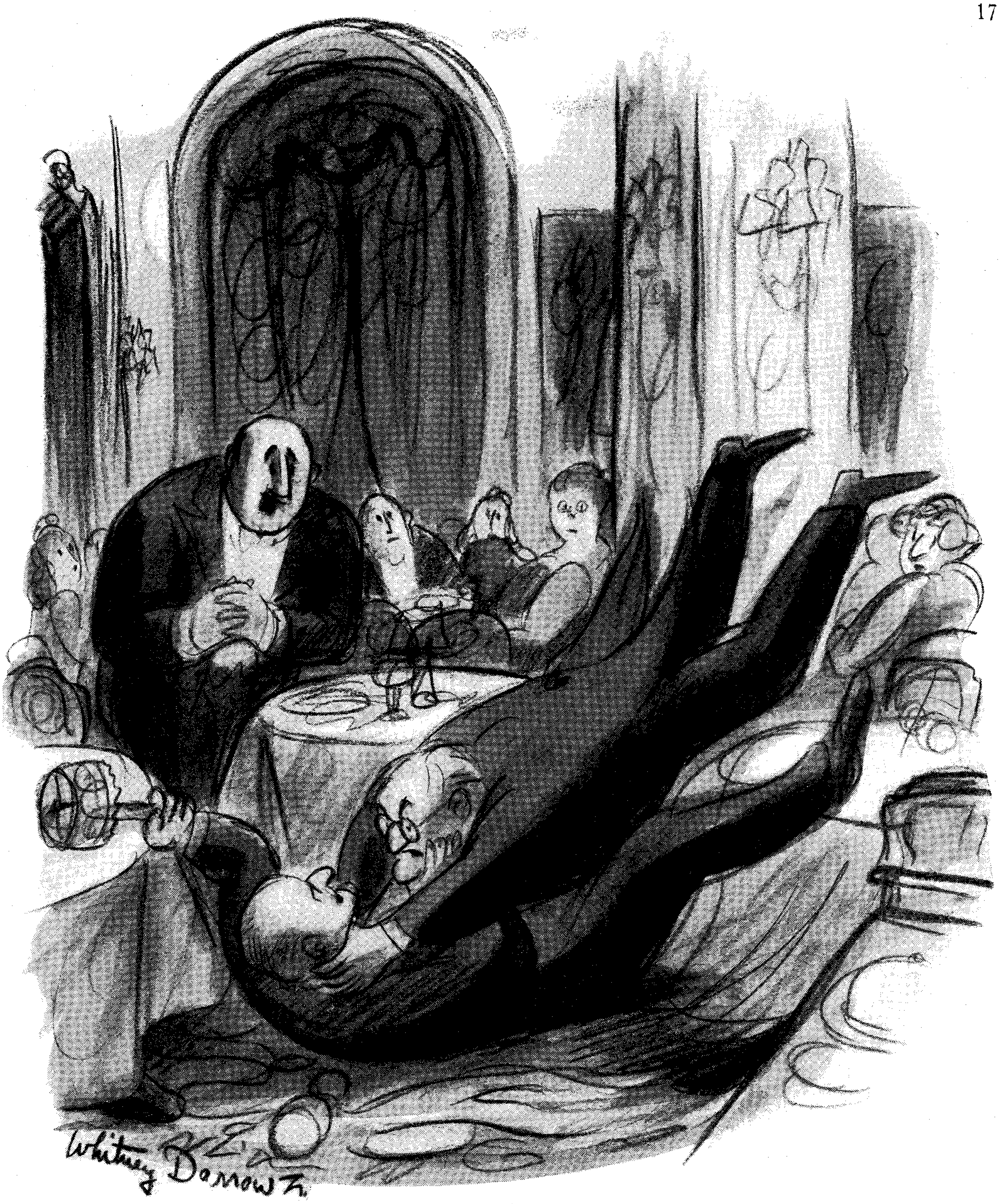
"Oh!" It was a moan from Miss Shaw, and the slight sound of it brought Miss Asia to herself again. All her growing resentment at the Shaw woman came to the front. Shaw would faint, of course. That was to be expected of the feeble and devious creature. Miss Asia gave her a straight look which told her, like simple words, that she could faint if she must, but if she did, flat on the rug she'd be left for the pawing of the constabulary. Weakness now would incriminate them all. Certainly all those under the same roof with the criminal must be suspect too.

Mr. Opal said the police, plainclothesmen, had been civil enough to him and had asked only if he had any connection with that other flat.

"A whimper?" said Miss Asia. "You say you heard a whimper on the other side of the door? A victim's whimper or"—she glanced at Miss Shaw—"a killer's whimper?"

"Killer!" Miss Shaw gasped.

"You know as well as I do, Miss Shaw," said Miss Asia, "that the man may have committed the crime in an


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Please, gentlemen! No politics!"

• •

access of insane fury and then lost his nerve. Hence a whimper. That can happen. I suppose, Miss Shaw, that the victim was able to reach a telephone and give a desperate call for help just before the fatal blow."

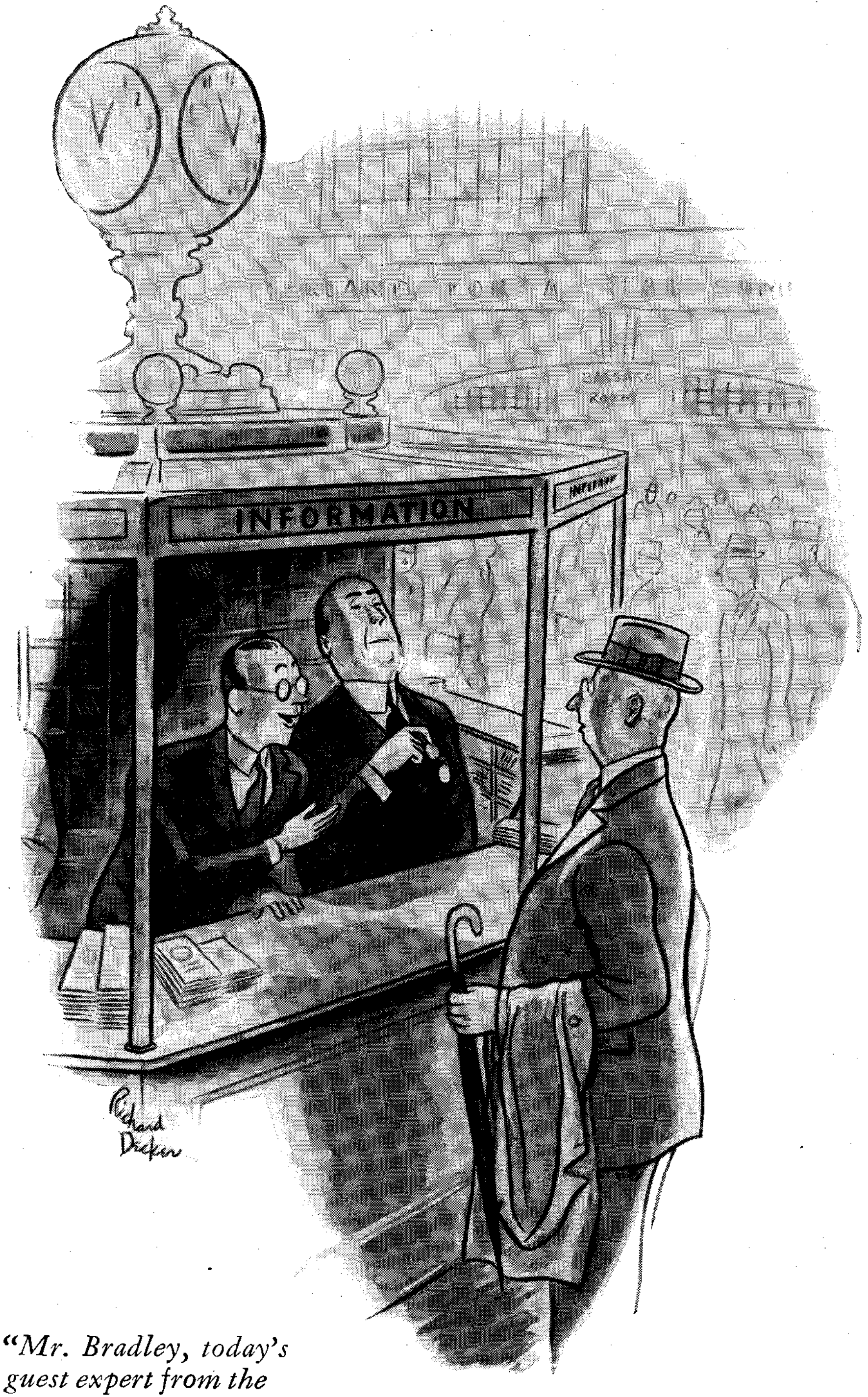
"I thought I heard something just a little while ago, when I was playing my hearts," said the fourth-at-bridge.

"You played them very well," said Miss Asia. "At least we scored on that round."

"And all this happening right down there"—Miss Shaw pointed to the floor—"right under us."

It was shocking. The four bridge players stared at the carpet with a new fascination and absorbed thoroughly the idea that between them and perhaps some terrible crime there had been only a thin layer of plaster and timber. Then there was another sound, muffled yet like the crashing of wood.

"The third degree," said Miss



"Mr. Bradley, today's guest expert from the B. & O., will answer that one."

• •

Asia. "They're giving him the third degree and breaking up the furniture."

"Wilfred told me once that he had very little furniture," remarked Mr. Opal. "Just the most rudimentary kind of stuff."

"I guess he hasn't even got that now," said Miss Asia.

"Perhaps he's dead," Mr. Opal said. "He may be the victim. I don't believe that was his whimper I heard, though I can't be sure."

"Naturally not," agreed Miss Asia. "Were the plainclothesmen big men?"

"Substantial."

"The killer might, you know, be able to tackle them all and, with the strength of madness and despair, win out. I have seen that happen in the movies. Odd there's no shooting. Silencers, I suppose."

Mr. Opal couldn't stand it. His nerves were all on edge and he moved worriedly about the room, not certain what was the discreet behavior for this crisis. A glance out the window and a quick gasp brought his three guests flying to his side. Cautiously peering from behind the lace curtains, for already something of a crowd was gathering on the street, they saw, parked at their front steps, a handsome, expensive, green-and-black vehicle.

"The Black Maria," murmured Miss Asia.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Opal, for there was Aunt Deborah at the corner. She was coming to call. She paused, took in the scene, then turned and hurried off. And that was the Bishop with her.

Miss Asia reached for her bag and began to put on her gloves. "You had better get ready," she said to Miss Shaw.

Miss Asia's preparedness was premature. Almost in a jiffy the crisis had passed. Out beneath the gaze of the fascinated group in the window above, there came an amazing procession. No solitary killer, beaten and in chains, went down the steps. Instead there was an exodus of perhaps a dozen elderly types, all in fedoras and economical raglans and spry for their years. One after another they bounded up the little steps and into the wagon. And off shot the wagon in a second.

"What a relief!" cried Miss Shaw as she saw Miss Asia draw off her gloves. Mr. Opal didn't understand it. He must find out what had happened, what this was all about.

"They didn't take out any body," said Miss Asia. "I hate the idea of a corpse left around."

Mr. Opal went downstairs to the front door, where a policeman in uniform was standing. When he came back, it was clear to his guests that, though relieved, he was also somewhat let down.

"Just a crap game," he explained. "My quiet neighbor has been running a crap game, and the police objected for reasons of their own."

"In the name of heaven," cried Miss Asia, "what is a crap game?"

Mr. Opal defined crap game, vaguely, to be sure, and before he had even finished, Miss Asia lost interest, saw that it was nothing that had anything to do with her, and was pondering the score-card. The score was of interest. She had no idea that she had won so much. In spite of the small stakes, she was pulling in quite a neat sum. In spite of Miss Shaw's chicanery! And Miss Shaw was still agitated because of the raid; her efforts to signal and pry would be even more blundering and grotesque. Miss Asia settled herself back at the table and summoned the other three.

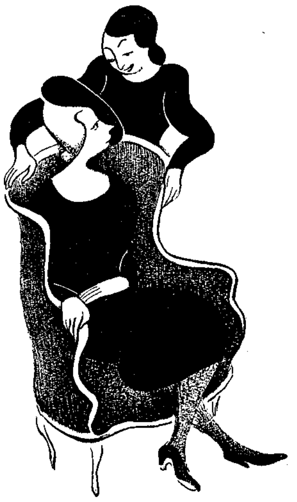
"The police and their crap games!" she snorted. "Now we can have some real cards." —John Mosher

SPRING'S A NICE TIME

Mrs. Harris heard the voice and saw the shoes at approximately the same time. The Harrises had driven up that Sunday for a preliminary look round at their house in the country, and after a picnic lunch on the terrace—the house, after being shut up all winter, was considerably colder than the out-of-doors—Mr. Harris had gone off in the car to hunt up the local handyman and arrange about turning on the water, spading up the vegetable garden, and such other minor jobs incidental to opening the place for the summer. Left alone, Mrs. Harris had puttered about for a while, airing rooms and inspecting cupboards for signs of mice or their depredations, and then she had wandered outside, and there the inevitable had happened: before she knew what she was up to she found herself down on her knees in the rock garden, armed with a trowel and a hand rake and, quite unmindful of the fact that she had one of her newest spring dresses on, digging away at the soil there.

The soil was still too heavy and wet to be really workable, but it somehow felt good for all that. And there were layers of leaves to be cleared away, dead stalks to be snapped off, bulbs to be felt for, and beyond that a whole campaign of new planting to be thought out. She had just uncovered a cluster of green shoots that she knew were daffodils, striking up their first spikes through the ground, and was lost in the kind of tender astonishment such a sight can arouse in the amateur gardener when her odd visitation occurred.

The voice—"Well, Missus, you back a'ready?" it said in a hoarse, rather throaty tone from a point above and slightly behind her—the voice was a woman's, but the shoes were those of a man. Large, worn, and muddy, they were planted on the lawn a few feet away; out of them rose a pair of thick cotton-stockinged legs and above these was a nondescript dark-green skirt. Mrs. Harris, rocking back on her heels, let her eyes travel up till they encountered a face, broad, wrinkled, flat-featured. It was smiling with a kind of harsh cordiality, and at first it was unfamiliar and then vaguely familiar, and then Mrs. Harris recognized it. It was the face of Mrs. Horvak, who lived over the hill in the next valley, and Mrs. Horvak was the mother of Alice, a fourteen-year-old girl whom Mrs. Harris had employed to help about the house for a few weeks at the end of the previous summer.



The recognition, and the recollection, brought no joy to Mrs. Harris. She smiled briefly and let her eyes fall, noting absently that there was a smudge of loam on one knee of her new gray sports dress. "Why, hello, Mrs. Horvak," she said. "No, we're not back, really. We just came up for the day, sort of, to look round. We won't really be moving up for a month or so anyway."

"Yes. Well. I just t'ought so," Mrs. Horvak said, with a certain irrelevance. She came from somewhere in Middle Europe, Mrs. Harris remembered, and she spoke with a strong, somewhat guttural accent. The girl, Alice, had been quite pretty. "Spring's a nice time, ain't?" Mrs. Horvak went on. "All the flowers." She waved a hand toward the barren flower bed, then turned her gaze down on Mrs. Harris. "You be wanting Alice again this summer?" she asked.

"Well. Alice—" Mrs. Harris said. She was wondering how Mrs. Horvak could possibly have known she was there. The Harrises had brought their lunch with them; they hadn't even stopped at the village store. And yet here the woman was, turning up almost on the heels of their own arrival, and it couldn't have been just accident—Mrs. Harris had a quick inward vision of her crouching, heavy and unwieldy, in the shrubs at the top of the hill and then coming pelting down as soon as she saw the car turn into the driveway.

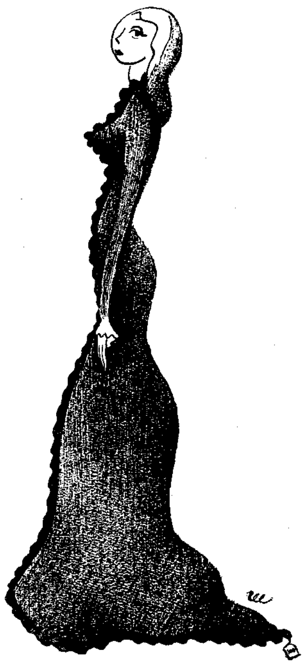
"Well, you see," she began, "it's so early still. We haven't really made any plans." She hesitated a moment. The truth was that she never wanted to be burdened with Alice again. She was too young, too irresponsible, with that terribly pardonable, frisking irresponsibility that's a part of adolescence. She forgot things, and when she tired of one task she dropped it and took up another. She made up games, counting broom strokes as she swept the floor, piling dishes in geometrical but dangerous patterns. Once Mrs. Harris had found her washing the windows in time with a tune on the radio. Mrs. Harris had hired her at the instance of a friend who had maintained that the only solution of the servant problem in the country was to take a young local girl, the younger the better, and "train" her. Willing though Alice had been in her way, and intelligent too, Mrs. Harris had ended by doing most of the work herself. And then, too, at the moment there was something in Mrs. Horvak's attitude, a kind of insistence, that rankled a little. Mrs. Harris glanced up at her. The truth, she felt, was justified. "And I can't help feeling, Mrs. Horvak," she went on, "that she's—well, that she's really too young to be working out like that. Don't you think so?"

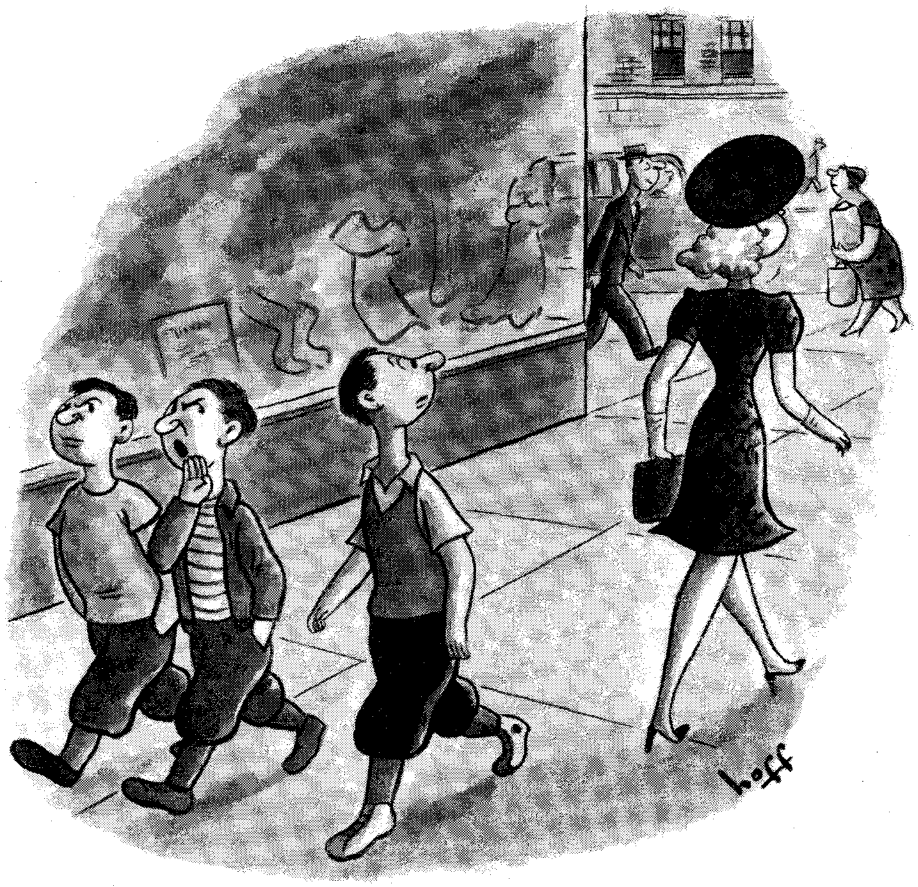
Mrs. Horvak stared down at her blankly. "Young?" she repeated. "She's fourteen. And big too. Bigger even than last year. And strong." Mrs. Horvak paused, obviously searching for a simile. "Strong as me," she said. "Almost."

Mrs. Harris felt baffled. "I know that, Mrs. Horvak," she said. "And she's willing and helpful. She's a very interesting girl, your daughter. But you know, when a girl is as young as that, being cooped up all day—and besides, I don't really think she liked housework much either."

Mrs. Horvak still stared. "Not like housework?" she repeated. Then her tone grew grim. "What she do?" she demanded.

Mrs. Harris stared back at her, gathering her resources. In some strange way, she found, she was now in the position of defending the girl against her





"Nasty habit Davis is developing."

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mother. That was all right too, for that matter. She'd really liked Alice. But the woman's persistence, that half-wheedling, half-dominant tone she'd adopted, bothered her. Still more, Mrs. Harris discovered, the picture she'd conjured up had stayed with her: of a Mrs. Horvak who lay in wait for her, watching, waiting for the first sign of her arrival. It made her uncomfortable. It was too much like spying, and Mrs. Harris hated spying. "Nothing really, Mrs. Horvak. Nothing wrong, that is," she said. "I don't like housework much myself, you know, as far as that goes. There are people who don't." She glanced up, choosing her brittlest smile. "But you know, Mrs. Horvak, I've been wondering. How ever did you know we were here, so soon after we'd arrived?"

Mrs. Horvak's expression didn't change. "I watched," she said. "From the hill up there I can see your house. So I watch. Or sometimes I send Frankie or Rudie, one of the boys. Or Alice, even, only mostly she stay to look after the kids." She peered down at Mrs. Harris as if she suspected a trick. "This the first time you come, ain't?" she said.

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Horvak," Mrs. Harris said. "This is the first time." Without quite knowing why, she felt ashamed, and in the face of the other's gaze she lowered her eyes. They fell on the shoes. There was a split at the side of one, she noticed, and it had been pulled together with coarse brown thread. No woman would wear such shoes from choice—she could see Rudie or Frankie, one of the boys, throwing them aside as unfit for farm work and Mrs. Horvak grimly accepting them, mending them, wearing them for what use there was in them.

"You see?" Mrs. Horvak was saying in her hoarse, heavy voice. "I tell you, I watch. But my Alice now. Maybe she had foolishness. But she'll learn. And a'ready she's one year older." Something in Mrs. Harris's attitude must have told her that she had won her point. "I tell her to come then?" she asked. "You want her?"

"I guess so," Mrs. Harris said. "I guess so." She felt all at sea, and for no reason that she could think of; and equally for no reason she wanted more than anything else in the world to strike her trowel into the earth of the rock garden, as if maybe she'd find there the reassurance she needed. Or maybe it wouldn't give reassurance at all. Spring was just youth, too, and all it led to was summer and the winter of old age. She put a hand on one knee—after a winter in the city she wasn't used to this bending—and pushed herself erect. Maybe Alice could help her with the gardening, she thought. She'd find something for her to do and get somebody else for the house. Mrs. Harris smiled. "What sort of winter was it, anyway?" she asked gently. "I mean, down in the city we were wondering. Was it hard?"

Mrs. Horvak hadn't smiled. She had really an amazingly changeless, inscrutable expression. "Hard?" she said. "No more than all winters. And not too much snow anyway. Not a day but the boys didn't get the milk out. But you know what milk sells for. You pay the same wages as last year?" she went on. "Twen'y-five cents an hour?"

"Oh, indeed yes, Mrs. Horvak," Mrs. Harris said. "I couldn't pay less."

"O.K.," said Mrs. Horvak, and she turned away so swiftly that Mrs. Harris was disconcerted. "Wait!" she cried. "Tell Alice I'll let her know. I'll let her know when we're coming up, so she can be ready."

"O.K."

"But wait, Mrs. Horvak," Mrs. Harris said again. "You're not going to walk back? All the way up that hill?"

Mrs. Horvak turned, almost smiling. "Why not?" she asked.

"Well, it seems such a long way, that's all. If you'll wait, my husband will be back with the car and he'll drive you home."

Mrs. Horvak hesitated, looking first at the field that slanted up on the other side of the road, the line of trees beyond that, and the tilt of brush and scrub that rose to the crest of the hill. Then she looked back at Mrs. Harris. "No, I got the kids," she said. "And he may be a long time yet, your husband. I better get back." She made this concession to friendliness: she waved. Then, with an agility that surprised Mrs. Harris, she crossed the road, scaled the bank on the other side, and began rapidly footing her way through the field beyond. She had passed the trees and was well toward the top of the hill before Mr. Harris returned. —ROBERT M. COATES

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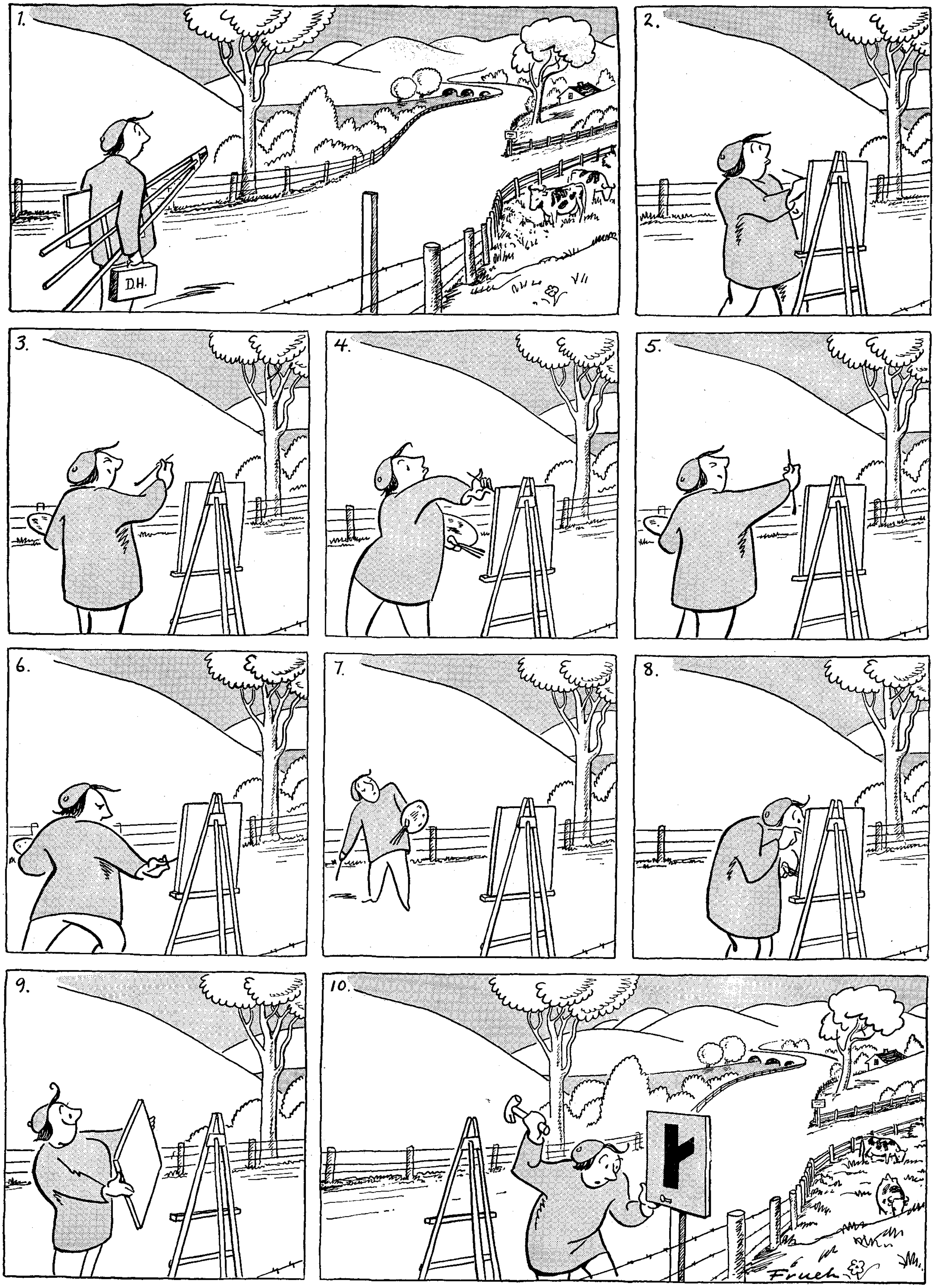
Written especially for Miss Barrymore and conceived at Alexander Woollcott's camp at Bomoseen, Vt., Miss Barrymore plays an expatriate war propagandist in her mere fifties, instead of the centenarian roles of her last two appearances on Broadway.—*The Sun.*

Conceived under an old Bomoseen hanging-participle tree, probably.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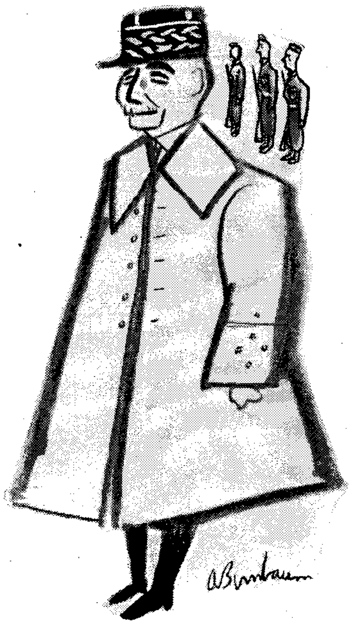
PROFILES

GENERALISSIMO—II



General Gamelin

THE number of things on a generalissimo's mind is so great in this day of mechanized and total war that his ability to understand the arguments of technical specialists is as important as a good seat on horseback was for a general in Napoleon's time. During Napoleon's entire military life of about thirty years there was no big change in ordnance or transport. He lost Waterloo with a type of field artillery that had been introduced into the Royal Army in 1762. He had no aviation to worry about and, while he did direct the Navy, he confined his interest in it to what some historians consider a sporadic mismanagement. Today, Gamelin, as Generalissimo of the Allied Armies of Air, Sea, and Earth, not only has to run and coördinate an army, a navy, and an air force, but he has to be able to grasp what experts tell him about all the swiftly changing instruments of mechanized warfare, from aerial-survey cameras to the giant filters designed to take the kick out of any poison gas that might seep into the Maginot Line. At the same time he must be ready to decide, after consulting with industrial engineers, whether from a strategic point of view it is more important to cut off an enemy's access to bauxite or to soy beans. As a member of the Allied Supreme War Council, he must be prepared to count the cost in men of every industrial operation, as generals used to count the cost of taking a hill; to decide whether, as a military investment, it would be better to send another ten thousand men to the factories to make machine guns or to the casemates to fire them. Gamelin is not intimidated by any of these things and possesses a knack of synthesis which seems to enable him to piece them together into some kind of sensible pattern.

Because of his constant desire to extend his range of knowledge, Gamelin is always willing to learn from his subordinates. "It is natural that the immediate collaborators of higher officers be allowed to express their opinions freely," Gamelin once wrote, "it being understood that each must bow in just intellectual discipline once the decision has been made. Initiative, within the frame of intellectual discipline, is the strength of armies." At maneuvers shortly before the war, Gamelin was heard engaging in an animated argument with a lieutenant of chasseurs about the qualities and proper employment of a certain new light tank. The lieutenant had been working with the tank, the Commander in Chief had not, and, knowing this, did not think of standing on dignity. He wanted to learn something. Presumably he did.

The group of officers surrounding him at his present post of command, which is situated in a small town about an hour's drive from Paris, is not large and is more a cabinet than a staff. There are officers from the Navy and Air Force as well as the Army. Their average age is extremely low. Gamelin, who began as something of a boy wonder himself—he was a general of division, the equivalent of the American major general, at forty-six—has made a fetish of youth. He looks astonishingly young for his age and believes that it keeps him youthful to have young collaborators. Colonel Jean Petibon, the chief of his Cabinet, is forty-five and joined Gamelin's Ninth Division in the last war as a twenty-three-year-old captain. Gamelin has selected his men for the individuality of their thinking as well as for their technical competence.

To create one general staff to run the entire French Army would be to invite a paralyzing gigantism. The Army is too large, too diversified, and too widely distributed. The organization known in France as the "general staff," which has its headquarters somewhere between Paris and the front, governs the movements of only the troops in the Army Zone, which includes France east of Paris, from the Italian frontier to the Channel. There is another staff, at Paris, to govern the troops in garrisons and training camps in the rest of France. The Army of the Air has its own council of war. The Navy has its board of operations. The overseas forces, including the very important Army of the Near East, also have their own administrative bodies. Gamelin has to coördinate and orient the efforts of all these staffs, as well as the various British staffs, and depends largely on his own Cabinet to keep in touch with what each of them is doing. If the system were a rigid pyramid, with a supreme commander sitting at its apex waiting for problems to be forced on his attention, Gamelin might, he feels, risk losing his sense of reality. Under the system employed, Gamelin sends one of his Cabinet officers directly to any spot where there is a problem, so that he has an almost personal contact. It is a method of command Joffre instituted and Foch continued in the last war. In 1870 the French had no system at all, and the absence of such a method in the German Army helped to save Paris in 1914. Von Moltke, the German Commander in Chief, lived at that time in such hierarchical aloofness that he frequently didn't know what was happening until it was too late to do anything about it.

It has become now an enormously difficult task for a commander in chief merely to visualize his chessboard, before he even starts thinking of moves. When Marshal de Turenne, the seventeenth-century warrior, wished to know the exact situation of his army in relation to the enemy, he used to send a soldier up a tree. The Marshal would stand at the foot of the tree and the soldier would yell down and tell him what he saw. During one of these conferences with his *Deuxième Bureau*, the Marshal was hit by a cannon ball and killed, but General Gamelin, when he thinks of Turenne's elegantly simple procedure, must nevertheless sometimes suffer from envy. By the time the third World War occurs, it is possible that no one man on either side, even with a Gamelin's talent for synthesis, will be able to picture the entire military situation at any given moment. Men already build airplanes too fast for other men to pilot, and someday they will wage wars too complex for any human mind except George Fielding Eliot's to comprehend.

NO commander in chief in the first World War came to his task as well prepared as Gamelin did last September, because none had, like Gamelin, gone through another World War. When fighting began in August, 1914, he was head of Commander in Chief Joffre's Cabinet (a group quite distinct from Joffre's staff), and in that capacity he was Joffre's ears and eyes, hearing of everything that happened in the Army and knowing, before anybody except Joffre, what the Army was going to do next. Within the first six weeks of fighting, he saw nearly half the general officers of the prewar Army exposed as inadequate and mercilessly removed from their commands by the placid Joffre, and he received one of the greatest laboratory courses in war ever offered.

Although at the beginning of the last war the French knew that prospects for a successful attack on the German frontier fortresses were poor, they believed so thoroughly in the moral value of the offensive that they attacked anyway. The main French force was held in check by an inferior number of Germans in defensive position. Meanwhile the German right wing swept through Belgium and forced the weak French left to fall back toward Paris. Joffre, who had not had the advantage of studying the military metaphysics taught at the War College, came to the non-mystical conclusion that since he had placed too many men on his right and too few on his left, the thing to do was to shift a number of army corps from the right to the left. He organized a new army, the Sixth, on his extreme left, overlapping the German right. From that point on, in the words of General Chauvineau, the most mordant military writer of those times, "the Marne would have been a miracle if we had lost."

If von Kluck, the German Army Commander on the extreme right of the attack, tried to outflank the new French Sixth Army, he would lose all contact with von Bülow, the Army Commander east of him. If he moved toward von Bülow, the Sixth Army would strike his flank and roll him up like a carpet. For Joffre and his staff the question to decide was which way von Kluck would turn. The first indication of von Kluck's choice came from General Gallieni, the Military Governor of Paris, whose scouts informed him that the Germans were moving toward von Bülow. On September 4th, the French were thinking of attacking on the 6th, but figured that if they waited an extra twenty-four hours, their tired troops would be in condition to strike harder and von Kluck might be more open to their blow. However, he might change his mind meanwhile and slide away when he was attacked, like a fighter rolling with a punch. Joffre, Gallieni, and Joffre's chief of staff, General Berthelot, favored waiting. Gamelin and the younger officers wanted to attack at the earliest possible moment. Gamelin, as the officer on the most intimate terms with Joffre, was spokesman for his group's point of view. According to a story told in Army circles, but doubtless apocryphal, the Commander in Chief, when presented with Gamelin's arguments for an early attack, said, "I agree. Write the order," whereupon Gamelin pulled the order out of his pocket and said, "Here it is, my General." Whatever the truth of the story, the order was somehow written, the attack was made, and the French were victorious in the first battle of the Marne. Among other things, that battle equipped Gamelin with the beginnings of a personal legend.

BY 1917, when Joffre was succeeded as Commander in Chief by General Robert-Georges Nivelle, Gamelin had risen to the rank of brigadier general and had become Joffre's chief of staff. The fall of Joffre did not affect Gamelin's status. When Nivelle came in, he promised the Chamber of Deputies a smashing victory in the spring of 1917. The war was costing too many lives and too much money; Nivelle said that one brutal frontal attack would win it. The attack would be made in the Champagne—for no apparent reason except that the Germans were well entrenched there. Nivelle, a true mystic of the offensive, said that troops could push ahead faster on a terrain which had not been broken up by too much artillery fire. He insisted that soldiers carry several days' extra rations, because they would advance so fast that the supply trains wouldn't be able to get near them. The principal blow was to be delivered by a group of three armies which had been reinforced until they totalled 750,000 men. The army group commander, a general named Micheler, chose General Gamelin as his chief of staff. The longer Micheler, Gamelin, and General Pétain, then military adviser of the government, studied the situation, the surer they became that a breakthrough was impossible. Nivelle and the politicians insisted on the attempt. The battle began on April 16th and ended on April 22nd; the French lost 35,000

HOW TO PITCH
Garrett Price

"He's awfully green, but you never can tell."

killed and 80,000 wounded and gained no important objective. There were no hospitals reasonably near the battlefield for so many wounded, so they had to be distributed all over France; the trains of mangled men spread despair through the country. Mutinies occurred. Nivelle was removed from the command a fortnight later and was succeeded by Pétain, who set about rebuilding the Army. "We were all against the attack," General Gamelin says now, "but we couldn't talk Nivelle out of it. If we had not bled our own army white in 1917, the Ludendorff offensive of 1918 would not have been possible and we would have won without the last narrow escape from disaster." That was Gamelin's final experience in the war as a staff officer.

Soon afterward he assumed command of the Ninth Division, and by the spring of 1918 he was in action. The armies of 1918 had little in common with those of 1914. Besides infantry, field artillery, cavalry, and a detachment of engineers, each division in the last summer of the war included heavy guns and an aviation unit. Gamelin sometimes had to contend with enemy tanks. His artillery fired newly developed high-explosive, gas, and smoke shells. His infantry moved by motor truck. The Ninth Division had been mutinous in 1917; when Gamelin led it into action, its morale was excellent. He went into action on March 21st, after the Germans had broken the British front near St. Quentin. The breakthrough had left a gap between the British and French Armies; the Ninth was one of a number of divisions thrown in to stop the progress of the attack. Since there was no natural or fortified defensive position in his sector, the French units operated as mounted police do against a crowd, charging into the mass and then retiring until by repeated counter-attacks they brought the attack to a sliding halt. It was a battle of improvisation, calling for generals and troops who knew their trade. Gamelin did so well at it that after the first few days another division and a couple of extra regiments were added to his command. By March 30th, the advance had been definitely stopped and the Ninth was moved to a quiet sector.

In mid-July the Ninth returned to the centre of the stage for the second battle of the Marne. A large-scale French-American attack, which had been well prepared and from which great results were expected, was to be made on the west side of the Château-Thierry salient. The Ninth was to make an attack just east of Château-Thierry. This wasn't expected to get far, but was meant to keep a large number of Germans too busy to help their comrades to the west. This is orthodox strategy, but is hard on the divisions thrown against positions they have no chance of taking. "A war of attrition is reasonable," Gamelin wrote afterward about this action, "but within just measure and proportion. We could not have afforded such losses had we not had an inexhaustible reserve of Americans coming on." Several of his battalions lost seventy per cent of their effectives in ten days. He thought that one real attack, followed by a series of bombardments and feints at attacking, would have held the Germans at a smaller cost. "But," he wrote, with what for him was considerable informality, "when overruled one must acquiesce and take it on the chin." During these actions Gamelin was often in the front lines and never out of range of heavy fire.

Late in September, the Ninth Division crossed a little river named the Vesle in the face of several German divisions, which it then chased off the field of battle. This was the neatest, the most French, success of Gamelin's life, and he still purrs when he talks about it. There was an open plain a thousand yards wide on Gamelin's side of the river, so the engineers who built the bridges which the Division needed had to work at night. While the engineers worked, patrols maintained rifle and machine-gun fire to drown out the noise. Before dawn, the engineers would disappear, leaving their handiwork protected only by camouflage. Later, part of the French artillery had to be installed in the same open plain to cover the crossing. The guns were moved in at night and perfectly hidden. When the Division advanced, the surprise was so complete that Gamelin's men had been crossing the bridges for ten minutes before the German artillery opened fire. The French Army Commander in the region was the same General Berthelot who had been

NEVERTHELESS

I am not fond of Oliver Montrose.
Oliver is a person I despise:
The purple veins that bulbify his nose,
The crimson veins that irrigate his eyes.
His wheezy breath his vinous weakness shows;
He is the slave of whiskey, beer, and gin.
I am not fond of Oliver Montrose;
I hate the sinner. But what a warming sin!

Bibesco Poolidge is a man of jowl.
I've never seen a dewlap but on him;
He shines with the grease of many a basted fowl;
Ten thousand sauces round his innards swim.
The ghosts of hosts of kine about him prowl,
Lamb, pig, and game blood trickles from his chin.
I cannot look on him without a scowl;
I hate the sinner. But what a luscious sin!

I do not dote on Murgatroyd Van Rust,
So tasty to the tenderest of genders.
Practically everything that has a bust
Surveys his suave ensemble and surrenders.
The way he parts his hair I do not trust;
Let the phone ring, I loathe his grin.
You cannot see his diary for the dust;
I hate the sinner. Still, if one *had* to sin . . .

O mammonites and spendthrifts, draw ye nigh;
Fingernail-biters and sluggards, come on in;
Consider now how tolerant am I
Who hate the sinner yet who love the sin.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

"Well, as I understand it, that's an allegorical figure of Enlightenment vanquishing the enemies of mankind—Superstition, Bigotry, Greed."

• •

Joffre's first chief of staff. Berthelot visited Gamelin before the battle and, knowing him to be a proud and sensitive young *divisionnaire*, told him not to worry if the Ninth Division's attack was held up. "You have two crack divisions at your left," Berthelot said. "Even if you are checked, they will free your flank and allow you to continue." "But," says Gamelin, when he tells the story, "it was our neighbors who had the difficulties and we who had to disengage them." "Without doubt," he adds, in a determined effort to be fair, "because the Germans, knowing our neighbors' value, had offered them stronger resistance."

AFTER the war, Gamelin headed a military mission which reorganized the Brazilian Army on the French pattern. His work has not been tested, because the Brazilians haven't fought anybody since. However, this venture gave him a restful interlude, preparing him for a nasty three years in Syria, where he went as Military Commander in the early fall of 1925. T. E. Lawrence's dream of a great Anglophile Pan-Arab state that would reach from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean may have seemed to some people a noble fantasy, but to the French, who had a mandate over Syria, it looked exactly like another link in the British chain of empire. The Pan-Arab enthusiasts in the British mandated territory of Transjordania, which borders on Syria, played the Syrian Moslems against the Syrian Christians. Moslem rebels who got into trouble in the French mandated territory took refuge across the line and returned at their convenience. No matter how many times the French disarmed them, they always had fine new rifles when they came home from Transjordania. The Generalissimo says playfully, when reminded of this period in his life, "I think that certain agents of the British government exceeded their instructions."

The most dangerous rebels were the Druses, a sect of unpleasant Mohammedans who wore black robes, lived in a vast lava bed, and believed that if they were killed fighting they would rise in the scale of life through metamorphosis. A couple of months before Gamelin arrived in Syria, the Druses had butchered a column of three thousand French soldiers. When he got there, he found the Druses besieging a garrison of five hundred in a citadel called Soueïda. Gamelin relieved Soueïda after a long fight. The next summer, a column commanded by one of his subordinates crushed the assembled Druses in a big battle. After two years of guerrilla warfare in the lava bed, and occasional street fighting in Damascus, the General completely pacified the country. This victorious colonial war was the final proof of Gamelin's versatility. Reversing the record of Joffre, he had distinguished himself first on the Continent and then in the colonies. He had now such a head start over any other general of his age that his rise to the supreme command, if he lived long enough, was practically a certainty. When General Maxime Weygand, who is six years older than Gamelin, reached the peacetime retirement age in 1935, Gamelin succeeded him as the head of the army.

IT is easy for a French general to have what the psychiatrists call a well-integrated personality. Throughout his career his resentments are channelized toward the impersonal, mass enemy on the other side of the Rhine, leaving him with a sanguine, affectionate disposition and a perfect digestion. To that extent, General Gamelin runs true to type. The maximum salary for a general is 10,000 francs a month, or about $200, so generals never get rich. Their worldly situation is something like that of professors in American colleges. Another point of resemblance is the number of papers French generals write. Although Gamelin is not considered prolific for a general, he has written prefaces to numerous professional works and he collaborated on an excellent study of divisional tactics in 1918. Gamelin and *Madame la Générale* live in an apartment, its rent strictly in keeping with the General's salary, on the Avenue Foch near the Bois de Boulogne. There is no Gamelin family fortune, his father having been Paymaster General of the French Army. French officers, unlike those of other European states, seldom marry wealthy women; Gamelin has followed the tradition. The Gamelins have no children. Mme. Gamelin, a kindly, unpretentious woman, who dislikes publicity, is on the directorates of at least a dozen war charities and works hard for them without getting her picture in the newspapers. She has remained in Paris since the beginning of the war.

Every morning before the war started, the General used to go to work in one of the somewhat monastic offices in a wing of the Invalides, a building put up in the seventeenth century as an old-soldiers' home. The wing is deserted now, because the officers are in the field, and Gamelin, on his occasional visits to Paris, uses Joffre's old study at the Ecole Militaire. Ordinarily he works and sleeps at his post of command. He has an almost ostentatious lack of interest in non-military matters. He rises at seven every morning and works hard and soberly, lightening the day's routine only by a brisk walk in the afternoon with his big police dog. Except for three years with the Algerian *Tirailleurs*, all of Gamelin's regimental service was performed with the *Chasseurs à Pied* and *Chasseurs Alpins*, and he still walks at the *chasseur* pace, one hundred and thirty steps to the minute. This makes him seem tremendously in a hurry even when he is merely out for fresh air.

In the Allied Supreme War Council, which is a kind of steering committee for the war, Gamelin holds what amounts to a veto power on projects involving the use of troops. He cannot force the statesmen to open a new theatre of war, but he can keep them from opening one which he considers impracticable. Once they have decided on an operation, he assumes the technical responsibility. The Council has consisted primarily of the French and British prime ministers, the ministers of foreign affairs, the ministers of national defence, and the heads of the three armed forces in each country. Occasionally, the ministers of blockade and war industry have sat in. Poland and Norway have also been represented at recent meetings, and now of course there will be Holland and Belgium. Projects have been discussed from the points of view of diplomacy, finance, industry, and the land, air, and sea forces. The Council is not a formal legislative body in which all the members have equal votes. Churchill has reputedly been the most influential British member, and it is probable that Gamelin has governed the opinions of Reynaud and Daladier on the practical conduct of the war.

Several times a week papers have carried a small headline reading, "General Gamelin Confers with the Ministry," or "with M. Reynaud," or "with the President of the Republic." What has been said at these conferences, nobody, naturally, knows. British ministers have come to Paris often to consult with Gamelin and other members of the Supreme War Council. Sometimes they have met in London. Anglo-French conferences usually have called for a group photograph. Even when Gamelin hasn't been telling the British the score, he has spent a certain amount of time pinning decorations on British generals and kissing them on both cheeks. This virtually weekly scene has always been recorded by moving-picture cameras, and there has been a rumor among the sardonic night owls who patronize boulevard newsreel theatres that the Generalissimo has been whispering, as he pulled the Englishmen's heads down for the ritual embrace, "When are you going to have another division ready?" —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of two articles on General Gamelin.*)

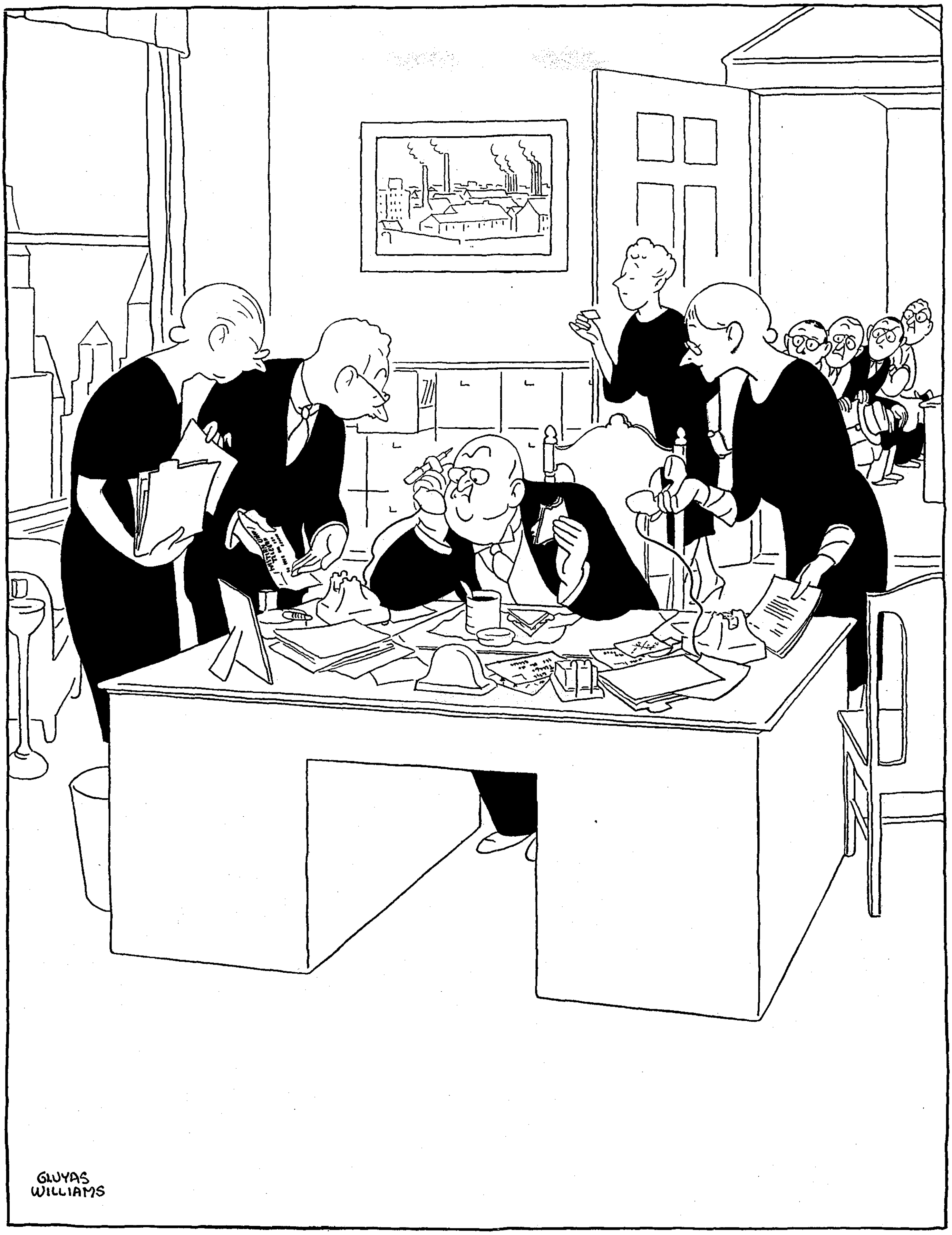
REAGAN
RACTORS
R TAYLOR

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Key West Citizen*]

One of the largest kingfish of the season was brought into port yesterday by F. F. Talley, 2080 North Decatur Road, Atlanta, Ga., aboard Capt. Henry Weatherford's Lucky Strike. Another nice catch of the season was a 40-pound grouper by Mr. Butler of West Palm Beach, who got more thrills in Key West fishing than in fishing off Palm Beach. Also along was seasoned fishing enthusiast Mr. Bullet, who enjoyed himself very much.



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

High-Pressure Lunch

THE THEATRE

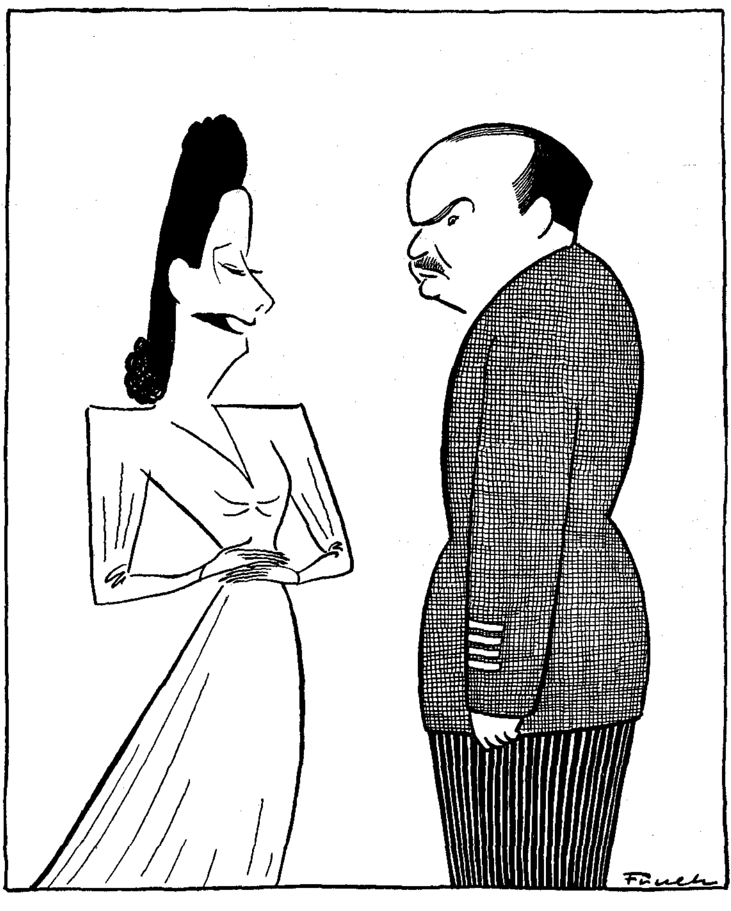
A STAR-CROSSED REVIVAL

“Romeo and Juliet,” that tragedy of Veronese café society, was produced last week at the Fifty-first Street Theatre by Laurence Olivier, who himself undertook to play the youngest of the Montagues. August Wilhelm von Schlegel, discussing this play about a hundred years ago (it makes no difference how I happened to dig up Schlegel), called it, not unpoetically, “a single, endless sigh,” but there is something in the way Mr. Olivier and his associates have dealt with the fatal lovers that, while justifying at least the second of these adjectives, seems to call for another noun. I’m afraid that “yawn” may possibly be the word. Some of this sad effect should be laid to the acoustical properties of the Fifty-first Street Theatre, which can muffle even the prettiest diction, but most of it must be charged to the fact that a great many of the actors speak their lines with almost no indication that they either know or care what they’re talking about.

Except in the most talented hands, “Romeo and Juliet” is one of the most dangerous of Shakespeare’s plays. The text is intricate, full of some of the author’s most baffling puns; in many respects, Romeo is little better than feeble-minded, while Juliet shuttles much too rapidly back and forth between troubled adolescence and brisk and competent maturity; and the plot itself is often uncomfortably close to absurdity. There are too many innocent misunderstandings and staggering coincidences, too many potions and poisons; in the end, far too many bodies cluttering up the Capulets’ not so very quiet tomb.

All these drawbacks are not insuperable, or probably even very important when the extraordinary and radiant poetry of the love scenes is given its full value, but unfortunately it is here that the present version fails most completely. Mr. Olivier himself is the principal offender. Not only is he just as inaudible as any of his colleagues, but also he plays with a strangely preoccupied air, as if half his mind was still busy with his problems as director. His balcony scene, especially, has less the appearance of a man transported by love than that of an actor-manager automatically reciting blank verse while reflecting uneasily that the balcony really seems absurdly low, which indeed it does.

Pictorially, Miss Vivien Leigh is an almost perfect Juliet, childish and lovely, but professionally she is still a little too limited and monotonous for one of the most volatile heroines in the theatre. There are good performances, when you can hear them, by Cornel Wilde as Tybalt, Wesley Addy as Benvolio, Halliwell Hobbes as old Capulet, and Dame May Whitty as Juliet’s nurse. Edmond O’Brien’s Mercutio, notably in the Queen Mab speech, which enchants some people and just floors others, has more vivacity than seems strictly necessary, and I am somewhat at a loss when it comes to the scenery, since most of it reminded me painfully of the Venetian epidemic that struck the South Shore of Long Island in the great days of Calvin Coolidge. There is not much doubt that both Mr. Olivier and Miss Leigh have charmed enough people on the screen recently to assure them of a modest success now on the stage. They will owe it principally to the Misses Brontë and Mitchell, however. Shakespeare can’t be credited with more than an assist.



“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT”

Lynn Fontanne wishes Alfred Lunt didn’t have to go to war, but she is trying to make the best of it in Robert E. Sherwood’s call to arms against Fascism. At the Alvin.

Lying in bed with a sweet red apple handy, I stayed awake until two o’clock in the morning to finish “The Strangler Fig,” by John Stephen Strange; propped upright in the Lyceum Theatre to witness an adaptation of the book by Miss Edith Meiser, I was ready to cork off by the time the first victim was revealed, hanging on his bedroom door. Miss Meiser was generous with her garroted corpses, disappearing guns, opening doors, voodoo incantations, and all the other items that have chilled us in the past, but somehow or other it was just no good, perhaps because the members of the cast themselves seemed so imperturbable. “Would anyone care for a little bridge?” they murmured as the butler cleared away another dead man. I wasn’t going to worry, if they didn’t.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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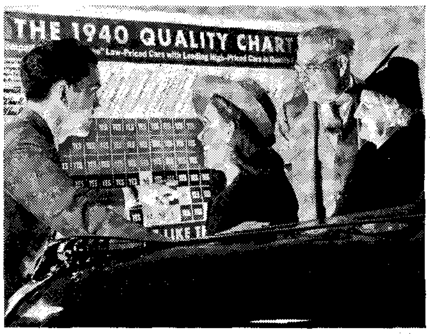

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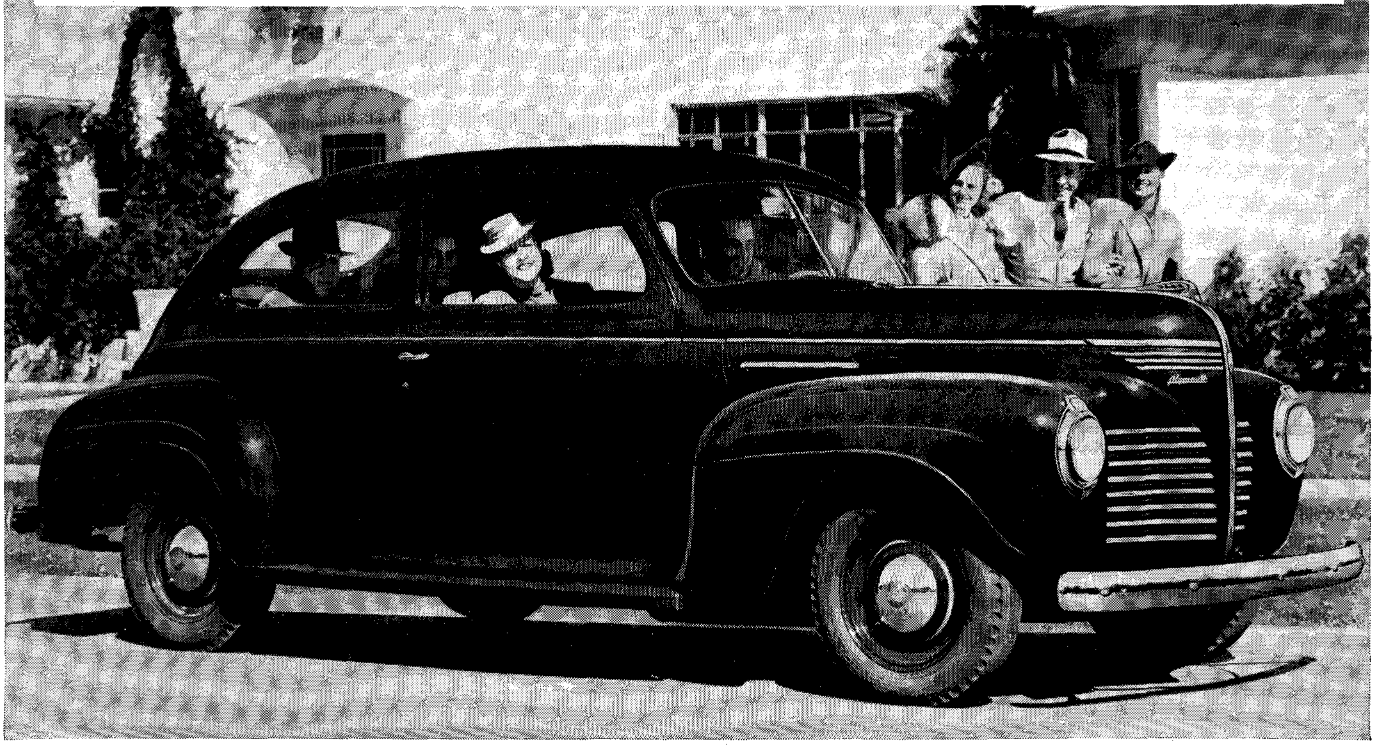

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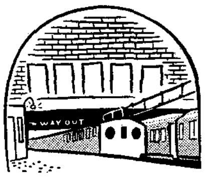
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 12 (BY CABLE)

IT is difficult to remember that this is Whitsun, the long weekend on which Londoners usually acquire the tan that must last them until their August vacation, and nothing has impressed them more as an indication that the government is really getting a move on than the decision to cut out the sacred holiday. People say that it feels like September all over again—same sort of weather, same sort of posters, same sort of empty sensation as the news came through of the bombing of Brussels, Calais, and Louvain—and the bus changing gear at the corner sounds ridiculously like a siren for a second, as it used to do in the first edgy days of the war.



On the Friday which began with the invasion of Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg and ended with the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, London itself seemed much the same as usual except that everyone carried a paper and most people for the first time in months carried a gas mask (ladies who felt like taking in a Whit Saturday matinée were warned by the radio that they would probably be refused admittance to the theatres without one). Air Raid Precautions workers, who have spent the last seven months playing darts and making themselves endless cups of tea, stood ready. Householders checked up on their blackout facilities and ran through the instructions for dealing with an incendiary bomb: you shovel sand over it and rush it out of the house in a bucket, after which, as the Ministry of Home Security cheerfully adds, "you will then have to deal with the fire which the bomb has started."

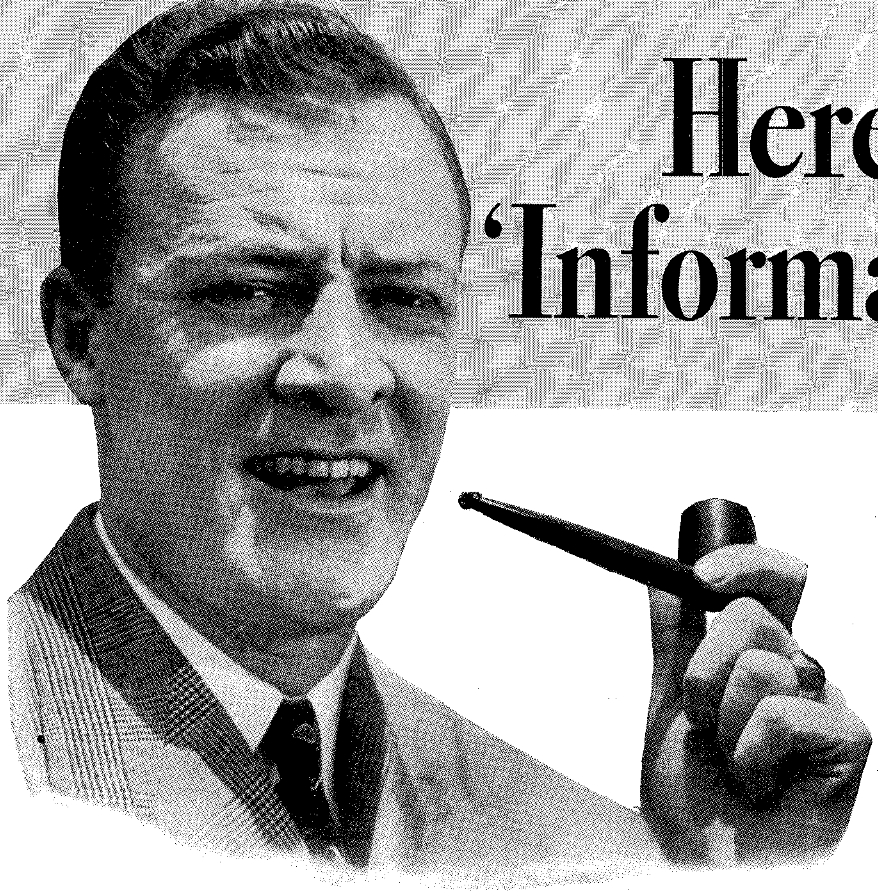
This being notoriously an inarticulate nation which likes to express its feelings at home and not in public at a café table, there were no excited crowds in the streets, and the only place where voices were raised above the average British monotone was Soho, where unemployed Italian waiters stood at the street corners or crowded into their favorite bar on Frith Street, vigorously arguing as to whether Mussolini is coming off the fence now, in which case they will be on the wrong side of an internment camp's barbed wire, or will wait for his friend to give him fresh proof of military prowess in the Low Countries.

EVENTS are moving so fast that England acquired a new Premier almost absent-mindedly, without any excessive jubilation from Winston Churchill's supporters, who had been fearful that even at the last moment Mr. Chamberlain would hang onto the office, since he was said to feel, in his mystical Berchtesgaden manner, that it was his sacred duty to lead the nation to ultimate victory. Those who still believed him capable of doing so were mostly to be found in the middle class, for the aristocrats and the working people, who frequently plump on the same side in matters of policy, had long been resentful of his habit of surrounding himself with loyal but fumbling yes-men, and of the inflexible provincial caution which caused M. Osusky, the late Czech Minister to Paris, to observe, "*Monsieur Chamberlain n'est pas un homme d'état; il est un businessman de Birmingham.*"

In Winston Churchill, people feel that they have a leader who understands exactly what risks should be taken and what kind of adversary they are up against; the iron of appeasement had burned too deeply into British souls for them ever to be quite sure again of Chamberlain on that second point. Die-hard Tories, who once looked on Mr. Churchill as "a dangerous fellow," now passionately proclaim that he is just what the country needs. It's paradoxical but true that the British, for all their suspicious dislike of brilliance, are beginning to think that they'd be safer with a bit of dynamite around.

Many people want to see Lloyd George in office, arguing that his age would be discounted by the youthful fire and vigor which he can still bring to the attack. It is certain that his appointment as minister without portfolio would be popular with the sentimental British, who have a weak spot for veteran public servants and are delighted that Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, the hero of Zeebrugge, has been plucked from the retired list and sent bustling off as special naval attaché to Brussels. His fighting speech was certainly one of the sensations of Tuesday's tumultuous debate, another being the effective use of Cromwell's famous speech dismissing Parliament by Mr. Amery, who vehemently addressed the startled Treasury bench as "old, decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows."

IN the country, bus services have been suddenly cut to a skeleton schedule because buses have been commandeered to serve as emergency ambulances. The



Here's One for 'Information Please'

This may not stump the experts but it certainly surprised *me* to discover the new 1940 De Soto has 39 features missing in cars 2, 3 and 4 years old. Why, De Soto's seats are actually 8″ wider than in my '37 car—the engine has 15 more horsepower. There's no trunk bulge—yet the luggage locker holds all these bags. The Handy-Shift is mounted on the steering post—off the floor, out of the way—more room up front. Sealed Beam Headlights make night driving a pleasure—50%-65% better road light and no glare. Best news of all—this big 122½″ wheelbase De Soto is actually priced $20 to $48 lower than last year—that leaves me only one answer—*De Soto's my next car!*

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in Major Bowes... C. B. S., Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Title "Information Please" used with full consent

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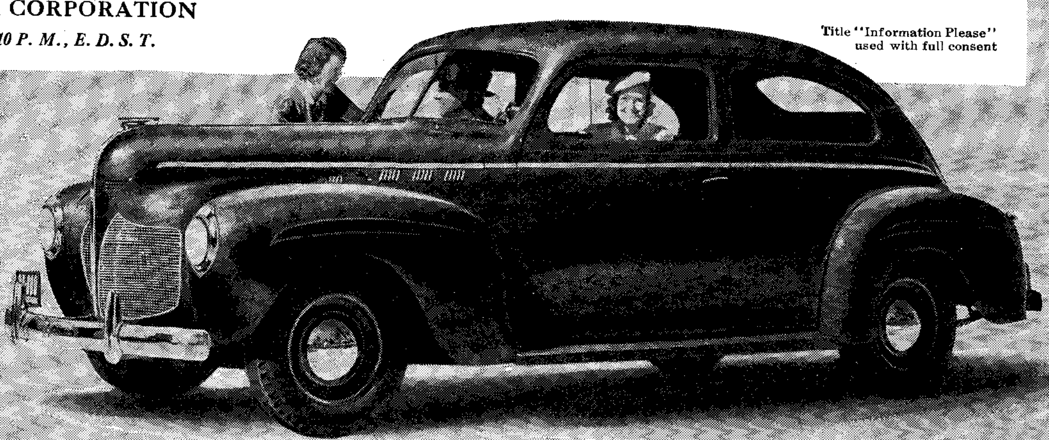
DE LUXE COUPE	DE LUXE SEDAN
$845	$905

Delivered at Detroit, Michigan. Federal taxes are included. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, are extra.



DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN *presents*
JACK HALEY · MARTA EGGERT · SHIRLEY ROSS
IN RODGERS and HART'S
Newest Musical Comedy hit!
HIGHER AND HIGHER
with LEIF ERICKSON & LEE DIXON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
EMPIRE Theatre

B. G. De SYLVA presents
Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN
In a New Musical Comedy
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GERTRUDE MACY AND STANLEY GILKEY
present The New Hit Musical Revue
TWO FOR THE SHOW
by NANCY HAMILTON and MORGAN LEWIS
with EVE ARDEN, BETTY HUTTON, RICHARD HAYDN, BRENDA FORBES
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
BOOTH TH., 45th St. West of B'way. Cl. 6-5969
EVENINGS 8:40 P. M. MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40 P. M.

THE MALE ANIMAL
with ELLIOTT NUGENT
"Most hilarious Comedy of the season."
Watts, Herald Tribune
By James Thurber and Elliot Nugent
CORT THEA., 138 W. 48th St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT *presents*
TOO MANY GIRLS
by RODGERS & HART • GEORGE MARION, Jr.
BROADWAY Thea. B'way at 53 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild in association with Eddie Dowling presents WILLIAM SAROYAN'S New Play
"Love's Old Sweet Song"
WITH Walter Huston
JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th. CI 6-9156
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"★★★★"—BURNS MANTLE, News
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S
New Play
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
ALVIN, W. 52 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Laurence Olivier presents William Shakespeare's
Romeo and Juliet
VIVIEN LEIGH
LAURENCE OLIVIER
Dame May Whitty • Edmond O'Brien
51st ST. THEATRE B'way at 51st St. Cl. 7-5545
Evenings at 8. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2.

hard-working ladies of the Women's Voluntary Services are standing by for a new evacuation of London, which may start at any moment; this time, only children of school age are to be sent, but it is thought that if the ports are bombed first, which many think probable, there may be a frantic unofficial evacuation of people of all ages from them, with which it will be extremely difficult to deal.

Since the public has been asked to look out for parachute troops at dawn and dusk, there has been a great deal of argument as to what a person should do who suddenly sees a German soldier tumbling from the clouds. One publication urged its golfing readers to carry a rifle in their golf bags, but this was not recommended by the *Times*, which observed, "It would not be correct for country gentlemen to carry their guns with them on their walks, and take flying or running shots as opportunity is offered. Such action would put them into the position of francs-tireurs and should therefore be avoided." The proper procedure, said the *Times*, in case you're worrying, is to telephone the police as calmly as possible.

BRITONS are certainly calm in the present crisis. They are neither excessively pessimistic nor optimistic over the news as it comes in, because they remember the initial optimism over what turned out to be the Norwegian reverse. It is probable that good will come out of this reverse in the long run, if only because it has stopped people from chirping, "Ah well, we always start badly" or "We English always lose every battle but the last." There's a feeling now that in this war the last battle may not be recognized until it is over, and anyway, after Chamberlain's unfortunate colloquial remark about Hitler's having missed the bus, snappy slogans aren't so popular as they were.

It takes a good, stiff dose of adversity to release the formidable strength in what Harold Nicolson has called "the slow-grinding will power of the British people." To that has been added for the first time the quickening realization that they are fighting for their lives.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The boys, each in separate cars, were driving 1937 models of a light car that begins with F.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) News-Sentinel.*

You can't fool us: Fiats.

"IMMENSELY FUNNY"
says Atkinson in Times of
Gladys George IN
LADY IN WAITING
with ALAN NAPIER
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Cir. 6-6363

"All the cast is wonderful and so is the play."
—GIBBS, New Yorker.
GILBERT MILLER presents
FLORA ROBSON
in
LADIES IN RETIREMENT
by Edward PERCY & Reginald DENHAM
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43. BR 9-3970
Evgs. 8:40, $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"A SMASH HIT!"—*Watts, Her. Trib.*
SAM H. HARRIS presents
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

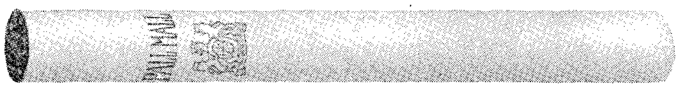
OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
WINTER GARDEN · 2ND YEAR

MOTION PICTURES

GONE WITH THE WIND
While this engagement is limited, GWTW will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.
ASTOR B'way & 45th St.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Twice Daily 2:15, 8:15 p. m.

Her first picture since her world triumph as Scarlett!
Capitol Broadway 51st Street
Vivien LEIGH • Robert TAYLOR
"WATERLOO BRIDGE"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SHORT STORY WRITING
Private coaching and seminars for advanced students and professional writers.
ALBERT ANGELL
220 E. 36th St. LEx. 2-0315



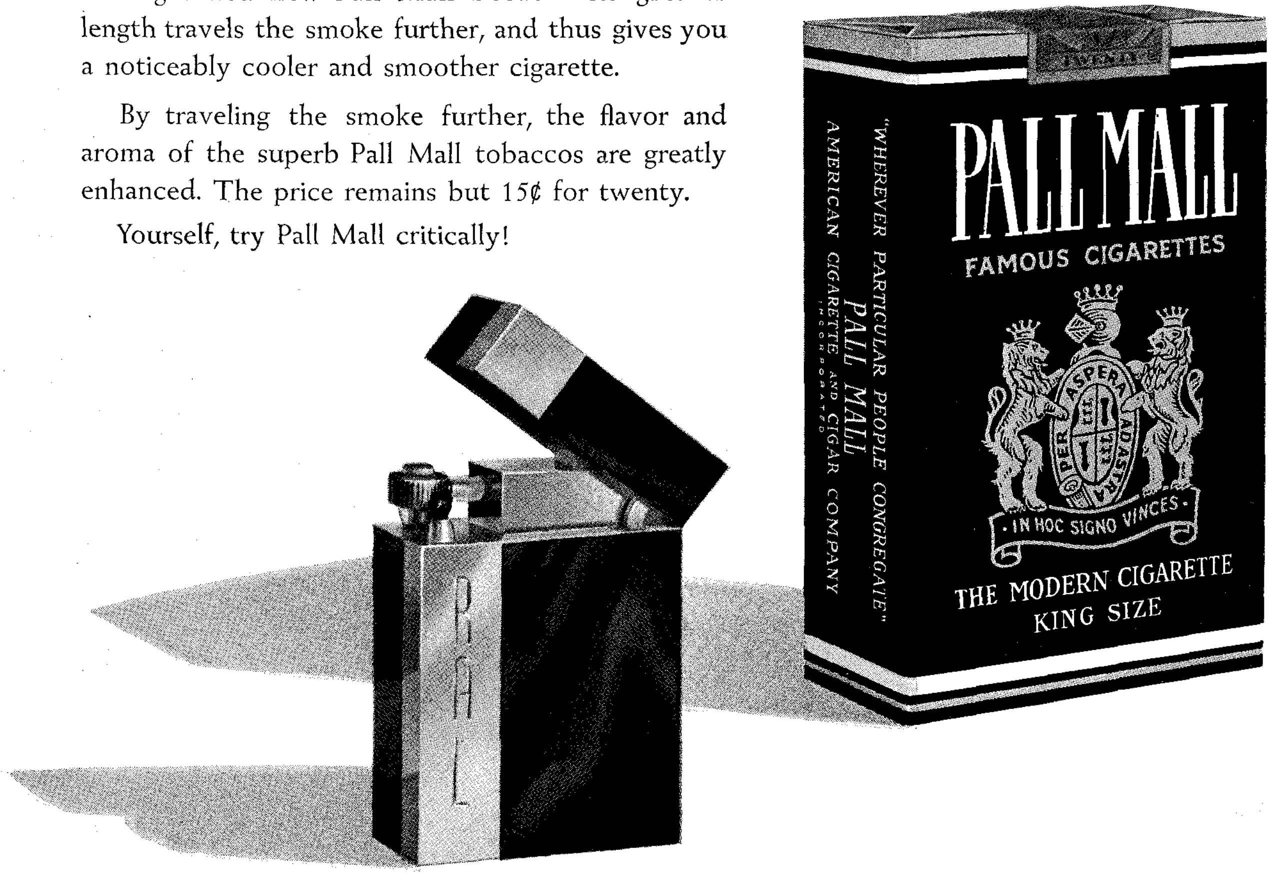
• *The additional length travels the smoke further*

RESULTING IN A NOTICEABLY COOLER AND SMOOTHER CIGARETTE

● SMART PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are welcoming the distinguished new Pall Mall because its greater length travels the smoke further, and thus gives you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette.

By traveling the smoke further, the flavor and aroma of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are greatly enhanced. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!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TWENTY
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
THE MODERN CIGARETTE
KING SIZE

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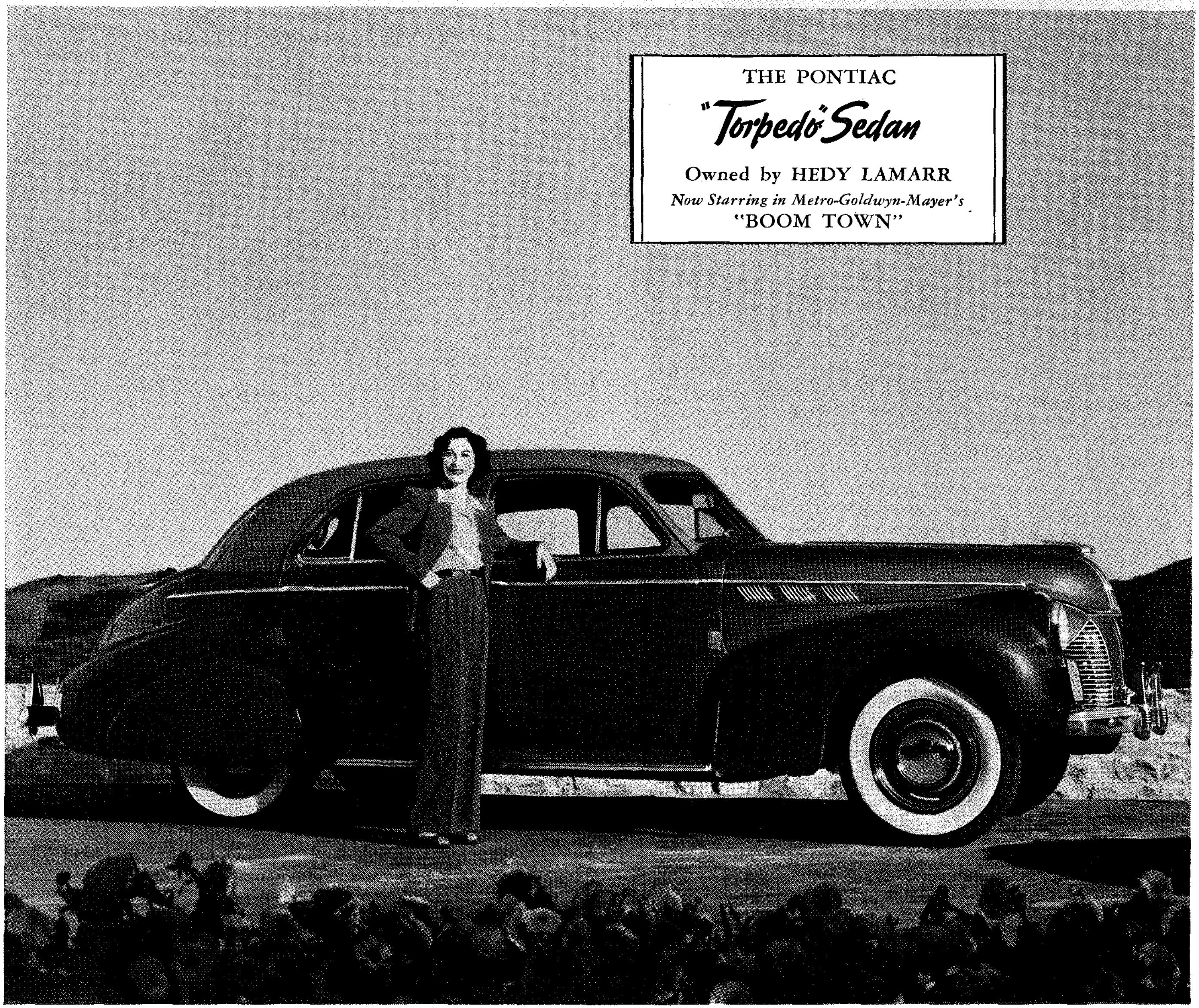
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Hedy Lamarr has a new car—
A PONTIAC "TORPEDO"!



THE PONTIAC
"*Torpedo*" *Sedan*
Owned by HEDY LAMARR
Now Starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"BOOM TOWN"

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERLEE AT HEDGEROW FARM, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

"Torpedo" 4-Door Touring Sedan, as Illustrated $1096★

IT ISN'T SURPRISING that so many people of excellent taste are so sincere in their liking for the Pontiac "Torpedo." For Pontiac designers have created a *new* car and a *new* style—a more exciting pattern in motor car design.

—They've given it positive brilliance in performance—flashing, thrilling, 8-cylinder power response . . . incredibly smooth and quiet.

—They've made it so delightfully easy to handle that, all over America, women are proclaiming it the car they've always hoped to find.

The "Torpedo" ride is "Triple-Cushioned." And this stunning beauty is finished and furnished in utmost luxury and good taste.

Here, at long last, in one fine car, you'll discover the perfect combination of all that's fine in motoring—at a price, moreover, that will make you very conscious of the remarkable saving in driving a Pontiac!

$1016 *for "Torpedo" Sport Coupe ★delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.*

Pontiac

"TORPEDO" EIGHT

PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

OF ALL THINGS

IT was Chamberlain's theory that the German attack on Norway was designed to draw Allied forces away from some other point. He lost his job the first time he ever guessed right.

•

The British Empire, we are told, is in grave trouble because it has believed in peace, democracy, and the rights of other nations. Even more serious was the belief of its statesmen that the airplane would never take the place of the horse.

•

One finds it hard to understand the surprise of the rulers of the Low Countries that Hitler would violate a pledge. Everybody else knows a non-aggression pact is the Nazi way of declaring war.

•

Hitler's bombers in the Netherlands should be careful where they drop their loads. One might fall upon another German who thought he was Napoleon.

•

The Fair, through no fault of its own, got off to a shaky start. This shrine of peace and freedom had to open its gates on the grim Saturday after the Black Friday.

•

The discovery of U-235, which is said to develop atomic energy five million times greater than its equivalent in coal, may turn out to be more important than the war. It might lift civilization to new heights or put it out of its misery.

•

The Supreme Court rules that oil companies may not get together to fix the price of gasoline. That sort of thing died with the NRA, but the petroleum industry never heard the bad news.

•

Bertrand Russell showed good sportsmanship over his loss of a position at City College. He has made the best of things and taken a job in a Massachusetts school named Harvard.

•

Roger W. Babson, the economist, has been nominated for President by the Prohibition Party. We may expect a vigorous campaign of dry statistics.

•

Those ear stopples that shut out noises to induce sleep have become most timely. They can also be used in case of national conventions.

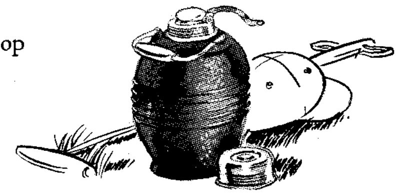
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Play Gypsy!
E. Pierce

We can make gypsy meals as memorable as your best bib-and-tucker affairs. It's more fun than the picnic to outfit at A&F. Take the kit above. Bottles stand like soldiers as you fish out plates and forks. Only Abercrombie has it! Service for six in tan linen case, $39.50.

Pump your punch! Just press the top of this 1½ gallon cold-or-hot jug! The spigot wraps round the cap when not in use, $7.95.



Food and drink in a steer-hide case. Thermos bottle and Thermos food jar, with a stainless steel sandwich box, $24.50.

Send for your copy of "Play Hours"

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CHICAGO ASSOCIATES: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

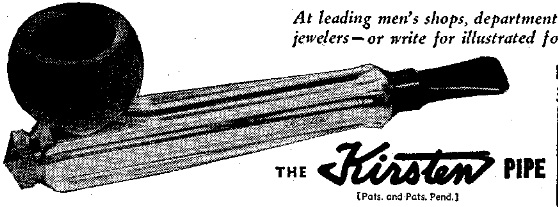
"TO JONES '40 FROM JONES '14"

Commencement is doubly memorable when young Jones graduates from the halls of learning—and graduates to the first scientifically-designed pipe in history—a genuine KIRSTEN! Family tradition is richly upheld in such a distinguished gift.★

The KIRSTEN is engineered for the perfect smoke... feather-light duralumin "radiator" provides big exposed cooling area... scientifically designed to pre-cool smoke, condense and trap bitter oils and tars. Not every pipe with a metal stem is a KIRSTEN... be sure you give the genuine—for his pleasure and your own satisfaction. Four sizes—Smoking Analysis Chart tells you which to buy...

★A compliment to the best man and ushers at a wedding, too. **$10.00 to $17.50**

At leading men's shops, department stores, tobacconists, druggists and jewelers—or write for illustrated folder and Smoking Analysis Chart



KIRSTEN PIPE CO., Dept. 45
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THE *Kirsten* PIPE
[Pats. and Pats. Pend.]

★*For CIGARETTE SMOKERS—KIRSTEN Cigarette Holder...cool—always clean for the next smoke...* $3.00

LOOK REFRESHED—FEEL REFRESHED

WITH A

Charles of the Ritz

"TONIC TOUCH" FACIAL

When your face feels weary, and your spirits droop, find quick refreshment in a "Tonic Touch" Facial. Forget your problems—surrender to the comfort of a charming Charles of the Ritz Treatment Room—and let skilled hands set your face atingling with new vitality. Return to your activities with renewed faith in your appearance—renewed interest in your affairs.

Charles of the Ritz Salons at . . . The Ritz-Carlton, New York, Wickersham 2-3435
The Ritz Tower, New York, Wickersham 2-1780 • The Barclay, New York, Wickersham 2-1742
The Plaza, New York, PLaza 3-2527 • B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York, MUrray Hill 9-7000; White Plains, White Plains 9800; East Orange, ORange 5-3000
ALSO — I. Magnin — Los Angeles . . . Ritz-Carlton — Boston . . . T. A. Chapman — Milwaukee

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 12 (BY WIRELESS)

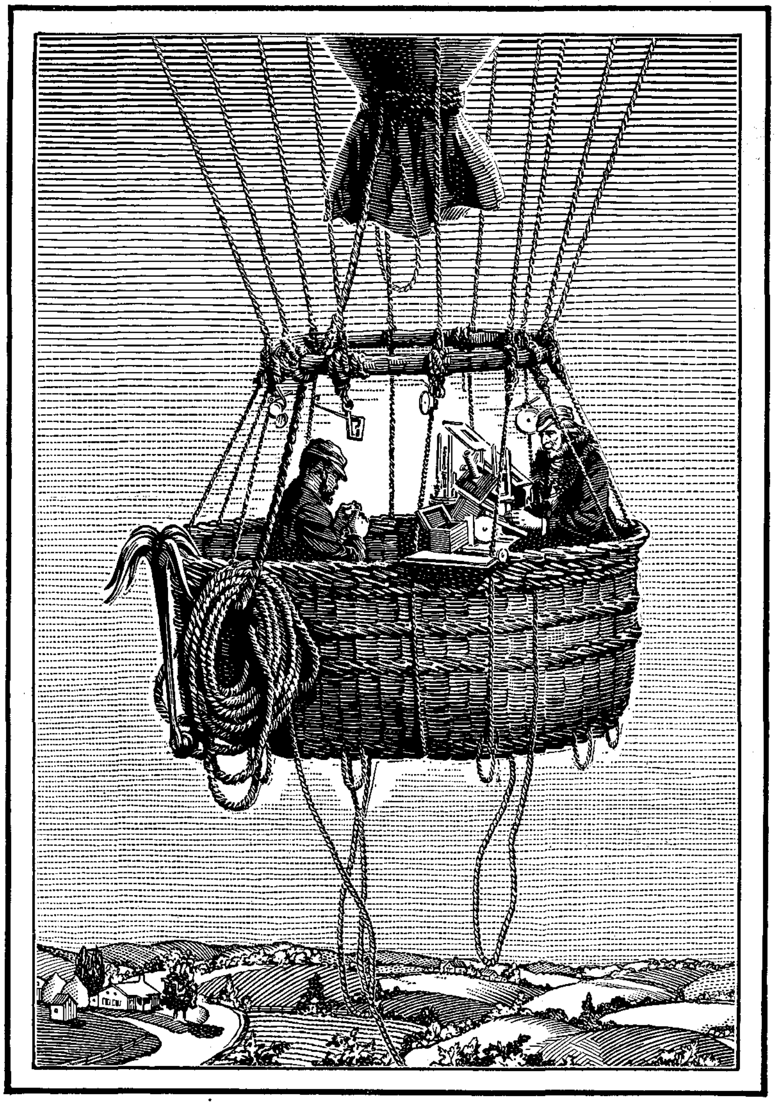
THE new phase of the second World War was announced to Parisians at daybreak Friday. People had gone to bed Thursday night in their habitual state of uncertainty; the governmental crisis in London was still the chief subject of preoccupation. With the dawn came the air-raid sirens, startling a city that had heard no *alerte* during the daytime since the first weeks of the war. At once, each of the innumerable residential squares in Paris took on the aspect of an Elizabethan theatre, with tiers of spectators framed in the opened windows of every building. Instead of looking down at a stage, however, they all looked up. All wore nightshirts, which, since the prosperity of tenants in a walkup is in inverse ratio to their altitude, appeared considerably dingier on the sixth and seventh floors than on the second and third.

The anti-aircraft guns, which nobody heeds now unless an *alerte* has sounded, were intoning such an impressive overture that startled birds flew out of the trees in at least one of the squares and circled nervously in squadrons over the roofs. As they did so, a large, formless woman in a gray nightshirt, making her entrée at a top-floor window, waved her right arm toward them and shouted "*Confiance!*," putting all her neighbors in hilarious good humor.

The guns kept up their racket, and a number of tracer shells were fired to light up the early-morning sky. The noise of airplane motors was distinctly audible, but there was no way of telling whether they belonged to bombers or to French pursuit planes looking for Germans. At last, one airplane appeared, flying so high that it looked like a charm-bracelet toy, and as it passed overhead, there seemed to be a deliberate lull in the firing. (The disadvantages of knocking down a bomber directly over Paris are obvious.) People stared uneasily at the plane, as they would at a stinging insect near the ceiling, but it went away harmlessly enough, and then the guns opened up again.

The morning air was chilly, so most of the spectators soon closed their windows and went back to bed. In the Square Louvois, the neighborhood milkman, with his wagon drawn by two enormous old gray stallions, came along

One way of keeping our feet on the ground



What a changed world it was for the first balloonist. He saw hills and valleys level out. He saw dark clouds serving a thrilling purpose when they reflected a gorgeous sunset. He got a new perspective.

Wise is the man who takes a broad view of today's events and keeps them always in true focus. He makes no mountain out of a rumor and sees no valley as deep as the despair of the pessimists. He is confident that he can take the hurdles as they come.

Such a man has the will to work—and the good judgment to relax when work is done. Moderate in all things, in his thoughts and in his activities, he is living—really living—with and for his family and among his friends. (He is unusual if he doesn't usually serve Budweiser.) He is, indeed, the backbone of America.

Live Life. Every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser. Every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

Makers of the World-Famous Beer

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Beverage of Moderation

TRADE MARK OF ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
Budweiser Lager Beer

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a few minutes after the plane, and the crash of his cans on the cobbles brought a few nervous folk back to their windows under the impression that bombing had begun.

THE episode differed so from previous alarms, in which no planes were seen, that nobody seemed astonished to learn from newspapers consisting mostly of headlines that the real war—the war on the Western Front—had begun. "*Finie la drôle de guerre*," people said to each other with a kind of relief. Even the war in Norway had seemed "*drôle*," because it was so remote. The rush to news kiosks was such that policemen had to shepherd would-be purchasers into queues, which in some cases were half a block long. As the men and women of Paris read of the bombings in other French cities, they became united in a furious, personal anger that had as little in common with copybook patriotism as it had with the spirit of Locarno.

The public reaction to the first of what surely will become a series of air raids was so fearless that the authorities immediately became worried; all the newspapers at the moment are harping on the necessity of keeping off the streets and staying away from windows when an *alerte* sounds. The *Intransigeant* declared gravely that "block captains reported that all good Parisians went down to the air-raid shelters carrying their gas masks within five minutes of the first signal." Actually, almost nobody did, but caution is bound to increase as air raids become more frequent. Street illumination has been reduced to what it was at the beginning of October.

THE drawing together of the French in time of danger is not a fiction invented by correspondents in 1914, and it did not seem in the least strange to learn within twenty-four hours after Germany invaded the Low Countries that such last-ditch Rightist Deputies as Louis Marin and Jean Ybarnegaray had joined a Reynaud ministry which already included Socialists. Hitler has within a year imposed ferociously anti-German governments on the two great democratic powers in this hemisphere. A few months after Munich, he declared that terrible things would happen if men like Churchill and Eden ever attained power in Great Britain, and that, of course, made their rise inevitable; in March, his radio speakers gloated over what looked like Reynaud's defeat, and that kept the little Frenchman in—until the end of the

Yours "The Body Beautiful"

In Celanese* Rayon Jersey

Literally—figuratively—you'll go "draped" this summer in Jersanese.* A modern jersey, made of Celanese* rayon, it's cool—washable—and wondrously good-looking. Note the feminine grace—the soft easy fullness—of this *Haberdasher-with-an-afternoon-air. And harken to the news of its transparent belt that looks like flexible glass. Lovely in gray, coral (as shown) or in spray blue $25.00

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Peck & Peck

FIFTH AVE. AT 41st • 48th • 55th • MADISON AT 67th—BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT
CLEVELAND • HARTFORD • MILWAUKEE • MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS

The Public Names Its OWN CAR LEADER

"CHEVROLET'S First Again!"

Men and products may vie for leadership, but it is the public that confers it. And again in 1940, for the ninth time in the last ten years, people are buying more Chevrolets than any other make of car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series

$659
MASTER 85 BUSINESS COUPE
Other models slightly higher

All models priced at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

The public names its own car leader . . . *and names Chevrolet again in 1940* . . . for the ninth time in the last ten years!

It stands to reason that people wouldn't buy more Chevrolets than any other make of car year after year if they didn't know from actual experience that Chevrolet gives them more value for their money.

It stands to reason also that the car which has won this overwhelming endorsement is worthy of your own careful consideration, regardless of what automobile you may have purchased in the past.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get ultra-luxurious Fisher Body beauty, ultra-smooth Knee-Action* riding qualities, and ultra-safe braking with Chevrolet's Perfected Hydraulic Brakes.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get so many advantages, *at such a big saving in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep*, that you'll find yourself asking, "Why pay more—why accept less?"

EYE IT • • TRY IT • • BUY IT!

The world's most exciting watch
Sea Hawk
by GIRARD·PERREGAUX

WATER-PROOF . . . NON-MAGNETIC . . . CUSHIONED AGAINST SHOCK

The swing of your driver, the spray of your motorboat . . . they'll not disturb your Sea Hawk one bit. So wafer-thin it *blends* with your wrist . . . and above all an accurate time-keeper.

For men: 15 jewels, stainless steel, $29.75
17 jewels, 14K heavy gold (yellow or red), $85.00
Lady's Model: 17 jewels, stainless steel, $32.50
Featured by leading jewelry establishments
Write for illustrated booklet O

GIRARD-PERREGAUX & CO.
Fine Watches Since 1791... Rockefeller Center, New York
In Canada, Dominion Square Building, Montreal
ON TIME • ALL THE TIME • ALL OVER THE WORLD

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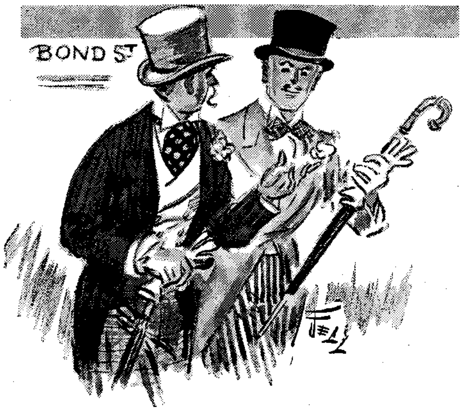

Rotogravure faces are so often snapped over a Schweppes bottle. It completes the picture. Imported quality, you know . . . just taste the difference.

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER—for the real Gin and Tonic.
SODA WATER—just say "Scotch and Schweppes."
GINGER BEER—Delicious "neat"—fine with rum or gin.

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war, from the way it looks now. The Führer has also managed to get himself into trouble with most of the neutrals whose ports once supplied him with raw materials, to scuttle his own ships, and to drive the Allies into providing themselves with the greatest merchant marine in the history of the world.

NEWS of military operations is, as one might expect, much scantier in Paris than in New York, or even London; it is confined to the military communiqués of the five Allies—France, Britain, Belgium, Holland, and Norway—and to what the experts can embroider on what the armies give out. Parisians have been enormously encouraged by the report, which seems indisputable, that the Dutch are fighting hard. France has not been immune to pessimistic talk, and it had been whispered that the Dutch were Nazis at heart, that they wouldn't fight, and that, even if they did fight, the Germans would go through Holland "as through butter"—all rumors which, it now seems, were unfounded.

Since the beginning of the war, the French have had confidence in the Belgians, but the most reassuring element in the situation for people here is the feeling that their own army—the one article of faith uniting all Frenchmen—is now engaged on a terrain that French soldiers have known for a thousand years, against an enemy France has usually succeeded in beating.—A. J. LIEBLING

•

On the evening of February eighth, Miss Rooker danced at Harkaway. Her program, opening with a courtly sarabande, opposed dances inspired by poems of Blake to satirical comedies.

In the Blake cycle Miss Rooker informed authentic plastic with the mythos that inspires the lyrics, so that every movement was at once consubstantial with the literary motif and independent of it. Hammered out of fear and chaos, sinewy stroke by stroke, the terrible triangle of the *Tyger* was resolved in the embracing circle of the Lamb. In *The Poison Tree,* the dancer, with hard staccatos, carved and intercarved the narrow geometrics of hate. —*Bennett School Bulletin.*

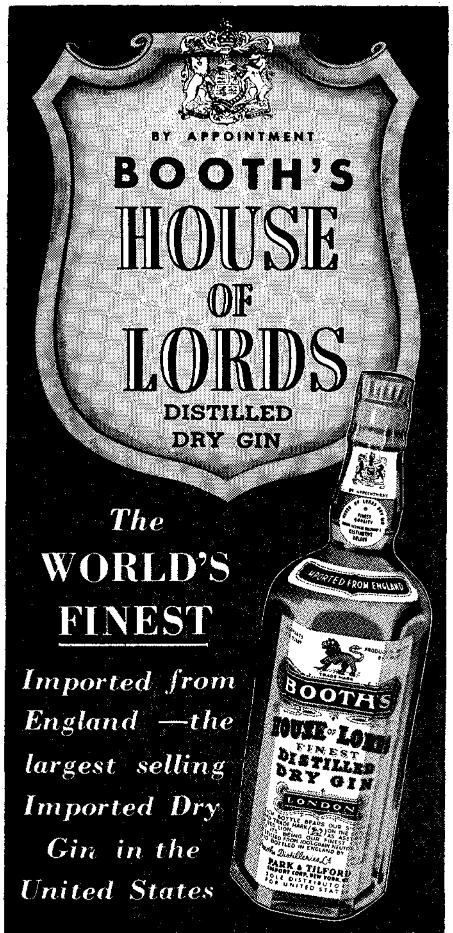
Sounds like Father Divine carving a chicken.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Mirror*]

RENO (UP).—This city claims it is entitled to the slogan of "The Gretna Green of the West." Despite publicity about divorces, marriages here exceed them by six to one. Most of the marriages are by persons just divorced.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

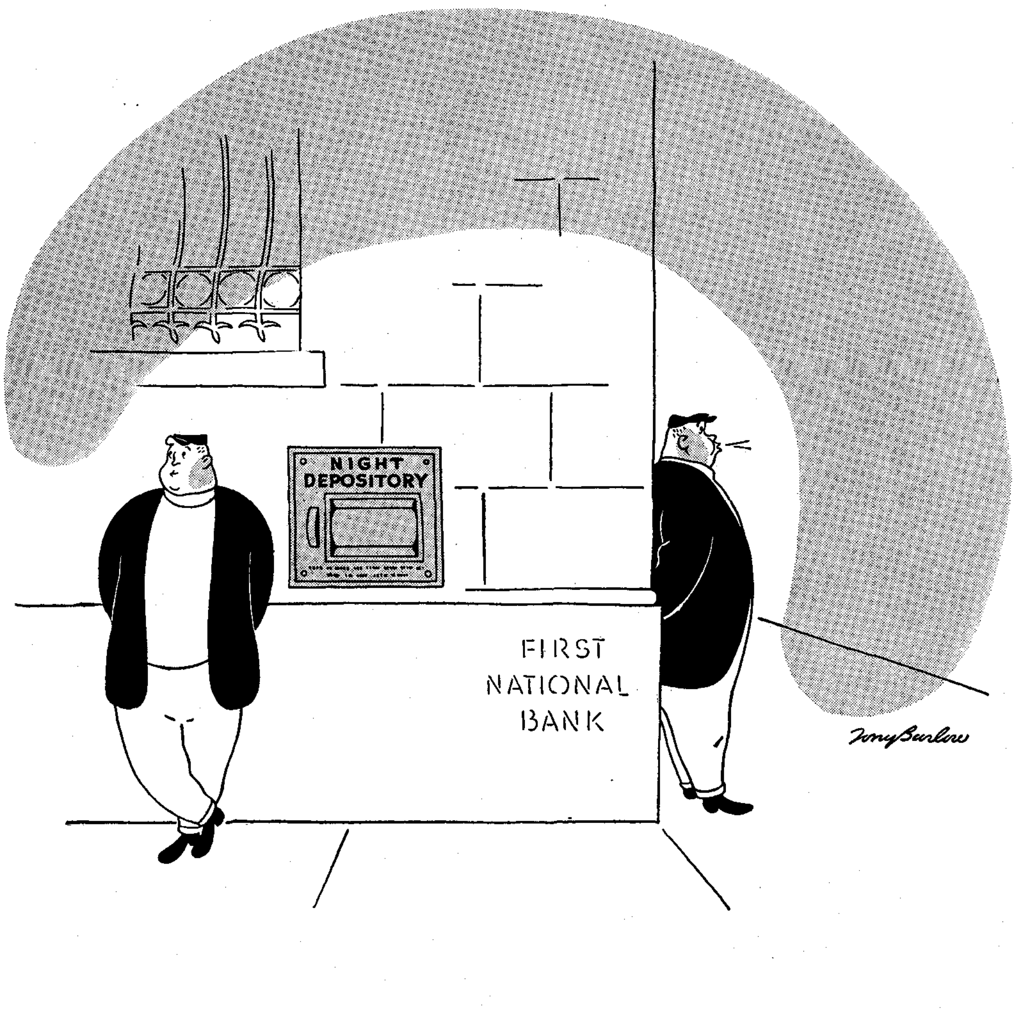
THE BOUTONNIÈRES OF MR. UNTERMYER

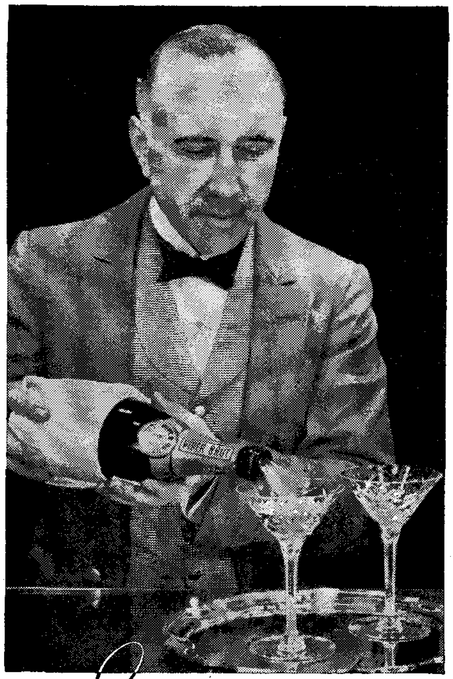
IN 1899, the late Samuel Untermyer, who as a lawyer alternately lambasted and represented some of the greatest corporations in the country, bought a 113-acre estate just north of Yonkers, overlooking the Hudson. He was forty-one and had accumulated a fortune of several million dollars. The chief feature of the place was a large gray granite house, built along English-castle lines and ornamented by a squarish two-story tower commanding an excellent view. It had been built in 1868, at a cost of $225,000, by John T. Waring, a Yonkers hat manufacturer, who went broke a few years later. In 1879, he sold the house, along with some fifty-five acres, to Samuel J. Tilden for $125,000. Tilden was the former New York Governor who had smashed the Tweed Ring and in 1876 lost a Presidential election to Rutherford B. Hayes by a scant margin. Tilden, whose town house on Gramercy Park is now the National Arts Club, passed such a large part of his last years at his country place and wrote so many sensible letters to prominent people from there that he became known as the Sage of Greystone—a title which Mr. Untermyer, who was perhaps too violent in his opinions for such an encomium, never achieved.

Greystone originally extended from North Broadway to the Hudson; Tilden doubled its size by purchasing land on the east side of Broadway. He constructed elaborate greenhouses and stables, and spent around $500,000 in improving and enlarging the place. In the liquidation of his residuary estate, Greystone, which constituted part of the residue, was auctioned off in June, 1899. Three years earlier, the place had been appraised at $372,900, but Mr. Untermyer, whose prodigious earning powers never made him spendthrift, bought it in for $171,500. As a man whose vituperative legal efforts in the interest of minority stockholders had already caused him to be regarded with hostility by Wall Street, he may have found satisfaction in the fact that among those whom he outbid at the sale were Archibald Gracie King, head of the banking firm of James G. King's Sons, and Augustus Brown, another prominent banker of the period. Mr. Untermyer engaged an architect to remodel the house and spent some $100,000 fixing up the plumbing and adding porches, flights of stairs, and bay windows, and building terraces and additional roads and greenhouses on the grounds.

For the second half of his long life, Untermyer made Greystone his home for the better part of nearly every year. During his forty-one years of occupancy, prior to his death in March, he added bathrooms, rare plants, statues, fountains, rock gardens, a Greek amphitheatre, and, around 1920, the adjoining fifty-acre estate of William F. Cochran, who had made a fortune manufacturing rugs. He knocked out walls and ceilings in the granite castle and replaced them with stained-glass windows and stained-glass skylights, and he installed, on the second floor, a marble swimming tank, eighteen by twelve feet. Last year Greystone was assessed at $835,000, but its owner had spent several times this sum on it. In recent years he made a number of efforts to give it away, none of them successful. About twelve years ago, he managed to transfer it to his three children, although he continued to live there. His children later succeeded in giving it back to him, and Untermyer then attempted to bestow the place on the State of New York, the County of Westchester, and the City of Yonkers, in the order named. They all declined it, without noticeable thanks, chiefly on the ground that they didn't want to spend the $100,000 a year it would cost to maintain it as a public park. Yonkers did not want it for the further reason that it wished to go right on receiving the annual taxes of $34,000 which the owner would have to pay. Park Commissioner Robert Moses, asked by Governor Lehman to look into the offer when it was made to the state, felt the place had too much sophisticated planting on it to make a very good park but told Untermyer that the state might consider it if Untermyer would throw in an endowment fund of $1,000,000—although, Moses pointed out, the interest on this would be far from enough to pay for the upkeep. Untermyer seemed astonished at this suggestion and did not follow it.

However, he was a difficult man to discourage. He kept quiet about the matter until he died, and then made a posthumous attempt to give Greystone away to all the localities which had refused it in his lifetime. In his will he left it solemnly to New York State, stipulating that it be used as a public park and gardens, to be called the Samuel Untermyer Park and Gardens. He further directed that the state act on this offer





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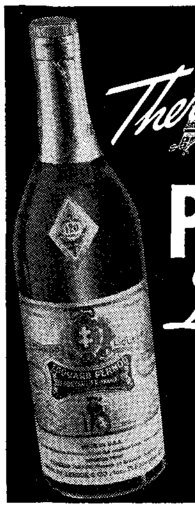

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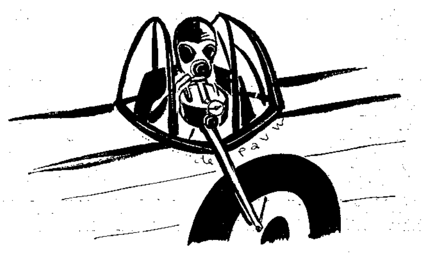
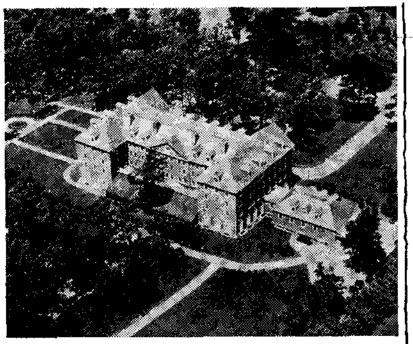
within six months, and that if it were declined, a similar offer be made to Westchester. In the event of a second refusal, he specified that Yonkers be given another chance. Less than a week after the will was made public, Governor Lehman announced the rejection of the gift. Westchester and Yonkers have also turned it down all over again, and Greystone remains in the residuary estate. The contents of the big house, which will undoubtedly be torn down, are now being auctioned off, and the grounds will probably be subdivided into fairly large parcels and sold. The major part of the contents of the two and a half acres of greenhouses, including most of the rarer items, are being auctioned off by Parke-Bernet this Saturday. Pending the decision of the Untermyer executors, only enough of the greenhouses to grow plants for the grounds, which are still being maintained in the condition to which they are accustomed, will be kept going, since Mr. Untermyer's sons, Alvin Untermyer and Judge Irwin Untermyer, have not inherited their father's costly passion for home-grown orchid boutonnières, hothouse figs, nectarines, etc. When Mr. Untermyer was alive, the greenhouses functioned on a partially commercial basis. Surplus flowers were sold to various New York florists.

I DROVE up to Greystone the other morning, before the sale of its contents had started, and was shown around by Mr. George H. Chisholm, the estate manager and horticulturist who has been in charge of the greenhouses and grounds for the past eight or ten years. We visited fifteen or more of the sixty greenhouses, undergoing jarring changes in temperature as Mr. Chisholm expatiated on the merits of masses of plants, many of them in hanging pots and baskets, including huge chrysanthemums, grapevines, fig trees, peach trees, English strawberries, giant ferns, South African violets, hydrangeas, begonias, fuchsias, cacti, petunias, and orchids. Mr. Chisholm told me he was nursing along three or four thousand varieties of orchid, representing fifty-seven genera. Untermyer's favorite orchids were the Odontioda, most of which are small, trim, and reddish or white, and he wore a specimen of this group in his Bell or Wetzel buttonhole every day, generally changing his boutonnière three or four times in twelve hours. In the course of a year he would easily run through the approximately four hundred varieties which make up the Odontioda group. In his early and extremely active courtroom days, when he was busy baiting bankers and Standard Oil officials, his chauffeur would drive down from Yonkers around noon with a damp box containing orchids to replace his 8 A.M. flower and out-of-season figs to brighten up his luncheon. The Odontioda orchids are grown in a small, damp greenhouse, and beneath the pots of orchids are bins of charcoal, kept moist so they will give off carbonaceous fumes, which the Odontioda and Mr. Chisholm thoroughly enjoy. During the last few years, Mr. Untermyer wintered in Palm Springs, where he died, and when he was in California a couple of dozen orchids were air-mailed to him once a week for his rapacious buttonhole.

Although Untermyer's lapel orchids were often modest in size, he liked most of his flowers and plants abnormally large and his fruits out of season. He got enormous gratification from eating grapes, nectarines, and peaches when most people couldn't obtain them, and would become indignant when offered in-season delicacies which anybody at all could get hold of. He was also fond of an extra-large fern, about ten feet high, which Mr. Chisholm showed me. Mr. Chisholm, a Welshman who was once sent by the British government to clean up plant diseases in Bermuda, rather fancies this fern himself and told me it is called *Goniphlebium* and that it has frequently won a first prize at the Flower Show. He thinks it is worth around $100. It will be sold this Saturday, along with over 2,500 orchid plants, which he values at from $5 to $75 apiece, and a thousand begonias, a thousand carnations, and nearly four thousand hydrangeas, worth from fifteen cents to $2 each. Another Chisholm-Untermyer favorite which is going on sale is a 105-year-old camellia tree, twelve feet high and with a ten-foot limb spread. It had only leaves when I saw it, but is guaranteed to come out with six hundred white camellias just before Christmas, and is supposed to be worth around $1,000.

Untermyer also took pleasure in various horticultural surprises which Mr. Chisholm sprang on him from time to time. These occasionally took the form of pieces of sculpture made out of flow-





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ers, usually worked up while Untermyer was in California. "I've made him umbrellas, swans, fans, canoes, and Notre-Dame," Mr. Chisholm said. One of Mr. Chisholm's canoes, of which he showed me a colored photograph, consisted of a life-sized craft made of yellow cascade chrysanthemums in a fair-sized pond of mountain laurel. In it he placed a chrysanthemum model of a full-grown Indian wielding a chrysanthemum paddle. His model of Notre-Dame, twelve feet by six, and eight feet high, and containing electric lights, chimes, and thirty-six windows painted to resemble stained glass, won a gold medal at a flower show at the Museum of Natural History last year as the best chrysanthemum Notre-Dame on the premises. Before starting on his more ambitious creations, Mr. Chisholm generally sounded his employer out, although he left the details a secret in order to startle Mr. Untermyer with them when the project was unveiled.

It was Mr. Chisholm who got the notion last fall of trying to inoculate Untermyer honeydew-melon vines with cognac, port, and Bénédictine, an attempt which received a good deal of publicity. The newspapers wrote this up just before Greystone's autumn flower show, which was open to the public, and Mr. Chisholm feels this may have been one of the reasons thirty thousand people visited the show in one day. He is inclined to deprecate his experiment today, since he was swamped with orders and questions which he thinks were frivolous, and he declines to state exactly how the melons, which were scheduled to ripen in November, came out. Orders for them still come in and are tossed into Mr. Chisholm's wastebasket. However, Mr. Untermyer was delighted with this interesting horticultural and alcoholic tie-up when it was inaugurated and permitted the press to take a number of pictures of him in which he was contemplating the spiked melons with an air of suspicion similar to that with which he regarded the late J. P. Morgan during the Pujo investigation. The truth about the experiment seems to be that it was only a partial success.

Mr. Chisholm said Untermyer had a big botanical library and knew more about plants than many of his gardeners. "You're not going to have very good chrysanthemums this year," Untermyer would sometimes complain, feeling the texture of a young plant's leaves, and he would be right.

In recalling conversations he had had with Untermyer, Mr. Chisholm invar-

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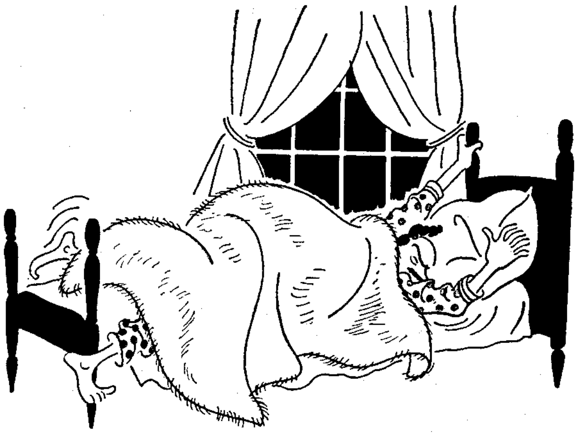

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iably stuck his chin into his neck, glared at me, and imitated his employer's gruff, croupy, dictatorial tone. Untermyer often used to try to trap Chisholm in the misuse of some botanical term and, when he thought he had his manager in a corner, would rush to his library to check up on him. He never did catch Mr. Chisholm in error, according to Mr. Chisholm.

WE left the greenhouses, most of which are on the property east of Broadway, and went through an adjoining gardeners' dormitory, which contained twelve bedrooms and a recreation hall with billiard and ping-pong tables. Six men work in the hothouses and the gardens are taken care of by a staff which runs up to fifty in midsummer. Most of the outdoor gardeners live at home. Mr. Chisholm pointed down a hill at some empty poultry houses, and said he had sold four thousand chickens the week before. He has also disposed of a good many plants privately, among them several varieties of orchid to several varieties of du Pont.

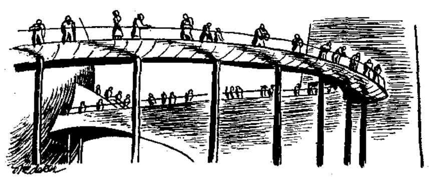
We crossed Broadway to the main part of the estate and, back of a large garage which still contains a Lincoln and a Duesenberg, now for sale, came on a Greek garden, laid out on terraces and adorned with an archway, statues, fountains, pools, a temple, and a colonnaded amphitheatre. On either side of the arch were stone statues representing Autumn and Winter, the latter in the guise of a bearded old man inadequately dressed in a sheet. I suppose Spring and Summer are somewhere on the grounds, but I never got to see them. The fountains weren't working, nor were many flowers out, though I was told they would be any day. Mr. Chisholm said there were about eighty statues on the grounds and that several were included in the sale, some of them ancient and valuable ones from Greece and Florence. Last October a modern one, Paul Manship's "Actaeon," mysteriously disappeared. It was valued at $7,500. A few days later it was found in a New Rochelle junk shop, where, Mr. Untermyer learned to his mortification, it had been sold by the impatient thief for $6.50.

During Untermyer's lifetime the grounds were opened to the public every Tuesday, and this custom is being continued. For the last two years, when he no longer went to his office, Untermyer would join the crowds, happily listening to their favorable comments. One Tuesday last summer, about to have lunch, he became so excited at the prospect of mingling with the sightseers that he decided to join them at once. A nurse who was taking care of him insisted that he eat his soup first. "He bolted his soup," said Mr. Chisholm, "and made for the Greek Garden."

Untermyer built the Greek Garden and the amphitheatre for his wife, who died in 1924, and she often had various opera stars give outdoor concerts there. Toward the north end of this garden, a large temple supported by fourteen Corinthian columns adjoins a swimming pool, now empty. The temple has a mosaic floor with a Gorgon's head in the centre, and it overlooks the Palisades. Bounding the garden on the north is a colonnade, from which we looked down a quarter-mile vista, flanked by Japanese pine trees, to the Hudson. "We had Diana down there," said Mr. Chisholm, pointing to an unoccupied pedestal near the river, "but we're selling her." He showed me four or five extensive rock gardens, some of which he had had built while Untermyer was away, as surprises. One was decorated with a small temple, imported from France, in which six columns hold up an iron cupola. Mr. Chisholm told me this was called the Temple of Love and that Mr. Untermyer often took a snooze there in the afternoon.

The owner of Greystone also thought highly of the one and only living sundial in the world. Just the shell of this timepiece, which is thirty-six feet across, was to be seen when I was there, but Chisholm is planning to put it in shape again for the summer. He pointed out a peculiarly trimmed evergreen, which serves as an indicator, and said that the numbers of the hours, on which this tree throws a shadow, would be outlined in colored plants. The dial will be arranged on a Daylight Saving basis, and, according to its creator, will enable any perceptive person to tell the time to within five or six minutes.

We got into Mr. Chisholm's car and drove down a steep hill toward the Hudson, passing a field of daffodils containing two million blooms, vast patches of rhododendrons, pink peach trees, more greenhouses, and a formal terraced vegetable garden with a fountain at one end and laced with blue marble gutters. Untermyer's vegetable gardens, which, unlike the greenhouses, have never had any



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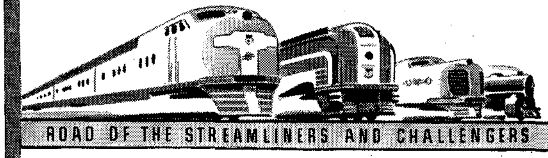

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commercial outlet, were an extravagance, but being a man who disputed the correctness of his electric-light bill and personally bawled out his grocer as being a highway robber, he did not care to have this pointed out to him. "Your cabbages cost nearly a dollar apiece," Chisholm once told him. "I never eat cabbages," snapped Untermyer irrelevantly. Mr. Chisholm, who used to be an independent landscape gardener with William Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie among his clients, said that no matter how mad Untermyer seemed to be, it was O.K. to talk to him as long as there was a twinkle in his eye, and that he liked to be talked back at. Chisholm called on him for the first time eighteen years ago with the idea of selling him a rock garden. Untermyer pretended to be outraged. "Have you seen my rock garden? Have you seen my rock garden?" he asked. "It's a geological monstrosity," said Chisholm, who had seen a twinkle in Untermyer's eye, and this led to the sale of a rock garden, to a beautiful friendship, and, when his business fell off around 1930, to his employment at Greystone.

WE finally came to the gray granite castle, which, I was told, looks externally very much as it did when it was put up over seventy years ago. A fountain with three wildly cavorting bacchantes adorns the front lawn, and on either side of the outside stairway is a lion with a shield. The auction people had stacked up the furniture and paintings, piling tables with knickknacks, lamps, and silver, some of which had been brought up from the Untermyer apartment in town, and they had also moved the most important objects of art—such as Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold," Rubens' "A Feast of the River Gods," and a bronze statuette of Jupiter by Cellini—to the Parke-Bernet Galleries, so it was difficult to tell just how the house had looked inside. A domed vestibule with a mosaic floor, decorated in the middle with the intertwined letters "S U," led into the main hallway, which ran about a hundred feet, ending before a big stained-glass window depicting Christ in the Temple. A long limestone basin for plants, now empty, was in front of the window, and above it was a row of electric bulbs which used to light up the plants. Adjoining the hallway were various small reception rooms, a large Louis XVI drawing room, a library with bookshelves now full of silver, and a dark-panelled dining room with a carved

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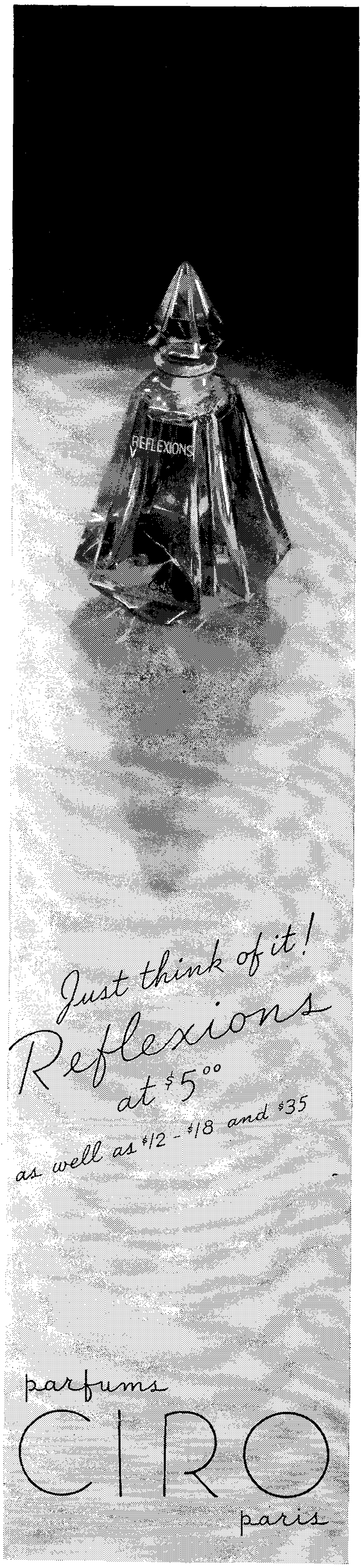

wood ceiling and its table and sideboards cluttered up with silver, china, candlesticks, and glassware, all tagged with numbers. One set of white-and-gold porcelain plates was marked with "N" and a crown, and Clara, the housekeeper, who had joined Mr. Chisholm and myself, said the Untermyers had always regarded these as having been Napoleon's but that the Parke-Bernet people had expressed doubt on this point.

Clara told me she was seventy-nine and announced, with a wink, that she had been with the family for over five years, originally as Mrs. Untermyer's lady's maid. She said that the desk in the downstairs library, which faced a three-quarter-length portrait of Louis XIV, used to be covered with orchids except for the blotter, and that Mr. Untermyer often sat there going over the household bills and giving everyone hell. Mr. Chisholm took me aside and whispered that Untermyer had once said to him, "I give 'em the devil as a matter of principle."

According to Clara, the master of Greystone liked frogs' legs, broilers with big breasts, very strong chicken soup, and double-yolked eggs. When the Quintuplets were born, he caused a good deal of commotion in the house by demanding five-yolked eggs. He usually had a French chef, and in the days before his children married and left home he had a staff of twelve servants. Later, during the many years when he had the twenty-nine rooms to himself, he had five inside servants. The house was full of odd clocks, tapestries, jade bowls, polar-bear rugs, brown grizzly-bear rugs, black-bear rugs, Bengal-tiger rugs, embroidered cushions, punch bowls, statuettes, screens, chandeliers, and gas lighting fixtures. In many cases the gas lights had been left in and electric lights had been installed next to them.

We went up a staircase past two dim, full-length regal portraits, one of Queen Charlotte, by Ramsay, and came to the second-floor bedrooms. Mr. Untermyer's bed was in the big southwest room, looking out on the Hudson. Over its head hung an old-fashioned fringed lamp and a cluster of bell wires with push buttons, each for a different servant. Clara said her employer always had five soft pencils and three or four pads next to his bed, and that when he threw back the covers in the morning the room would be littered with scraps of paper on which he had made notes. He suffered from asthma and was a poor sleeper. The New York papers, delivered especially early by a Yonkers news-

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dealer, and a cup of coffee were brought to him at six. He would read and write in bed for an hour more, then go to the swimming pool on the bedroom floor and take a plunge. He kept this up until two or three years ago. At eight o'clock sharp, he would leave for his office. Clara led us to the marble tank, which was empty, and nearby I noted a massage table, a gymnasium bicycle, a Turkish bath, a complicated shower, various weight-and-pulley exercisers, and an electric horse. Untermyer bought the horse in 1924, not wishing to be outdone by Coolidge, but he used it only three or four times and it looked brand-new.

The top floor, not counting the tower, consisted of a hall with a billiard table and a high ebony cabinet adorned with mineral inlays and bronze figures, rooms once occupied by the Untermyer sons, and a library overlooking the Hudson. Untermyer spent more time in this room than anywhere else in the house, and while the most valuable sets had been removed, there were hundreds of lawbooks on the shelves and hundreds of detective stories—Untermyer's two favorite branches of literature—piled on the floor. An enormous bust of Untermyer stood in one of the windows, and elsewhere in the room were smaller busts of Sophocles and Solon.

When Untermyer bought the house, he occasionally entertained Tammany Hall cronies there, and both Cleveland and Wilson stayed there overnight, but Clara said that for a long time before Untermyer's death there had been no parties except informal family gatherings. The last really big affair occurred during the Democratic National Convention in 1924, when the twelve hundred delegates took a day off from their Madison Square Garden sessions to visit Greystone and have dinner there. On our way downstairs, Clara tugged at a bronze cathedral bell near the third-floor landing, and it gave a tremendous clang. It had a long crimson rope which for many years was uncoiled every evening by the night watchman and stretched down the stairwell to the ground floor. The watchman was supposed to pull it in case of fire, but there never had been one. Clara has tried it a few times since Untermyer's death, to cheer herself up.

I had once been told, by a lady who accompanied Mrs. Untermyer to an auction of some Stanford White belongings, that Mrs. Untermyer had bid in a ceiling on that occasion. Asked what she intended to do with it, she had replied, "Oh, you can always use a ceiling." I mentioned this to Clara, and she clapped her thigh. "Oh, my God," she said, "she bought *two* Stanford White ceilings! We never could use them and they're still in the barn." Mr. Chisholm observed that the ceilings were probably in poor condition and were not being included in the auction.

Mr. Chisholm walked with me to my car and told me he hoped to stay on, as manager of the greenhouses and perhaps later as landscapist for the contemplated real-estate development, and that Clara, who is well fixed, is retiring to a house she owns at Lake Mahopac. Untermyer's funeral took place at Greystone, and for the occasion Mr. Chisholm made a casket blanket of three hundred orchids and ten thousand lilies of the valley. His services to his employer extended beyond the grave. "I laid out a thirty-six-thousand-dollar plot in Woodlawn for him," he said, "with a hundred and fifty rhododendron trees, over one and a half acres, bigger than Carnegie's." Mr. Chisholm keeps this plot up, visiting it every week or so, and he sometimes reflects, during a visit, that he will probably never again have the incentive to construct a chrysanthemum Notre-Dame complete with thirty-six stained-glass windows, electric lights, and chimes. —Geoffrey T. Hellman

•

His eyes, traveling before him on the faded red-and-brown carpet, struck a pair of polished brown oxfords, lifted along heather-colored trousers legs to broad, solid shoulders in an old Cogswell chair. For a compact minute the man stared back at him out of round, measuring, impersonal eyes set wide apart in a big face, then impersonally dropped his eyes to the fireplace, where a molten mass of bituminous coal glowed in the grate.—*From a story by Frederick Nebel in Collier's.*

Somebody better round up two or three of those eyes before they get mislaid.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(HOWLING OF GUESTS DIVISION)

[*From Motion Picture*]

Quaintest Party-Entertainment of the Month—was the performance staged by Kay Francis and Lloyd Pantages, at the so veddy, veddy, veddy formal party thrown by Bill Haines (remember when he used to be a moom-pitcha actor?) . . . Lloyd collapsed on the floor (oh, but not REALLY, y'know. Just in fon!) and Kay Francis, a la Florence Nightingale, went to work with first-aid . . . Kay demonstrated every first-aid technique from how-to-rescue-a-man-from-drowning all the way to assisting-in-childbirth on Lloyd, while the guests howled . . .

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mais Oui
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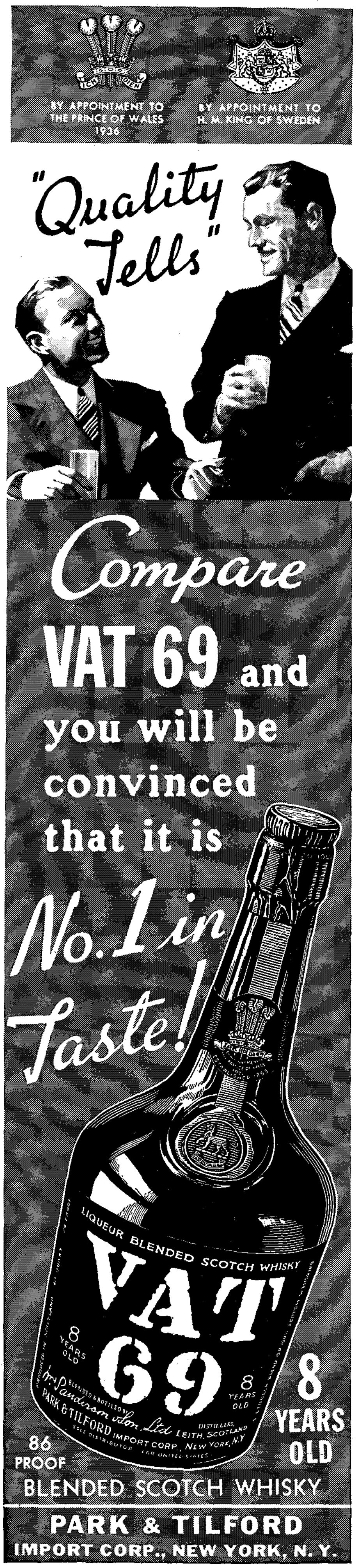
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THE RACE TRACK

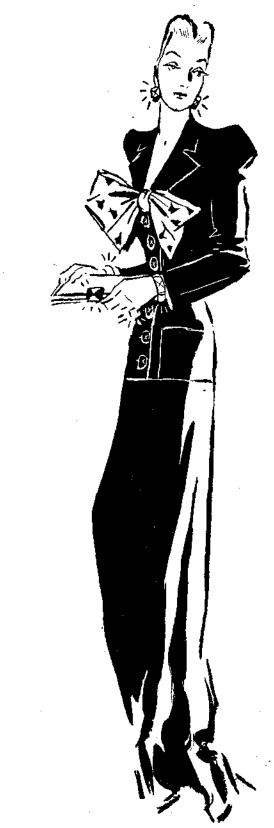
Bimelech and Belmont

THERE is no sense in pretending that The Preakness was any great shakes as a horse race, but it had its points. As you know, Bimelech took the lead at the start and never was headed. What you may not know, unless you were at Pimlico, is that he looked more like the Bimelech of last year than he did at Churchill Downs a fortnight ago. He was still light in flesh, but his coat had bloom, and my guess is that no three-year-old will beat him again.

There really isn't much to be said about the other runners in The Preakness. I don't think Mioland, who finished second, is quite the wonder horse from the West that Californians said he was before the Kentucky Derby, but he's gone up in my book. Judging from the betting on Gallahadion, almost everyone had forgotten that there'd been such a thing as the Derby, for he was only a lukewarm third choice. Well, he finished third. Your Chance, it seems, developed a bit of a leg after he ran so well at Pimlico earlier in the week. Apparently, Andy K. is only a sprinter; Pictor is definitely second class. There must be at least one horse in every big race who doesn't like the track. Dit didn't in The Preakness, or at least that was his jockey's excuse for finishing last.

For a $20,000 race, the field for the Dixie Handicap was disappointing. It was a good show, though, with Honey Cloud, after a good deal of swerving and bumping, winning by a nose from Filisteo, Aethelwold, and Isolater. Honey Cloud, who has been winning like mad in Maryland this spring, is owned and trained by Whitey Abel, who rode Bostonian when he won The Preakness for H. P. Whitney in 1927. Now Abel and his two brothers race a few selling-platers and do very well with them. Three years ago Whitey claimed Honey Cloud for $2,500; he has since won more than $50,000 with him.

WILLIAM WOODWARD's bad luck continues. It seems that his Fighting Fox messed up Journey On and The Chief in the early part of the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica last Saturday and then went on to finish first, and



For mid-summer night dining—there's undimmed chic in this after-dark sheer navy crêpe pencil-slim ensemble. Cherry tie silk forms a Princesse drape bodice. **$110.** *Sizes to 40—also in black or white.*

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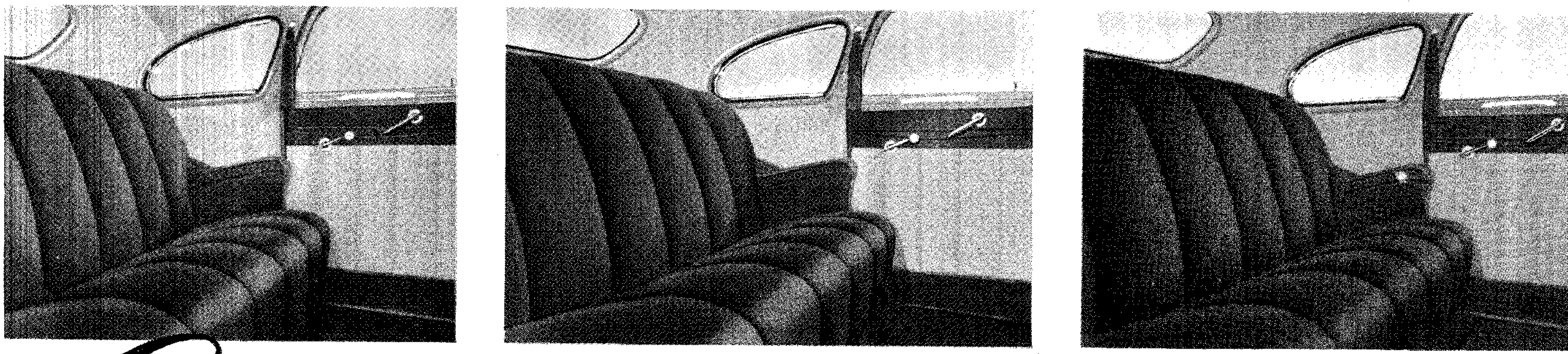

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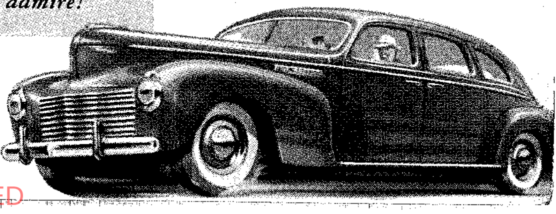
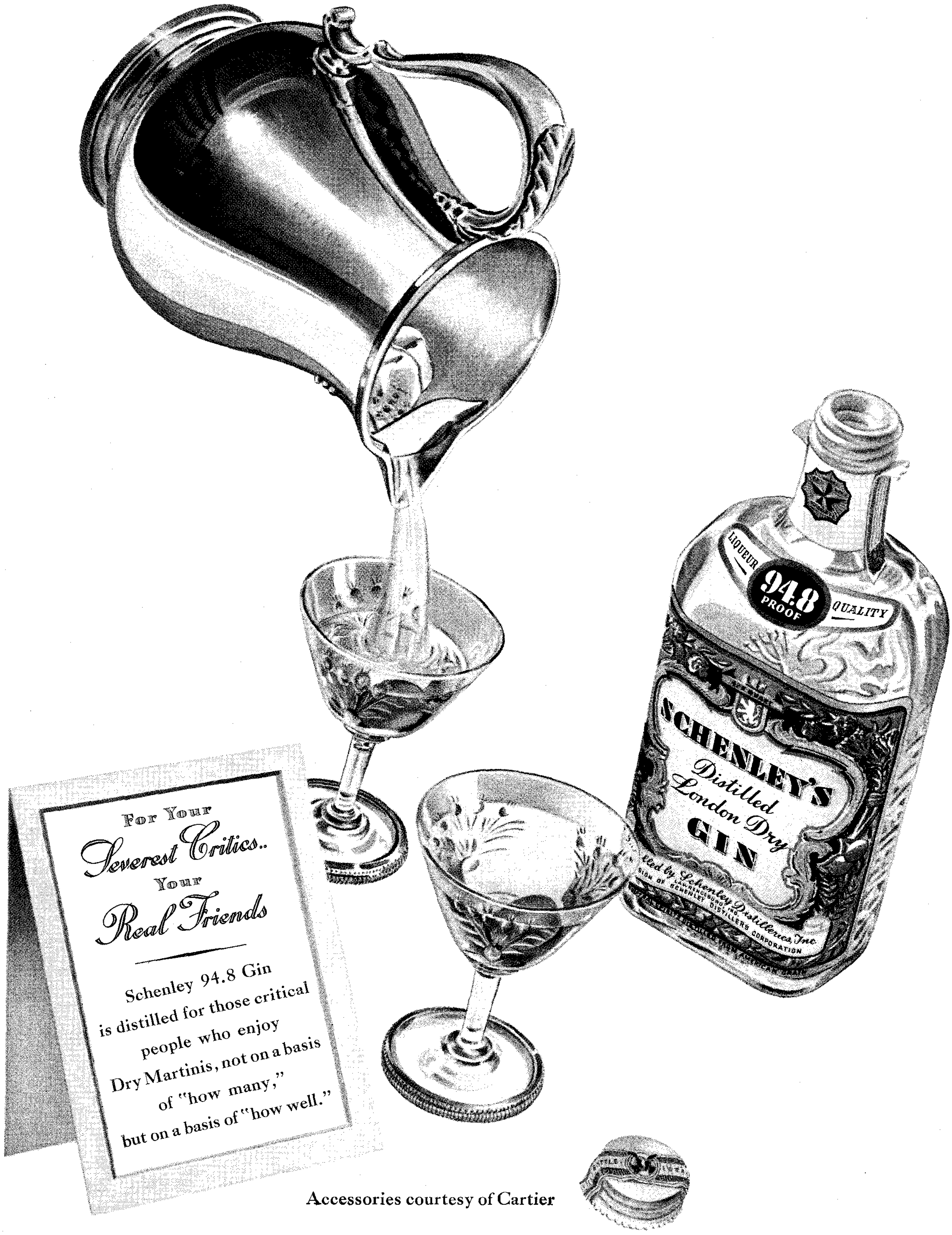


THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSLER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Isolater, Fighting Fox's stablemate, ran third. Presently there was an objection against Fighting Fox and both Woodward horses were disqualified, after which The Chief was placed first, Sandy Boot second, and Anthology third. Wrong Horse Harry reports that as soon as a claim of foul was made against Fighting Fox, all the waiters in the clubhouse dining room dashed into the betting ring to join the stoopers, who were going over the floor like beagles. A stooper, as you probably don't know, is a fellow who wanders about looking for winning tote tickets that have been thrown away. You'd be surprised how careless horseplayers are. Moxie the Dice Cheater says that one stooper he knows picked up $187.30 in two-dollar tickets.

HERE we are at Belmont Park again, and how do you like the improvements? My favorite is the white cottage in the paddock, which Alfred Vanderbilt uses for an office. Rambler roses hardly have had time to grow around the door, or whatever rambler roses do, but it looks like the sort of house where you'd expect to see old ladies on the porch, rocking and knitting.

If anyone can't get a bet down or cash his tickets quickly and comfortably, it will be his own fault. There are batteries of betting machines all over the place; only Santa Anita has more equipment. I daresay, however, that there will be plenty of complaints because there is no totalisator board in the infield, as there is at Jamaica, but only a small odds board. The large board is in the big betting ring, which would seem to be the proper place for it. Vanderbilt believes that people are going to come to Belmont Park to see good horses—or at least that they ought to come for that reason—and not to look at odds and numbers. However, if the public feels differently, he'll be glad to put bigger betting boards in the infield and let the crowds look at them while he runs the races from under the grandstand.

Old Colonel Martingale suggests that Vanderbilt install some television receiving sets in the big betting ring, since the races are going to be telecast from Belmont Park every afternoon anyhow. Then the people who like odds and numbers wouldn't have to leave the ring at all.

—AUDAX MINOR

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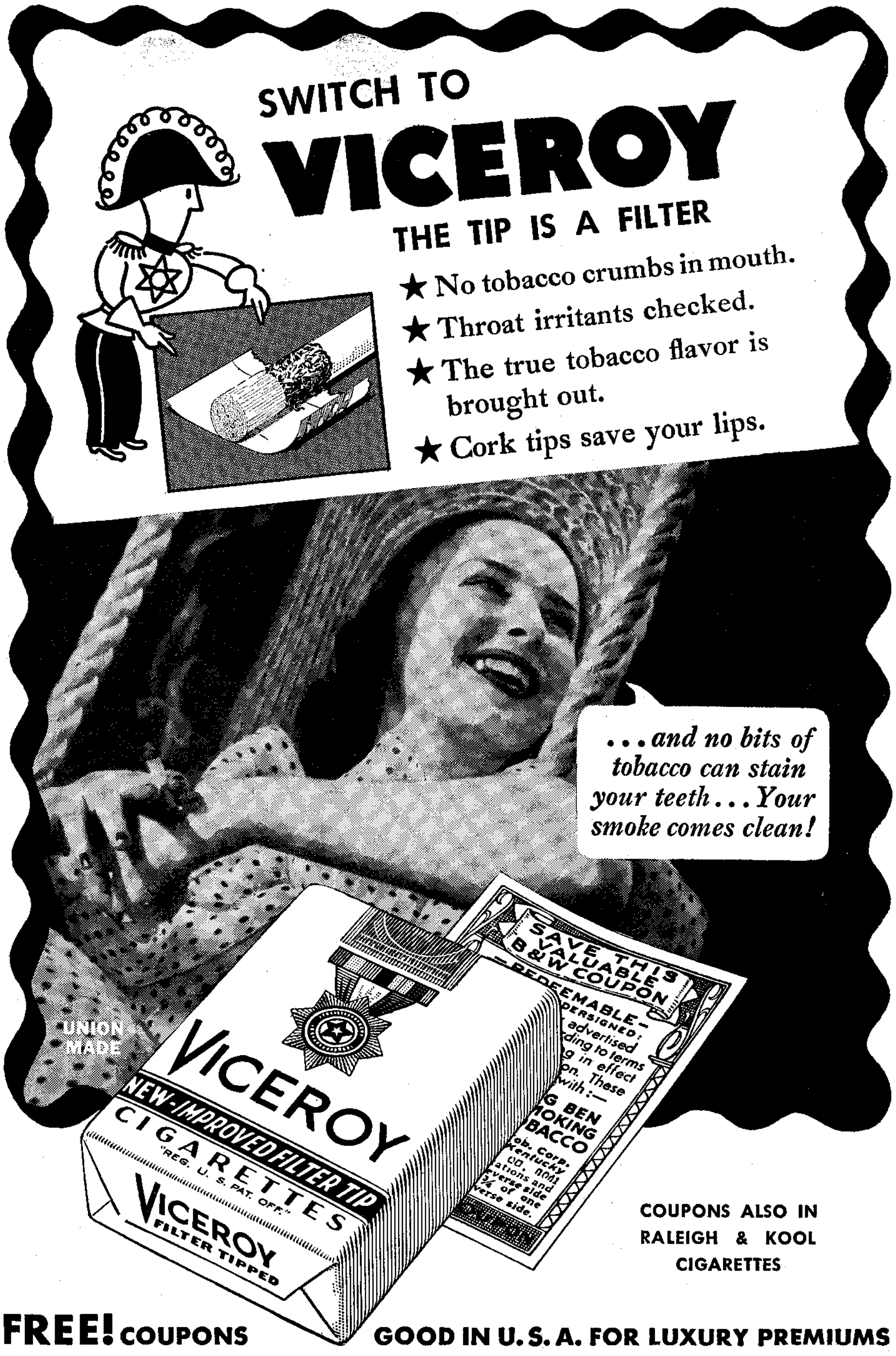
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

The lion has bared his teeth, but Italy's cards are not negligible.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THE MAN WITH THE RED ORDER

AFTER what seemed like a thousand hours in the train from Vienna, I arrived in Moscow and went to the New Moscow Hotel. I was worn out by my efforts to speak Russian and to sustain a high level of enthusiasm about everything Russian. How I yearned for a room with a nice little bed; no talking, nothing to admire. The lobby of the New Moscow Hotel was not quite my dream haven of peace and quiet. The tourist season was at its height, and irate tourists jammed the information desk, and above all the complaints in all the languages, I could hear angry New York voices saying, "You can't get away with this! We'll sue you!"

The room clerk, who spoke excellent Second Avenue American, didn't seem to know much about my room. So I went across the lobby to buy some cigarettes. I was buying them with the French language and Polish zlotys when a Russian girl guide, observing me, said in French, "You are with the Polish tourists? You must make the excursion with us."

"Thank you," I said, "but not today. I am too tired from the journey."

"Oh, but you *must* come. We are going to visit the big new stadium."

I started to demur again but checked myself. It seemed unkind to refuse this glowing young girl, so eager to show the accomplishments of the new civilization. "Excuse me for a moment," I said. "First I will go and inquire if my room is ready."

"I will accompany you," she said amiably.

The room clerk was very pleasant too, but he had little to tell me. "I must first make arrangements," he said. The girl spoke to him in Russian, and then he said to me, with real inspiration in his voice, "You must make the excursion to the new stadium. When you come back your room will be ready."

So I went out with the girl to the waiting autobus and joined her group of Polish, German, and French tourists. For an hour we bumped across Moscow and then arrived at the big new stadium. In the broiling sun we walked about and examined it, while a guide told us in several languages that there were a million seats. The only other people in sight were two men playing tennis on some nearby courts. We all went over and stared at them, and everyone murmured with astonishment at the sight of Russians playing tennis.

After we had bumped back to the hotel again, I found no one behind the desk. I leaned on it and waited, listening to one angry American woman telling another, "We were supposed to leave for Kiev last night. But can you imagine what happened? There we were at the station, all ready to leave, and they brought us the wrong passports. English passports! I said to the guide, 'Why, these are English passports!' And what do you think she said? 'You speak English? Here, English passports!' Esther says she's going to sue."

When the room clerk showed up, he was a different one. He didn't know about my room. He said pleasantly, "Why don't you have supper while I make arrangements?"

With an energy I didn't know I was still capable of, I cried, "No supper! A room! I must have a room!"

"Very well, Miss," he said with disapproval, and handed me a key attached to a big pear-shaped wooden tag. Ah, my room, my little bed!

There was a good crowd waiting for the elevator. Its capacity was only five passengers and the operator, so it had to make several trips up and down before my turn came. I got in and collapsed on the seat in the rear. We started to move, then stopped. The door was opened and another passenger admitted. I didn't look up until I heard a remarkably shrill American voice say playfully, "You naughty boy, you! You know very well that the elevator takes only six. But you think you're an exception just because you're a soldier!"

She was a heavily painted woman in an orange dress. The soldier was a young fellow in a stiffly starched white linen blouse. I closed my eyes again until we reached my floor.

MY little bed! Here it was at last. I was sleeping beautifully when the telephone woke me the first time. Why I didn't take the receiver off the hook right then and leave it off I don't know. I got out of bed wondering who the devil could be calling me in the New Moscow Hotel; I knew no one in Russia. Maybe the hotel wanted the room back.

After the first "Allo!" I didn't understand a thing. A man was speaking Russian. I listened sympathetically for a time, but then, while the insistent voice went on and on, I cut in with "I guess you've got the wrong number," hung up, and went back to bed. I fell asleep pretty fast, and the next time the telephone rang I didn't answer. But the third time I answered. Maybe it was important. This time it was another man. He spoke broken German. "The man with the *Rote Orden* he will see you."

"Who?"

"The man with the *Rote Orden* he will see you."

"I don't know anyone here. Why does he want to see me?"

"The man with the *Rote Orden* he will—"

"No he won't see me. I want to sleep."

The next time I answered, it was still another man. This one spoke a kind of English. "The man with the Red Order he vants to see you."

"Please tell the man with the Red Order and everybody else in Moscow that I want to sleep."

I hung up and then decided to complain to the hotel desk, but when I picked up the receiver I heard many distant voices carrying on Russian conversations. There seemed to be no way to reach the room clerk. Not until I was practically an old Moscow hand and had met Mr. Briggs from Chicago did I learn that the room telephones were connected with the central telephone exchange and not with a board in the hotel. Mr. Briggs had attained this understanding through suffering. He had been obliged to remain in his room all day because the hotel tailor had his pants. For hours he had tried in vain to call the hotel desk. In the course of his telephonings he somehow managed to get connected with the Moscow *Daily News* and was lucky enough to induce someone there to telephone the hotel to send up his pants.

The next time I answered the telephone it was the voice of the first man, the one who spoke Russian. He had studied English in the interval. "I-vant-to-see-you-I-vant-to-see-you," he crooned.

"No, not me. I don't vant to see you."

"I-vant-to-see-you-I-vant-to-see-you," he went on in his singsong. I hung up and looked at my watch: 3 A.M. Didn't anyone in Moscow ever go to sleep? Before I got back to bed I-Vant-to-See-You was on the telephone again. This time I would try pacification and politeness. I got out my "Russia on Ten Words a Day." While he went into his song I turned the pages of what to say at the barber's, the modiste's, the flower shop, repeating at intervals, "O.K. Tomorrow," until I found the words "*Kharashow. Zaftra.*" This impressed him not at all. He kept up the I-vant-to-see-you business.

I had done my best. The next time the telephone rang I didn't answer. Shortly thereafter came a furious pounding on my door and a rattling of my door knob. I pulled the covers over my head. They could puff and blow, whoever they were, but those double doors were locked.

THERE was no more telephone-ringing until 7:30. It was I-Vant-to-See-You again. I banged down the receiver. When I opened my door an hour or so later I found a man sitting on a chair right in front of it—a handsome young fellow with curly black hair, shiny black eyes, and very red lips. He was wearing a stiffly starched white linen blouse with a red emblem on it. He bowed to me politely, smiled very prettily, and chanted, "I-vant-to-see-you."

"So you're the guy who's been keeping me awake all night!" I said.

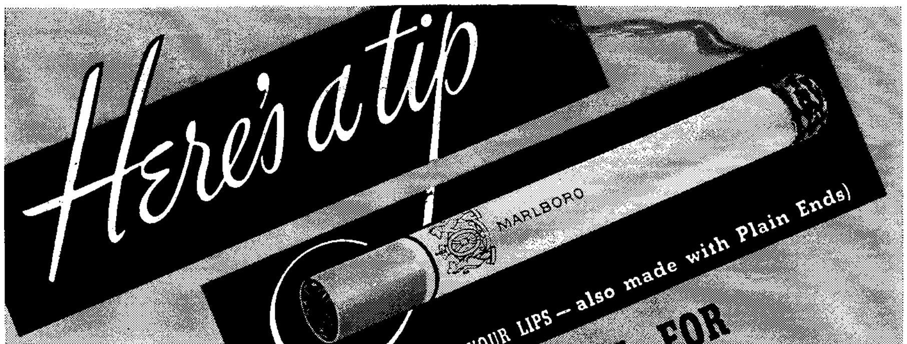
He held up a door key, attached, like mine, to a wooden pear, and pointed downstairs.

"I'm eating breakfast before I have any more of this," I said unpleasantly. I pointed upstairs toward the dining room, which was on the top floor. Then I poked my fingers in my mouth as if I were stuffing it with hay. I went to the elevator and he followed me. Again he pointed down, shook the wooden pear at me, and smiled charmingly. I shook my head grimly and pointed up.

He went up with me, and stayed outside while I was in the dining room. Breakfast took a very long time, but when I came out, I-Vant-to-See-You was waiting for me. Breakfast had made me normally pleasant, so I gave him a nod of recognition. After all, he was my closest friend in the New Moscow Hotel and a very handsome fellow. His shiny eyes danced and he held up the wooden pear and pointed downstairs. "I-vant-to-see-you," he murmured very softly.

I knew it was useless, but I said, "Now, look here. You may be a very nice fellow, though I doubt it the way you've kept me awake all night, but if you say 'I-vant-to-see-you' again, I'll scream. Now goodbye. *Dasvedanya* and *kharashow!*"

I ran down the corridor and caught the waiting elevator. He was right behind me and followed me in. He kept smiling at me and when we came to the third floor tapped me on the shoul-



Here's a tip

(IVORY TIPS PROTECT YOUR LIPS — also made with Plain Ends)

SUPREME SMOKING PLEASURE—FOR A FEW CENTS MORE THAN ORDINARY CIGARETTES

All the satisfaction of superb tobaccos . . . definite distinction . . . ivory tips . . . for a few pennies difference in price!

A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD 20¢ FOR THE BEST

MOTHERS APPROVE—DAUGHTERS DELIGHT IN THE

Charles of the Ritz

SALON FOR SUB-DEBS

Mothers approve—because Charles of the Ritz doesn't try to impose sophistication on a young girl. Daughters delight in the flattering way their hair is guided towards "grown-up" beauty. It's a matter of judgment and understanding—just enough of a permanent, just the right touch with the shears—qualities for which Charles of the Ritz is noted.

Shampoo, 50¢...Wave or Trim, 75¢...First haircut and styling, $1.00
Permanent (end curls) trim and set included, $6.50

Charles of the Ritz Salons for Sub-Debs . . . The Ritz-Carlton, New York, Wickersham 2-3435
B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York, MUrray Hill 9-7000
ALSO — I. Magnin, Los Angeles . . . T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee

Shh! Sh!

Here's a tip. Next time you drink one too many or eat a bit too much, try a jigger of Fernet-Branca. Fair warning: it's bitter, but worth it in morning-after pep and ginger.

FERNET BRANCA

THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP FOR 95 YEARS

Ask for it at any good Restaurant, Hotel or Bar. Buy a bottle at your druggist or grocer to keep at home.

In the U. S. A. Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.

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THE VIENNESE ROOF

• AIR CONDITIONED •

PRESENTS

The St. Regis CIRCUS

★ with ★

MARY PARKER · BILL DANIEL

and their performing menagerie

Directed by James Mitchell Leisen

(Through courtesy of Paramount Studio)

★

HAL SAUNDERS and his Orchestra at Dinner and Supper

★

At luncheon — the music of JULES LANDE

THE St. Regis

FIFTH AVE. AT 55th ST., NEW YORK

der and waggled his wooden pear at me. He was still with me when I stopped at the desk to turn in my key. The clerk from Second Avenue was on again. "Good morning," he said. "Did you have a good night's sleep?"

"No, I did not have a good night's sleep. In fact, I had a very poor night's sleep because this man can't keep away from a telephone. Since we're all here together, please do a little translating for me. I don't want to be disagreeable, but ask him please not to telephone me all night long when I'm trying to sleep!"

The clerk spoke to him and he answered angrily. The clerk said to me, "He says you smiled at him yesterday."

"Me? I never saw him in my life until this morning."

They had another exchange. Then the clerk said, "He says that yesterday at six o'clock, when you went to your room, he was with you in the elevator and you smiled at him."

"Yes, there was a soldier with a white blouse in the elevator yesterday. I remember it now. But I didn't smile at him. I was too tired."

When this was translated the man looked at me with angry contempt, drew himself up, and bowed. He walked stiffly away without a backward glance. He looked very handsome.

"I didn't want to be mean," I said.

"Oh, don't you worry," the clerk said. "He's a Georgian. You smiled at him, so he thinks you were—you know—flirting. All these Georgians are crazy romantic."

Just the same, I didn't feel any too happy about it, and he was a fresh reproach whenever I met him in the hotel. Each time he bowed to me stiffly, with mocking contempt. The last time I saw him was the worst. It was after my friends Tom and Jules and Rossi had come to Moscow, and the four of us, arm in arm, were crossing Red Square early in the morning after a party. We had had a lot of vodka and were singing very hard. He stopped short in front of us and stared at me with awful scorn. Then he snapped his fingers disdainfully and said "*Pfui!*"—CORA MACALBERT

•

Restored to Duty

PATROLMAN—Frank J. Fudge, 60th Precinct, from 12:39 P.M., March 29.

Suspended from Duty Without Pay

PATROLMAN—Frank J. Fudge, 60th Precinct, from 12:42 P.M., March 29.

—Police orders in the Times.

Three-Minute Fudge, they call him in the 60th.

See this sensational new ICE SHOW

presenting

a dazzling group of internationally-known skaters including

BELITA and WALLEY & DUSTMAN

Complete show daily at Luncheon, Dinner and Supper

Dancing nightly to

Larry CLINTON and his Orchestra

in the air-cooled ICE TERRACE

DeLuxe Dinners from $2.

Cover charge after 10 P. M. 75¢ weekdays; $1.00 Saturdays and holiday eves.

Hotel NEW YORKER

34th Street at Eighth Avenue

Frank L. Andrews *President* Leo A. Molony *Manager*

2500 Rooms from $3.50

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AG-10, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

"British Imports for Men"

The London Shop

in

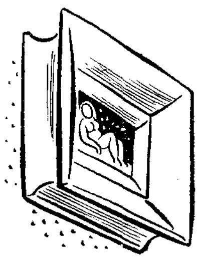
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

opposite

GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

THE ART GALLERIES

Slight Letup



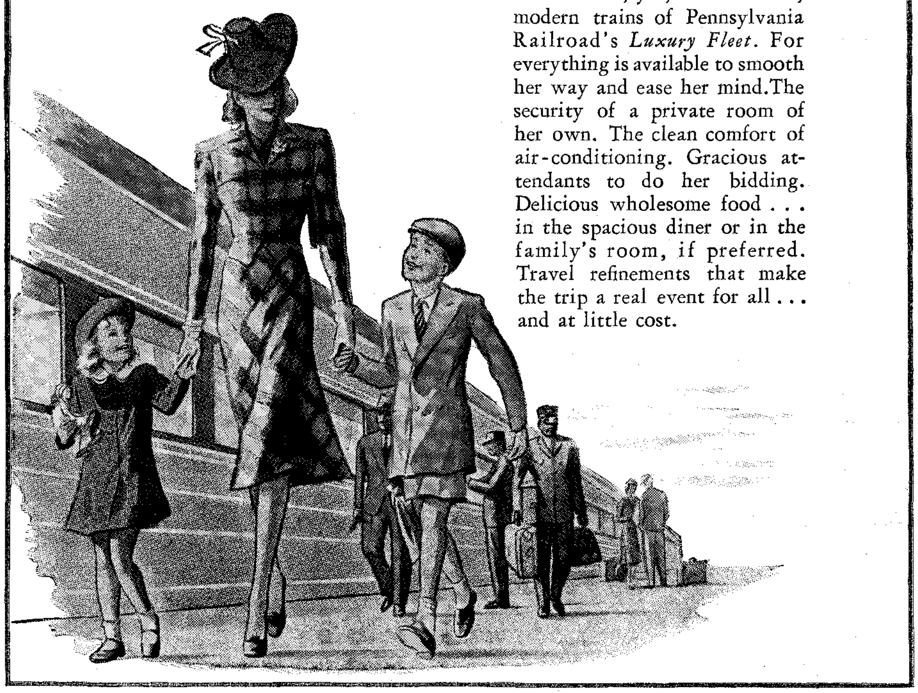
THOUGH the season by now has passed its peak, there are still enough shows around, and good ones too, to keep us all occupied. Georges Rouault has two exhibitions to his credit, one of paintings at the Bignou and the other of color etchings and lithographs at the Buchholz. The Whitney—I presume for the benefit of early-bird visitors to the Fair—has dug into its vaults to present a copious selection of paintings, water colors, sculptures, and black-and-whites from its permanent collection, while at Knoedler they've a set of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sporting paintings that you'll find more amusing and interesting than you may imagine. And here and there are others—adding up not, perhaps, to a "great" week, as compared with some we've had earlier this season, but to a varied and pleasing one, nevertheless.

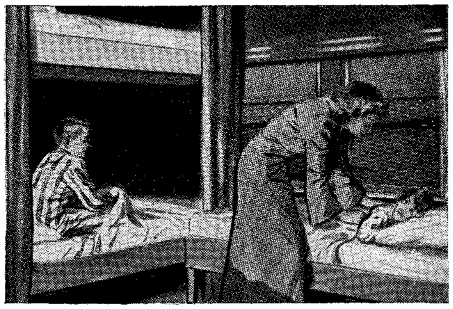
But then, we can't hope to feed on masterpieces all the time. I think the current Whitney affair profits, in a sense, from the fact that the majority of the Museum's own brightest showpieces are away on loan to the two World's Fairs and to various other exhibitions about the country, and so are not included in this show. You won't miss them; indeed, I think one's sense of the true texture of American painting, its gains (past and present) and its level of accomplishment, is aided rather than hindered by their absence. With such men as Dove, Marin, Blume, Davis, Marsh, Curry, Benton, and so on out of the way or but feebly represented, one is left with a clearer view of the workaday fabric beneath, and I was impressed as I've rarely been by the solid substance of our painting today. Not all our headliners are so badly presented, please understand. Kuniyoshi's hauntingly cat-faced waiting girl, in the canvas called "Café," is on view, and a fine early Marsden Hartley called "Kinsman Falls;" Alexander Brook's cool, smooth "Morning Light" is there, and Glenn Coleman's excellent "The Mirror," with its shrewd use of reflection broadening the field of the scene it portrays. But in the main the less well-known artists carry the show and its real richness lies in the variety and general high competence of their

It's a Pleasure

FOR MOTHER TO TRAVEL WITH CHILDREN NOWADAYS

A PLEASURE, yes, on the smart, modern trains of Pennsylvania Railroad's *Luxury Fleet.* For everything is available to smooth her way and ease her mind. The security of a private room of her own. The clean comfort of air-conditioning. Gracious attendants to do her bidding. Delicious wholesome food . . . in the spacious diner or in the family's room, if preferred. Travel refinements that make the trip a real event for all . . . and at little cost.





IDEAL for mother and children—this new Pullman Drawing Room. The handsome lounge chairs may be drawn to the window so the children can look out; or folded and tucked away, so they can play. For mother, a restful sofa.

A BED like at home for every one. Plenty of room to dress, move about. Toilet facilities, ice water, washstand, enclosed wardrobe—every convenience handy. The same room serves any traveling group admirably—and economically!

THE LUXURY FLEET
BROADWAY LIMITED
[16-hour All-Room Train]
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THE PITTSBURGHER
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THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE
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Luxury Coaches with reclining seats and modern Section Sleepers on all but the all-room trains.

Ask about LOW FARES

Not only mothers—*everybody* enjoys travel more on *The Luxury Fleet!* Not only because privacy seems custom-designed, taking such forms as . . . Roomettes . . . Duplex Rooms . . . Bedrooms . . . Compartments . . . Drawing Rooms . . . Master Rooms—but because modern smartness extends throughout! (Even the coaches are *Luxury Coaches* with soft reclining seats.) And last, but not least, because the cost is so little, at present low fares. Next trip, take *The Luxury Fleet!*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

DIRECT ROUTE *to the World's Fair in New York, Shortest Route, with connecting lines, to the West and Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.*

HOW ANY HUSBAND CAN KEEP

in Style

. . . WITH PERFECT COCKTAILS!

1st HUSBAND: "Gee, you're the social lion. Wish I knew how you serve such perfect Manhattans."
2nd HUSBAND: "It's the neatest trick of the year, old fellow. I depend upon Heublein's ready-mixed Club Cocktails."

1st HUSBAND: "They're awfully good—but aren't they terribly expensive?"
2nd HUSBAND: "Expensive? I'll say not. Club Cocktails are really economical. Yet, they're actually as fine as best barmen shake."

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS contribute to the gracious hospitality of the nation's best homes. This is because their uniformly high quality represents cocktail perfection. They are as delicious and as wholly satisfactory as cocktails mixed by the world's premier bartenders. As you would expect . . . Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS are the fine cocktails served to the luxury-loving passengers on all America's crack trains.

NOTE { *What remains unserved in any opened bottle retains its full excellence to the very last drop.*

HEUBLEIN'S
The CLUB
COCKTAILS
★ JUST STIR OR SHAKE WITH ICE

DRY MARTINI (71 proof)
MARTINI (Medium Sweet 60 proof)
MANHATTAN (65 proof)
OLD FASHIONED (80 proof)
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HEUBLEIN PRODUCT
BEFORE SERVING READ BACK LABEL
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
MADE AND BOTTLED BY G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD, CONN.
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1875

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD Since 1875

work. I'd note especially Arnold Wiltz's sharp, semi-surrealist "Fireman's Hall," a colorful "Dahlias" by Lucile Blanch, and perhaps Jan Matulka's harsh-textured but effective abstraction called "Arrangement with Phonograph."

Both the water colors and the black-and-whites, too, are worth your attention: the first particularly for Francis Criss's blandly accurate "Pattern for Tracks" and Aaron Bohrod's small, sunny "Halsted Street, Chicago;" the second for such pieces as William Gropper's swift "Farmers' Revolt" and the amazingly skillful "Interior, Bucks County Barn," by Charles Sheeler.

There is also—to give perspective, possibly, to our contemporary work—a small group of oils by earlier Americans, from the "primitive" Joseph Pickett on up through such painters of the nineteen-hundreds as William S. Mount and John La Farge. They may set you to thinking how far we've come, and in how many directions (frequently simultaneously), since the start of the century.

A COUPLE of Rouault exhibitions at once—paintings at Bignou and prints at Buchholz—may seem quite a lot, but as a matter of fact they dovetail very neatly, and since the galleries are in the same building, it's only an elevator jump to cover them both. As I usually do with this artist, I found his prints more satisfying and really more meaningful than his oils, in spite of the fact that at least a half-dozen of the pieces at the Bignou are among the best canvases of his I've seen. It has always appeared to me, however, that there are serious limitations in Rouault's work, limitations not only of mood and of subject matter (it would seem that a truly great artist should explore wider fields and find deeper uses for the medium than Rouault has done) but of manner as well.

His design is strong, to be sure, but at times it comes close to mere formula, and though there is tension in his work, it is ordered and calculated. Note, for instance, how many of the oils rely for their movement on the conflict of two diagonals. In the end, I think, his color charms us most—that and the mood of bitter resignation which he can so eloquently portray; both these find their fullest and firmest expression in his prints. It's to these, anyway, that I'd turn. There are sixty or more in the group at the Buchholz, and I'll not bother trying to list the best of them. They're just there—the black-and-whites showing their richness and depth, and the color etchings their brilliance and transparency, all conveying a feeling of happy confidence in the medium that I find almost nowhere in the oils.

YOU'LL enjoy the sporting paintings at Knoedler whether you happen to be greatly interested in horses and racing or not. All but four of the thirty-odd pictures on view are from the Charles H. Thieriot Collection, which is a notable one, and the group is extraordinarily well selected. There's a fine racing scene by John Ferneley, called "Liverpool St. Leger, July 3, 1834" and painted with more freedom and feeling than is usual in this genre. There are a couple of rare Benjamin Herrings, one of Longwaist (Jockey Sam Day up) and the other of the Southampton and London Royal Mail, the coach spick and span and the horses stiffly stepping. And there are, of course, many others, of famous races and racers, done with that knowing accuracy of line and bright two-dimensional clarity which give this type of painting its traditional charm. I liked the show. . . . Julien Levy is presenting a set of new oils by Ben Shahn and a series of paintings of ships by Theodore Lux. The latter have a certain imposingness, made up of strong color and deliberately arrested movement, but the Shahns interested me more. They aren't titled, which is not important, for it would be difficult to choose among them; en bloc, the group—ranging from the lunchroom owner with the Tammany face to the shirt-sleeved workingman, sitting lonely but happy, playing his harmonica in a park—represents the reactions of about as keen and intelligent an eye as we have around today. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

The Little Theatre of Bluefield will present a play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 8-9, at 8:15 at the Appalachian auditorium. This play, a sophisticated comedy, is the first production by the Little Theatre to have real love scenes.—*Bluefield (W. Va.) Sunset News.*

Oh, boy!

•

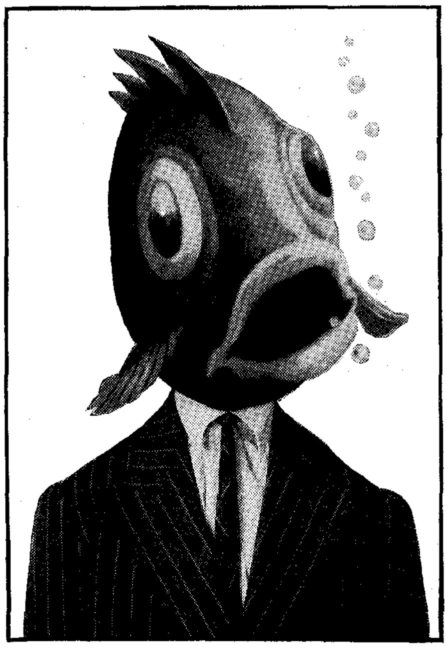
UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Herald*]

M.I.T. SCIENTIST SAYS U.S. SHOULD EQUAL NORWAY'S ACCURATE WEATHER FORECASTING

If you are in Norway, and the weather forecast is "fair and warmer," you can safely pack the family in the car and go off on a picnic, well assured that the heavens won't unloose a torrent on you just when the smorgasbord is being spread.

not Fish, Flesh,
nor Fowl



1. **SOME MEN** get fish-eyed and burbly from collars that have shrunk too tight. But not men who wear Arrow Shirts! Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk; the fabric can't shrink even 1%!

2. **IF YOU HAVE** the bulk of a bear, then big, bunchy shirts may be ok. Otherwise you'll prefer the trim, tailored Mitoga-cut of Arrow Shirts: curved waist, sloped shoulders, tapered sleeves.

3. **SOME MEN'S COLLARS** remind you of the wattle on a fowl's neck. If you want shirts with the best-looking collars made, wear Arrows. Arrow has been tops in collars since 1861!

4. **HOMO SAPIENS** is at his best in perfectly tailored, perfect-fitting Arrow Shirts. Get Arrow *Hitt* (with non-wilt collar) and Arrow *Gordon* Oxford at your Arrow dealer's now. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

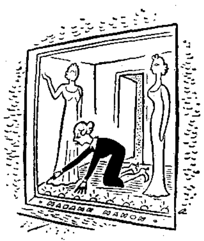
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 8



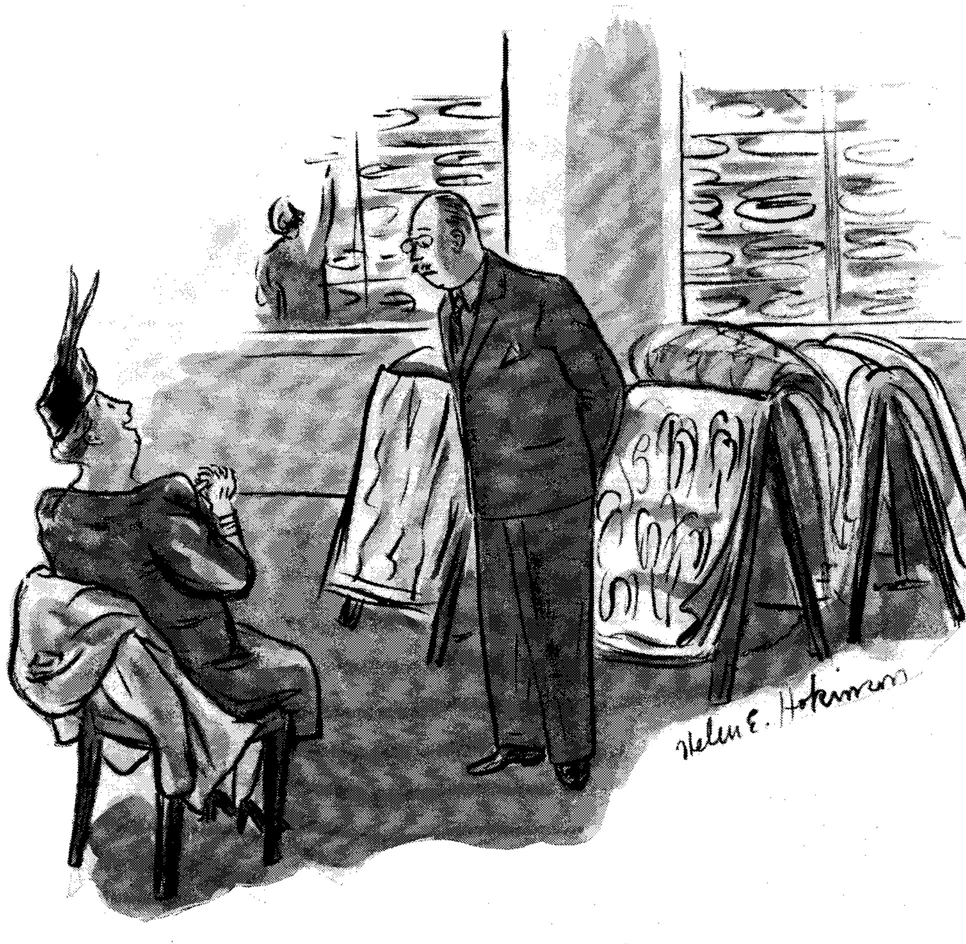
ANYONE who suspected that the war might finish Paris couture will be immeasurably surprised by the new Alix collection. Alix has conceded not one centime's worth or one centimetre of material despite wartime restrictions. Her usual sensational evening coat contains the usual quantities of valuable brocade—this time in dark green and black with sprinklings of tiny bright flowers. It matches a slim skirt which flares in back and is attached to a tightly swathed, hip-length bodice. Spanking black velvet bows may be attached to the coat to form a collar or worn as an evening hat if the whim seizes you. Another marvellous evening coat is in black taffeta velvet with an immensely full trailing skirt, a fitted top, and flowerlike ruffled cuffs two full feet in diameter flaring out at the end of long, tight sleeves.

Though Alix continues to like black, there is nothing defeatist in her use of it; it is as triumphantly French as the tricolor. There are quantities of costumes in dull black fabrics trimmed with black velvet, the best being a wool-jersey ensemble. The coat of this has a round velvet yoke with shoulder seams in upstanding folds, welted seams indicating a bodice line at the bosom and waist, a smooth, flaring skirt, and a long front fastened with linked, tailored buttons. The dress has a smooth back and is drawn in toward the centre front, where it fastens with black velvet bows. Everyone will want one of her high-necked, bare-armed dinner dresses with gathered necklines and much fullness in the bodices—nothing short of miraculous in view of the fact that the bodices are cut in one piece with the hip-molding skirt and not set in. My pet among these is a black wool jersey with the fullness turned into a chin-cupping collar somewhat like a ruff; in a more girlish autumn-red crêpe, the fullness becomes a wide, ruffled bib with a drawstring tie above an open back.

Most of the Alix models are for autumn wear, and I predict they will be an Influence. I look forward to seeing more of her formal, dresslike coats with lots of deep, folded fullness in their bodices and smooth over the hips and thighs. One such is a wool afternoon coat of maple-leaf red that has vertical slot pockets hidden in folds over the hips and is worn with a simple silk jersey dress the color of old port; another, for evening, is a violet velveteen with loose, ruffled sleeves emerging from cherubic winged drapery on the shoulders. For formal town wear, a gray tweed coat, to be worn over a simple black dress, is built on dressmaker lines with a ruffled collaret in back.

BALENCIAGA'S characteristic bouffant evening gowns, half shirtwaist and half Velásquez, are giving way to long, slim crêpes with low sash panels that swathe the hips and tie in curious tight knots in the centre, front or back. The prettiest is an anemone print on a gray ground, and it's worn with a ruffled capelet that is Balenciaga's only concession to the ministering-angel cult. His own choice among the evening gowns is a white crêpe that has a bodice trimmed with horizontal gold sequin bands looking like well-burnished armor. There are, to be sure, a few dresses done in his old manner: one of shirred and ruffled gray organza is printed with pink roses and worn over a stiff pink taffeta foundation; another, a delicious white satin dress, has pink paillettes embroidered on its bodice and about the hips. Balenciaga is equally effective when pandering to a passion for vamp dresses of the *haute école*, as he does with a low-necked black Lyons velvet hobble sheath that has a deep flounce hem. In a *femme-fatale* mood, you wear it to dinner with a fitted cover-up bolero tied at the waist and adorned at the neck by huge white English roses; in a gracious one, you add a ruffled black velvet capelet and cerise satin armpit gloves to match a rose at the bosom.

Balenciaga's new town coats will be heard from this autumn, too. A cerise Teddy-bear model with a molded princesse top buttoned from the throat to a point below the waist, at which a full, gathered flounce takes over, would be perfect too in black wool. Among the sports outfits, most of Balenciaga's new ones have jackets which are variations of his workman's smock, shortened to give a square, chunky look. There's a sleeveless brown linen one with jutting shoulders, to be worn over a natural-linen dress that has a tummy pocket and



"This year I need lighthearted slipcovers."

BOUQUET LENTHÉRIC

the daytime fragrance

Bouquet Lenthéric au parfum SHANGHAI
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BOUQUET LENTHÉRIC parfum Tweed

In all fragrances including Miracle, Numéro Douze, Gardenia, Carnation. Decanters from $1.75. Flacons from $1.00. Atomizer Presentations from $1.25

"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

Bouquet Tweed (at right) in New Decanter Presentation

Lenthéric

perfumes

PARIS • NEW YORK • LONDON

BEAUTY FOR GREAT OCCASIONS in hair arrangements by Charles of the Ritz

For the great occasions in a woman's life, Charles of the Ritz creates hair arrangements sure to make her beauty remembered. For a bridal veil, a bridesmaid's dress, an important evening gown, a very special hat—Charles of the Ritz develops the one styling that brings personality and costume into harmonious accord.

Charles of the Ritz Salons at . . . The Ritz-Carlton, New York, Wickersham 2-3435
The Ritz Tower, New York, Wickersham 2-1780 • The Barclay, New York, Wickersham 2-1742
The Plaza, New York, PLaza 3-2527 • B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York,
MUrray Hill 9-7000; White Plains, White Plains 9800; East Orange, ORange 5-3000
ALSO — I. Magnin — Los Angeles . . . Ritz-Carlton — Boston . . . T. A. Chapman — Milwaukee

WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
ROUND THE WORLD
King's Ransom
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"King's Ransom! How come? Just get a raise?"

"No—just found out it's no more expensive—because you use less King's Ransom per drink!"

94 PROOF

King's Ransom's initial cost *is* higher—but the actual cost is *not!* Since *one* ounce of this finer, fuller-bodied Scotch makes an ideal highball (instead of 1½ ounces), you get one-third more drinks per bottle! Try it!

KING'S RANSOM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • WILLIAM JAMESON & CO., INC., N. Y.

a pigskin belt. You'll love his creamy wool topcoats; a straight-line model, for instance, is buttoned high over a two-piece dress of coral linen that has peg-top pockets on the trousered skirt.

FOOTNOTES: Piguet's summery collection contains a number of light, tailored jackets to accompany dark dresses, the best being one of white shantung with navy piped buttonhole pockets that turn back at both sides of the hem in front to match the pocketed revers at the neck. This goes over a navy dress. For restaurant dining, there are long, slim suits of checked or dotted silks with jackets that have bright, contrasting taffeta linings. . . . Patou's new bolero-fronted lumberjackets match box-pleated dresses in prints, tussah, or linen. Those beltless tailored jackets with bloused backs are good compromises between loose and fitted silhouettes. . . . Women in white will be smart this summer, according to the couturiers. There is Paquin's white piqué daytime tailleur, for one, that has a piqué waistcoat blouse trimmed with white organdie; Maggy Rouff's snowy silk dinner suit, which has a white organza blouse front with cellophane paillettes, is another temptation. Also, they say, you must have at least one tailored white jacket to wear with different things. . . . Girls should admire Bruyère's net or chiffon tailored evening suits with long or short pleated skirts, especially the flax-gray mousseline with a lover's knot made of impressive, if imitation, diamonds over the heart. Something to do with armor-plating you against Cupid's arrow, but never mind that. —K. C.

AND IN NEW YORK—

DESPITE the fact that anyone in a nation at peace can summon up more hysteria about the state of the world than the most excitable Latin under shellfire, the customers of our luxury shops seem to be following Paris in favoring fashions that are as nonchalant as they are lavish.

Naturally, those women who patronize Nicole de Paris, at 23 East 55th Street, can have their Gallic insouciance served up to them unadulterated, for this designer refuses to translate French chic into terms of American wearability. Utter worldliness lurks in her deceptively simple models. Look at the many dresses unadorned save for inserts of net and lace, such as a pale-blue crêpe day dress after Lanvin, with wavy inserts of navy net banding the skirt and making sheer detail through the bodice and the puffed sleeves, or a slick black afternoon dress with curved inserts of ciré lace through its top. There are dinner dresses, typically Parisian, of pale-blue chiffon with matching filmy lace running through the skirt and veiling the entire back. If you want little tucks, look at Martial et Armand's floating dress of champagne (it's really nude) crêpe with fine handwork as its only decoration. If you'd rather do without such obvious dramatics, you may have a gracious navy-blue crêpe dress with pink taffeta inside the folded revers and lining the bolero jacket; you may have a red-and-white candy-striped mousseline afternoon dress with a red velvet belt that disappears under the vestee front, or a rough white crêpe Molyneux dress, fastening down the back with huge self buttons, to be worn with a sweeping hat of bright-blue straw and blue gloves.

You have seen thousands of hats made entirely of flowers and all very much the same, but you could never confuse one of Nicole's with the $1.96 variety. Bright straw plaques may be piled high with violets or red poppies, or there may be one vastly enlarged white English rose covering the whole thing. A smaller cluster or a smaller flower is placed on the backstrap of most of these. She makes beautiful large hats, too, trimmed either with the flaring bows for which she is famous or with flowers—huge, flat white daisies, field flowers, or realistic pink roses.

AT Revillon, 684 Fifth Avenue (54th), you'll find them infatuated with capelets of fur that are so tiny they give the effect of being simply large collars. They are charming in the inevitable silver fox, and there is an impertinent one of white ermine which, standing up from the shoulders in sharp godets with a cluster of tails at one side of the opening, will make you smile out loud. Ermine tails appear again at either side of a little ermine bolero with wide elbow sleeves. If, however, you prefer scarves, there is a silver-fox triumph with two long skins dangling down the front, stole fashion, and worked so they make a cape across the back and over the upper part of the arms. It's the first thing of its kind I have seen that I consider graceful. They still admire stoles at Revillon, though they admit it takes a woman of great chic and presence to wear one. In making them, they like to put their sables on a plain or pleated chiffon foundation. They also harbor a baum-marten two-skin scarf which achieves quite an extravagant look; the way the tails spray out around the shoulders makes the two skins seem like

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more. Of course, there are jackets. A dark, blended mink one, hip length, with horizontal detail across the wide, high yoke, would be endlessly useful and seems like a good buy at $595. Fitch, dyed to resemble fisher, forms a highly successful jacket nipped in tightly at the waist and flat on down to the hips. Natural Russian fitch makes a straight jacket that would be good with summer things.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street, who delights in solving every kind of luggage problem in a casual, adroit fashion, has worked out simple cases of cowhide that weigh no more than the usual airplane luggage, look far better, and are more durable. The Gilmore corners don't collapse and his locks continue to click unfailingly after years and years. Also, for women travellers, he has produced a small version of the pillow bag—you know, the kind with two deep compartments which have flaps to strap down pillows and an open space between for your steamer rug. That kind. The new one comes in red leather, about fourteen inches long and very deep. It can hold quantities of the stuff ordinarily relegated to overnight bags, in addition to your usual handbag clutter, and I *think* the airlines will let you get away with it. It's $28. . . . Speaking of handbags, the Hammer Galleries, at 682 Fifth Avenue (54th), have lovely brocaded ones made of vestments woven for the priests of the Imperial Russian court; real gold and silver threads run quietly through them. Rich good taste, History, and a go-with-most-everything practicability. From $20 upward. For this kind of thing, that's not an exorbitant price in my book.—L. L.

•

THE RITUALISTS

In May, approaching the city, I
saw men fishing in the backwash
between the slips, where at the time
no ship lay. But though I stood

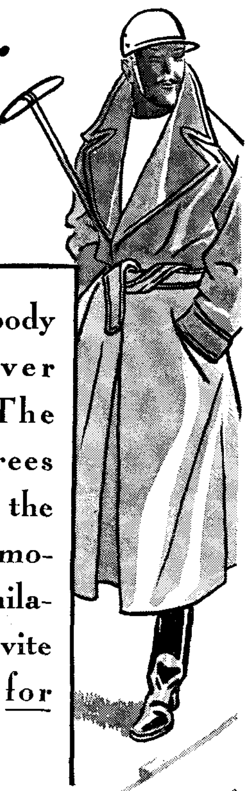
watching long enough, I didn't see
one of them catch anything
more than quietness, to the formal
rhythms of casting—that slow dance.

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

•

APHRODISIA—radiant perfume by Faberge. A fragrance sensational and very seductive . . . paradoxically enough, by the maker of the fresh leafy "Woodhue."
—*From an adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Obviously an artist of many moods.



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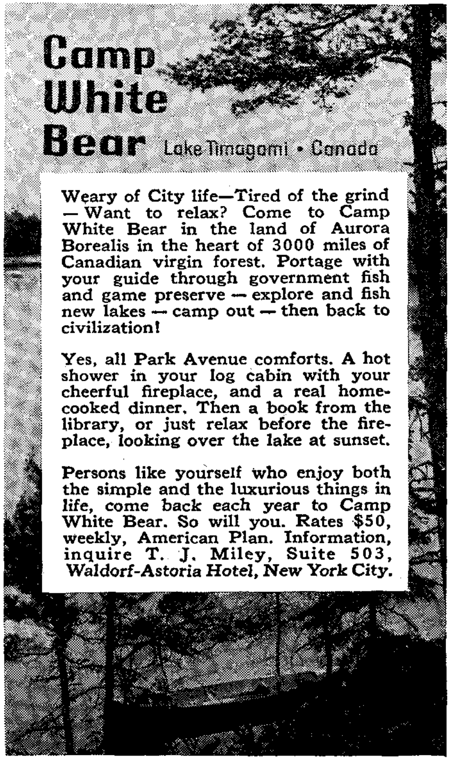

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5 TO 7

At 4 o'clock, still in her house dress, Clara Miller called up the White House. They told her, "Mrs. Roosevelt expects to come. That is, if she gets back to Washington in time." She went up to her husband's room. "They think Mrs. Roosevelt will come," she said. "How is your voice, Harry? How are you feeling?" Harry hissed something at her. "Oh, my!" she said. "You've lost it altogether, haven't you? I'd better lock your door or they'll all come into this room and fill it up with smoke." She was on the way to the bathroom when the doorbell rang. It couldn't be anybody yet, but she stood in the upstairs hall and listened. After a while, Ella yelled upstairs, "Oh, Mrs. Miller, there's a chauffeur down here from an embassy! He's got a package for you!" Clara wished Ella wouldn't yell in front of an embassy chauffeur. She called down, "Well, tell him to leave it!" She waited till the outside door had shut, and then ran down the stairs. The package was wrapped in tissue paper, and it was a present, made of painted wood. It looked vaguely like a boat. Clara pushed two candlesticks aside and made room for it in the centre of the mantelpiece. She went down to the basement. The Negro boy had put empty cartons upside down and had set on them, teetering, the glasses, the bottles, the ice. She said, "Of course, you understand. Two parts gin, one part vermouth; two parts whiskey, one part vermouth—only not the same kind of vermouth." "Of course, I understand," the boy said. "My father is a bartender." "That's fine," she said. "And I'd like to say just one more thing. If you like to drink, it's all right, but please wait until afterward." The boy said, "I never drink. I'm a college student." Oh, my, she thought to herself, now I've hurt his feelings. She started for the kitchen, then she decided she was too nervous—she would probably hurt Ella's feelings. She stood a moment in the living room, thinking that probably no one would come and that there was not room enough anyway. Then she went back upstairs to take her shower.

At 5 o'clock she came down, surprised that she had looked so fresh and easy in the mirror when she felt so tight inside. Again she stood in the living room and couldn't see how, even with the armchairs taken out, almost a hundred people could possibly find room. The basement door was placed badly, too. Every time the boy would bring up drinks, somebody would be sure to knock them over. The thing to do was to call up Western Union and send a hundred telegrams saying "Harry is sick. Don't come." The telephone rang; it was Molly MacCarthy, her neighbor. "Have you been outside? Do you know what happened?" Molly said. "No, what has?" Clara asked. "The Police Department has put up 'No Parking at Any Time' signs all along the curb. If we don't get up a petition, we'll have to park—" Clara broke in. "We'll get up a petition tomorrow," she said. "Now, you hurry over, will you?" She hung up. "Mrs. Miller!" Ella called from the kitchen. Clara went through the dining room, stood a moment looking at the table against the windows and the dishes on it with cookies and nuts and mints, and then pushed open the door into the kitchen, where Ella, Ella's sister, and Ella's sister-in-law were busy with the sandwiches. She said, "Ella, it's simply a beautiful table spread." Ella's eyes said, It's about time you told me that. Ella's voice said, "You think that's too many sandwiches, Mrs. Miller?" Clara looked appalled at the mountain of sandwiches, but she said, "I don't think so. People are hungry after office hours." The doorbell rang. It was Adelaide, Harry Miller's secretary. Adelaide said, "How is he? Is Mrs. Roosevelt coming?"

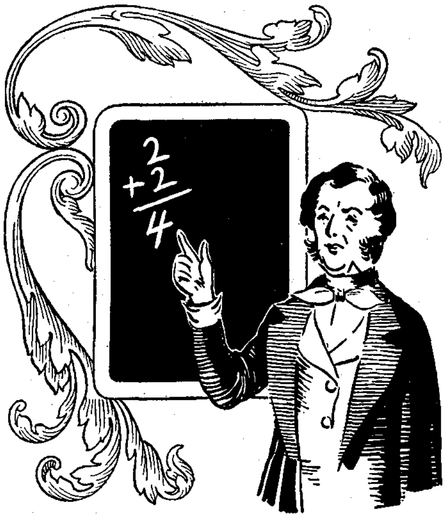
At 5:15, Adelaide said, "I hope Clarence Wilkins has sense enough not to show his face." Clara looked puzzled. "Why shouldn't he come? He was invited," she said. "Didn't you see the paper?" Adelaide said. "He made a statement against Mr. Miller's boss. You should have been in the office. The boss said if he laid eyes on Wilkins, he would kill him." The doorbell rang. Outside stood a breezy-looking young man without a vest or a hat and with unpressed pants. Clara said, "So glad you could come. I'm Mrs. Miller." The young man put out his hand. He said, "Glad to know you. I hear Mrs. Roosevelt is coming."

At 5:30, Molly and her husband came. Molly said, "Isn't it terrible about the 'No Parking' signs. It's all right for Mrs. Roosevelt, who has a White House chauffeur, but—" She was interrupted by the breezy young man, who had been staring at her husband. "You're MacCarthy of the Treasury, aren't you?" he said. "I am," Molly's husband said. The young man said, "I want to see you before the afternoon is over." Molly said, "As I was saying . . ."

At 5:45, the breezy young man walked across the room to the mantelpiece, picked up the present, and said, "What is that?" Before Clara had time to make up her mind, he said, "It's a bird. No, it's a boat. It's a boat, all right." He put the present back, turned to the Negro boy, who had just brought in a tray of drinks, and said, "Oh, here you are." He picked up a Martini. The doorbell rang. In the doorway, making an entrance, was Hannah Wright, lush and Spanish-looking. Behind her was her Herbert, who as usual seemed ridiculously short for her, and behind him three people Clara didn't know. Clara said, "Hello, Hannah. Leave your coat upstairs, second door on the right." To the three unknown people she said, "So glad you could come." One of them said, "Is Mrs. Roosevelt here?" Clara said, "Not yet." The doorbell rang again and Adelaide went to answer it. Molly was saying to Clara, "Where do you suppose they're all parking their cars?" when Adelaide came back and said, "It's Mrs. Paxton." "Who?" Clara asked. "Mrs. Paxton," Adelaide said, "wife of the Supreme Court Justice." "Oh," Clara said.

At 5:55, Mrs. Paxton was talking to Clara. "It's an old house, but it's solid and we like it. Horace likes things that are solid." To the Negro boy she said, "No, thank you. I don't drink cocktails." Clara was watching the door, smiling greetings. She smiled at Congressman Connolly, at his twin daughters, both in picture hats, at a man from a press association, at complete strangers, at Harry's and her best friend, dear Jerry Fitts. Mrs. Paxton was saying, "I'm so glad Eleanor will be here. I particularly wanted to see her today."

At 6 o'clock, Hannah Wright made a grand descent of the stairs and was immediately joined by the breezy young man in unpressed pants, a fresh glass in his hand. Clara went to the kitchen for a glass of water for Mrs. Paxton. The buffet table was as yet untouched, but in the door beyond, head in the kitchen, body still in the dining room, was a man saying to Ella, "I don't suppose you have any Scotch, have you?" Clara said, "I'm so very sorry," squeezed past the man into the kitchen, said to Ella, "See if you can find some



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Scotch for this gentleman," filled a glass with water, and squeezed back past the man. When she got into the living room again there was such a mob there she couldn't reach Mrs. Paxton. Somebody said, "Where is Mrs. Roosevelt? I must talk to her immediately." Clara turned her head to see who was talking, but no one was looking at her. Holding the glass of water in her hand, she watched the Negro boy, who was carefully carrying his tray of cocktails, trying to penetrate a few feet from the door. His head jerked right and left as cocktails were taken from his tray from both sides; then, raising the empty tray above his head, he went back to the basement. The living room looked as if it couldn't possibly hold another person. Still the doorbell rang and still more people came in. Clara saw the familiar and the unfamiliar faces as if from far away, as if this were not her party or her house. She wondered where Harry had met all these people she didn't know.

At 6:15, people were still coming in, but the press in the living room was easing, because those who had come early began drifting to the dining room. Clara delivered the glass of water to Mrs. Paxton and turned away quickly for fear the lady would start talking to her again. She heard Congressman Connolly say, "Pennsylvania sure, but I don't know about Ohio." She heard the Connolly twins exclaim, "Oh, Mrs. Miller, this is a darling party!" Adelaide came up to her and said, "Mr. Miller's boss is here." Clara said, "Is Clarence Wilkins here? Did you see him come in?" "No," Adelaide said. "He hasn't come. But the Assistant Attorney General is here." Clara said, "You take care of him and watch out for Mrs. Roosevelt." She peered through the crowd, saw Harry's boss, and pushed through to him. Harry's boss said, "How is that rascal husband?" Clara said, "Worse. He's lost his voice completely and I insisted on his staying in bed." The Negro boy, passing by with an empty tray, looked so appealingly at Clara that she excused herself and followed him down to the basement. There was a man there and a woman. The man had a milk bottle into which he was pouring liquor from several bottles. The woman was appealing to him. She said, "Why don't you stop it? You know how you get." He said, "You go home. A little drink won't hurt me." Clara said, "Is there anything I can do?" "Yes," the man said, "you can give me some ice." Clara told the boy to give the man ice, and ran upstairs to look for dear Jerry Fitts.

At 6:30, she was trying not to think

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of what was going on downstairs. Jerry was nowhere to be found. Hannah Wright was talking intimately with a big man in tweeds, her hand darting back and forth as if at any moment she would grab him by the lapel. Ella's sister was emptying ashtrays. Ella's sister-in-law was picking up empty glasses. From above, over the crash of talk, Clara thought she heard a noise, and she hurried up the stairs. She wound around one couple sitting on the steps, was stopped by the next, was asked by a girl who pointed a finger across the room, "Oh, Mrs. Miller, what is that on the mantelpiece?" Clara said, "That's a boat." The girl said, "That's what I thought it was." Clara went on upstairs and into Harry's room. She was wondering whether she should take his temperature when Adelaide ran in. "Oh, here you are. The Ambassador is downstairs," she said. Clara said, "All right," and followed Adelaide downstairs. On the way down she glimpsed the breezy young man gulping another drink; then she saw the Ambassador struggling toward her, both his hands outstretched. They met at the foot of the stairs. He took her hands, grasped them warmly, and asked, "How is my friend, your husband?" She said, "He's in bed with a dreadful cold. I've given him up completely." He said, smiling, "How much more happy I would be if I were a younger man." She said, "Thank you for the lovely present. It is a beautiful boat." The Ambassador looked puzzled for a moment, then brightened. "Oh," he said, "that is not a boat. It is our symbol, our national bird."

At 6:45, she had the Ambassador smiling naturally again, and she left him. She saw the now-not-so-dear Jerry chattering away as if he had no best-friend responsibilities at all. She saw Hannah Wright's Herbert arguing with an enormous man and emphasizing his points by punching a fist into an open palm. On the stairs, Hannah and the man in tweeds were talking away, lost to the world together. People were leaving, were shaking hands with Clara, were saying it had been a lovely party, were being told, "So glad you could come." She suddenly saw the breezy young man descending upon her. He seemed angry and drunk, and he came very close to her and said, "You have no right to have parties from five until seven. What am I going to do after seven?" She said, "Why don't you go to sleep," turned around, and went to the dining room. Somebody else said, "I simply must go. I can't wait for Mrs. Roosevelt any longer." People were

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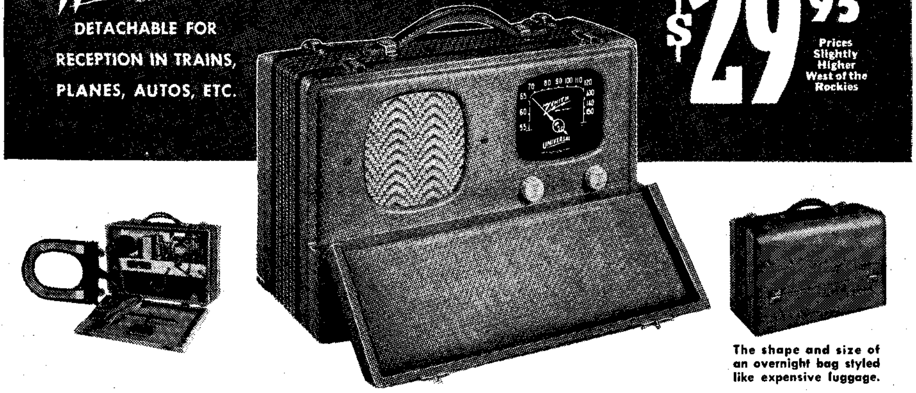

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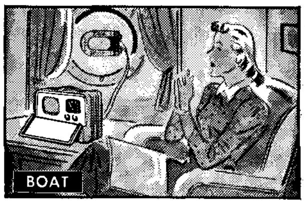

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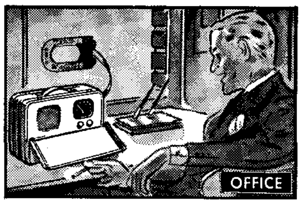

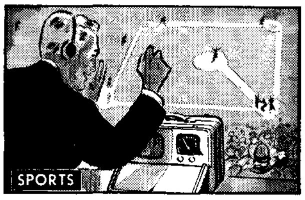

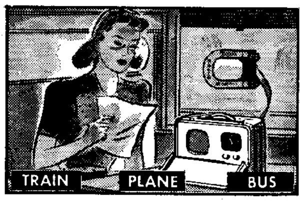

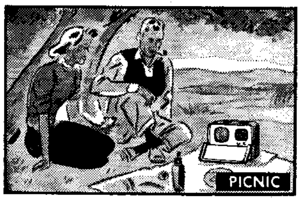

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Rainbow Room
ROCKEFELLER CENTER

holding glasses in one hand, sandwiches in the other, and were talking. A man was leaning against the wall, deep in conversation with one of the Connolly twins, and emphasizing what he was saying by kicking the wall with his heel. The door to the kitchen was open and the kitchen was full. Clara wondered what had happened to Ella and to Ella's relatives. Adelaide came to her and said, "It's all right now if Clarence Wilkins comes. He's gone." "Who?" Clara asked. "Mr. Miller's boss," Adelaide said. "And I'm going to have a drink."

At 7 o'clock, here and there in the dining room were patches of emptiness. So many people were leaving, were trailing their coats down the stairs, that Hannah Wright and her new find in tweeds were forced to come down. Herbert Wright, abandoned by the enormous man, looked wistfully at them. The Ambassador came up to Clara. He took only one of her hands and she was afraid he was still annoyed, but he leaned down and kissed it, so she decided that she was forgiven, and he left. Clara wondered what had happened to Mrs. Paxton and to the Assistant Attorney General, whom she had not even had a chance to greet. The Negro boy came to her and said, "We're all out of whiskey." "Do we still have gin?" Clara asked. The boy said yes, and she told him to continue making Martinis. She saw the breezy young man sitting on a chair in a corner and staring morosely at the floor. She decided that the worst was over and moved toward the door to say goodbye to people. When someone said, "I don't suppose Mrs. Roosevelt will come now," she said, "I don't suppose she will."

At 7:15, the living room looked almost normal. Clara could not believe that almost a hundred people had been in the house less than an hour before. A few were still drifting in from the dining room, going upstairs to find their coats, coming down, skirting the glasses and the ashtrays on the steps, thanking her, and leaving. Herbert Wright, his coat collar up, was waiting for Hannah to finish saying goodbye to the man in tweeds. The breezy young man was sitting in his chair in the corner, apparently lost to the world. There came a noise from the basement steps and the unknown man and woman appeared. The man was still holding the milk bottle in his hand and the woman was holding him up. The woman was saying, "You see how you get? What if Mrs. Roosevelt saw you?" The man was slowly repeating, "I can

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take it or I can leave it alone." They went through the room, got to the door, which the woman opened, and walked out without even looking at Clara.

At 7:30, Ella, Ella's sister, and Ella's sister-in-law appeared from the basement and began cleaning up the room. The breezy young man still sat in his corner. Clara suddenly felt hungry and went to the dining room. Adelaide was there. She said, "There's nothing left but bread crusts and mints." Jerry came in. "Come on," he said to Adelaide, "I'll take you home." Clara said, "Thanks, dear Jerry, that's very nice of you." Jerry said, "That's perfectly all right. Too bad Mrs. Roosevelt couldn't make it." Clara went upstairs, put her hand on Harry's forehead, and decided that it felt cooler than her own, rearranged his pillows, and went back down to the living room.

At 8 o'clock, the breezy young man got up from his chair and said, "I guess I'll be moseying along. She didn't get here, did she?" He went to the door, opened it, walked out, and slammed the door behind him. The Negro boy brought the armchairs back up from the basement. Clara paid him off and thanked him. The living room looked now as it had always looked. She sat down in an armchair. She felt tired and wanted to go to bed.

At 8:15, Ella's sister said, "I sure would have liked to have seen what Mrs. Roosevelt looks like." She and Ella and the sister-in-law left.

At 8:30, Clara was putting out the lights when the doorbell rang. She wondered who could be coming at this hour. When she opened the door, there stood Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilkins, both in formal dinner clothes. Mr. Wilkins said a hearty "Hello!" Clara said "Hello." They came in. Mrs. Wilkins said, "Is Mrs. Roosevelt here yet?"

—NATHAN ASCH

•

"I'll practice a little law and loaf most of the time," he said. "After all, I'm approaching fatherhood."—*The Times.*

Watch out how you lift those heavy lawbooks!

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Smiler with the Knife," by Nicholas Blake*]

He turned the machine over and they were flying upside down, the illimitable sky beneath their feet. Georgia could not help being charmed, exhilarated by her enemy's love-making.

COUNTRY JACKETS AND FLANNELS

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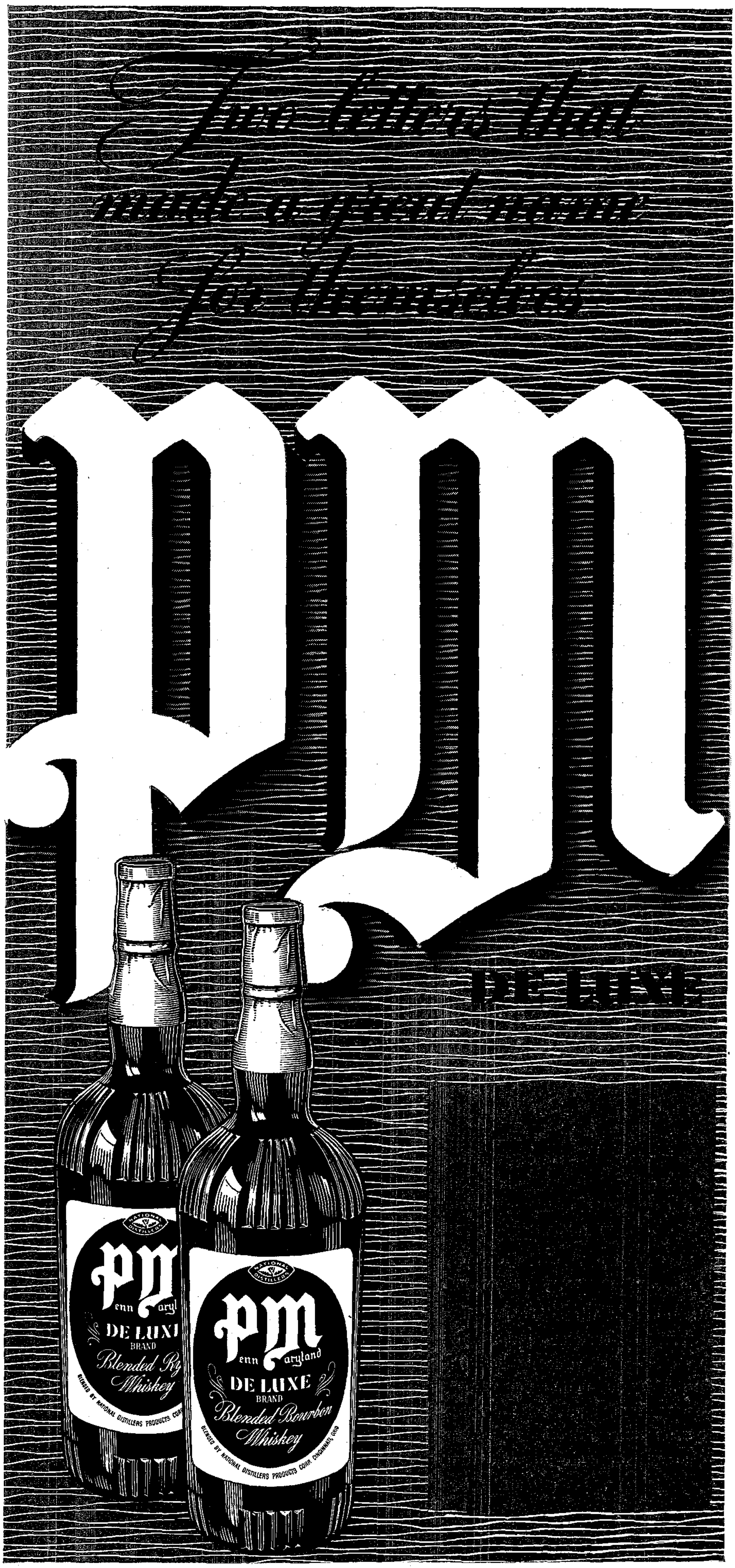

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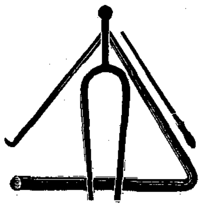
MUSICAL EVENTS

Returners, Newcomers, and Institutions



THE New York Orchestra, of which little had been heard in town for a number of years, returned to Carnegie Hall last week and proved to be an able ensemble, capable of worth-while performances. There was good tone and good teamwork in its efforts, and an alert cordiality in its response to the indications of the conductor, Georges Zaslawsky. You may recall Mr. Zaslawsky as the director of the Beethoven Symphony Orchestra a decade or so ago. His present band sounded like an improvement on the group that he used to conduct, and Mr. Zaslawsky himself has become a more authoritative leader. It isn't probable that this orchestra will put any of the established symphonic outfits out of business (which isn't its purpose, anyhow), but it ought to do pretty good business for itself.

The New York Orchestra, according to Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, who explained the goings-on in a short, sensible address, will present at least one American composition on each program. Its first offering was Roy Harris's imaginative overture, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." It went impressively until the finale, which seemed to be over-abrupt.

A NEW operatic group had its début at Town Hall—the Municipal Opera Association, which plans to make the lyric drama available at first hand to the smaller cities. Its Town Hall sample was a concert of miscellaneous excerpts, along with an English version of Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne." Mozart composed this one-acter when he was twelve, and even at that age he wasn't exactly easy on singers. The young vocalists who took on this difficult opera evidently had been coached thoroughly and had energetic direction from Paul Weiner, who not only conducted but played piano and harpsichord in the curious instrumental arrangement that served as a background. There were several interesting voices evident in the course of the evening, and there'll be more to report on the Municipal Opera Association when a full-length presentation arrives.

THE perennial San Carlo Opera Company opened shop at the Center Theatre last week, offering the staples of the Italian and French repertories in the sturdy San Carlo tradition. Fortune Gallo's singers have covered twenty thousand miles since they appeared at the Center last fall, but their journeyings haven't diminished their voices or dulled their enthusiasm. The San Carlo troupe doesn't go in for subtleties of staging or ingenious vocal interpretations. The performances are robust and direct, and the audiences dote on them.

There aren't many important changes in the San Carlo personnel from year to year. Of the more recent acquisitions (this means singers who have joined the company in the past three seasons or so), two of the most effective are Miss Lucille Meusel, a young soprano who not only sings coloratura music without making funny faces but also pops out the sort of high tones you don't get to hear often, and Ivan Petroff, whose opening-night Rigoletto was expertly sung and acted. The present term's orchestra is the best that ever has been heard here under the San Carlo maestro, Carlo Peroni. The season is scheduled to continue through this Sunday evening.

THE N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra called it a year—for North America, at least—with an all-Brahms program conducted by Arturo Toscanini in Carnegie Hall. It was something of a family party, for the soloist was Mr. Toscanini's son-in-law, Vladimir Horowitz, who played the second piano concerto like—well, practically like a Toscanini. The audience couldn't have made more approving noises if it had been an Ebbetts Field turnout, and it probably never will hear a more magnificent Brahms concert.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From an Associated Press dispatch*]

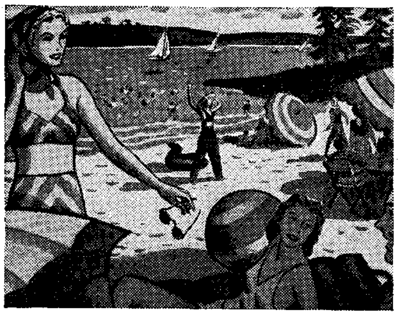
Elgin Groseclose, Washington, D. C., author of the novel "Ararat," tonight won the $1,000 annual award of the Friends of American Writers.

The organization presents the award each year to a Midwestern author whose work shows the greatest originality of technique and value as a piece of Americana....

His new book concerns the Armenian refugees with Mt. Ararat as the locale.

Let's Go!

"Bill, this *must* be heaven! Ever see such perfect *en tout cas* courts? Even the golf here is cut to our special order...with that championship '18' for you and the easier 9-hole course for me. But tell me... if I let you beat me in straight sets, will you take me sailing?"



1 "No wonder the Colony's called the English Riviera...with music on the beach and balmy, *sun-warmed* water. Seems incredible that we're just 15 minutes away from Maine!"

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3 "I love the Colony crowd's custom of dropping into the Club Lounge for tea and refreshments in the late afternoon. It gives you a chance to loaf pleasantly before dinner."

4 "Bill... that music's divine! You never told me the Casino made the nights so gay up here! And talk about scooping the big city... they even show the latest 'talkies'!"

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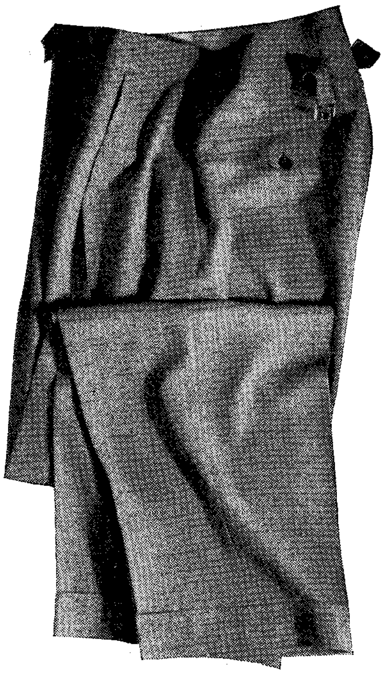

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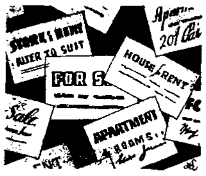
IT'S WOVEN ON A CURVE TO FIT THE NECK

NEW APARTMENTS

Smaller and Smaller



ALL these fine big apartment houses you see going up are designed mainly for one or the other of two types of tenant: reasonably prosperous professional people, and those of the landed gentry who have had to cut down to one staff of servants and prefer to maintain that in the country. There's no definite line, naturally, but in general the larger, more expensive new apartments are to be found on upper Park and Fifth; those with not quite so much room are further downtown, where they're handier to everything. Don't think for a moment that this renewed building activity is touched with the Red Hook influence; on the contrary, you pay as much as you ever did—more, maybe. What you get in return are fewer rooms than you are perhaps used to, more conveniences, and the joyful certainty that most of your running expenses will play dead the minute you lock the door and go away. The servants' wing is no longer the tail that wags the dog; even full-time maids are apt to sleep out.

Recessed radiators and facilities for plugging in on a master aerial are standard equipment; so are Venetian blinds, linoleum on the kitchen floor, and, in places where there isn't the added luxury of a stall shower, glass-enclosed tubs. You won't have Muzak wherever you go, but almost everywhere (it's fixed so you can hitch it up with your radio), and oftener than not inspired architects have thrown in a guest lavatory. Since there seem to be too many new buildings to discuss all at once, this week I'll work down from Lenox Hill, next week up from Washington Square—and let the middle fall where it will.

HUSTLE to 1150 Park Avenue (92nd), if you like the location, because it was already half rented when I was there. Apartments in this building run from three to five rooms, not counting such largess as dressing rooms, powder rooms, and dining alcoves. Most living rooms measure 14′ by 24′ or more, and there is a new and apparently practical ventilating arrangement at the bottom of each window, giving you all the fresh air you need even when the weather won't let you open the casement. There's a maids'

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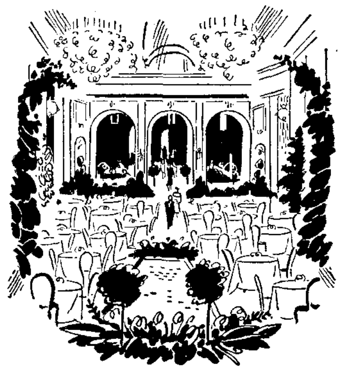

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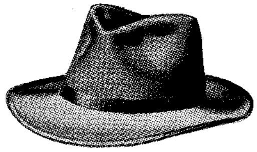

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AT LEADING SHOPS

lavatory down the hall on every floor and maids' rooms are available downstairs if you want yours to sleep more or less in. No wood-burning fireplaces, but they are ready to install a false one with a neat mantel if your decorating scheme calls for it. It's up to you.

I want the nicest couple in town to have 14-C. It has a sun-bathing balcony off the bedroom just about on a level with the clock tower and high-riding weathervane of the Brick Presbyterian Church next door, and, off the living room, a terrace with a breath-taking view of the reservoir in the Park. This rents for $2,500; other apartments are from $1,400 to $3,000.

THE management of 785 Park Avenue (73rd) is planning so many treats that living there ought to be like getting everything you want for your birthday. There'll be no delivery boys prowling the halls; the architects have put a package room in the basement where an attendant will be on hand to see that you get yours. I favor that, and also the maids' locker room downstairs. Here, too, there's a maids' lavatory on every floor. As for the chauffeurs' waiting room, that's plain stylish! These apartments, which run from three to six rooms, make up for a certain (shall we say) dryness in outlook by going in for such extras as soundproof plumbing, mirror doors, ventilating fans in the kitchens, and dressing rooms. The decorating of the lobby and of the sample apartments they will have ready to show in about a week is in the hands of Intramural, Inc., and I expect the best. The roof terrace, which is to be landscaped, will be open to all tenants, and even the incinerator is going to coöperate in making the place attractive by giving refuse a drastic treatment that will turn it into dazzling white, swiftly dissolving smoke as inoffensive as steam.

If you can't get along without a wood-burning fireplace, you'll find what you're looking for in the terrace apartments at 785. Fans in the flues will suck up the smoke and should prevent any discouraging downdraft from spoiling your fun. The apartments (with living rooms 13′ by 23′ and larger) range from $1,800 to $5,000. I nearly forgot the newfangled metal window sashes that leap up and down at the touch of a finger. Your playful friends will love them.

THE only house I saw that offers eight-room apartments was 737 Park Avenue (71st). These are arranged in the customary way, with two bedrooms for the family and two for the maids, and have four baths and a terrace as well. They're $6,000. Rentals start at $1,320, for which you can get something billed as two rooms, which is really one big living room with elaborate partitions and trimmings. Most of the apartments have a dressing room and a "gallery," which is, I gather, what used to be called a hall in pioneer days. Some of them, high in the sky, will be equipped with wood-burning fireplaces.

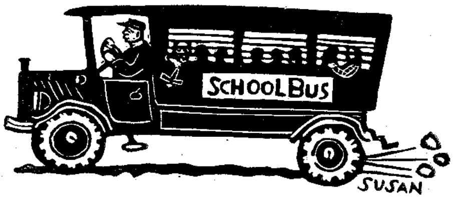
THERE were floors but no walls when I went to see 930 Fifth Avenue (74th), which made me so dizzy that I couldn't take in much until I got safely back to the renting office. A study of the layouts persuaded me that the four-room units with every window facing the Park are among the better offerings around. In this instance, four rooms means a bedroom, living room, dining room, foyer, and kitchen. (Remember, wherever you go, that the number of rooms advertised is not a reliable measuring stick, for every renting agency has its own ideas about what constitutes a room.) The management of 930 has some especially tempting plans for the tenth floor and higher. Apartments up there have guest lavatories as well as terraces that are small enough to take care of easily. Near the top, you get wood-burning fireplaces and Views. The larger apartments have two family bedrooms and a maid's room. Rentals are from $1,700 to $5,600.

AT 875 Fifth Avenue (69th), they claim that there isn't going to be a single gloomy room in the house, and after looking around at what's ready, I'm inclined to guess they're right. Three- to six-room apartments, fourteen with terraces. All have guest lavatories, service entrances, and soundproof walls—you couldn't ask for more privacy. You'll like the glistening stall showers (in bathrooms that are finished in plain-white tile, for a pleasant change), the remarkably ample closet space, and casement windows with ventilating panels for dirty days. If you want what you want when you want it, this is your house, for it has two service elevators instead of the customary one.

My favorite there is a five-room duplex facing the Park. Downstairs it consists of a living room (agreeably L-shaped), dining room, kitchen, lavatory, and a charming curl of a staircase; upstairs are two bedrooms, two baths, and six honest closets. That's "B" on the diagrams, in case you care, and it costs from $3,400 to $4,400, depending, as usual, on height. Less spectacular apartments start at $1,700. No fireplaces, but mantels are waiting for you if you want them. There's a changing room downstairs for maids who live out, and, to spoil you completely, maid service in the building.

—K. C. B.

• •



THE EXPEDITION

The moon was large, the boy was small. These two
Were out together at last, and no one with them.
The moon went low along the fence with the boy,
And it kept looking at him every time
The trees got by or where the wall dipped low.
The boy had often thought of making friends
With the moon like this, and here he was.
When he stopped still, the moon stopped moving, too,
And looked at him, and he looked back at it.
After a little, though, he took to walking
Faster and faster, and things were not the same;
He wished the moon would look some other way.
He started to run. And then he came out bare
On a wide hill, and there the white moon was
Miles away and not with him at all.
There were woods and more woods in between
And water with another moon inside.

Suddenly the boy sat down and cried.
After a while, his father found him there.
He and the moon would never be friends again.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bananas and Dentists

THE Cagney-O'Brien team has been at work again, and the result of their activities is a rakish little item called "Torrid Zone." This isn't exactly the kind of thing to entertain the grandmas of the country, except those of markedly rowdy tendencies, but persons with the hardihood of youth will have a good time.

Although the framework is familiar, at least as far as the Cagney and O'Brien wrangle is concerned, there is a perceptible departure from the usual. The lady of the story asserts herself. Generally, you know, some meek, minute female is battered about the landscape by the Messrs. Cagney and O'Brien until at last one or the other of them takes the whimpering dove under his special protection. That is not the case here, with the rôle of dove played by the impassive and handsome Ann Sheridan. Miss Sheridan appears as a lovely vagrant earning a perfectly respectable living as a night-club entertainer. There are, one gathers, night clubs requiring the services of such entertainers throughout the most abandoned jungle districts of South America, and also we learn that a Nordic type on the lush side is a hazard to native discipline and upsets banana-pickers. It is up to Pat O'Brien to see that this disturbing element is removed from among these banana-pickers, and his approach to the problem is tough. However, the lady is equally tough and manages to stick around; indeed, at times I got the impression that Miss Sheridan made both Cagney and O'Brien look like a couple of curates. That is her peculiar triumph in the picture, and I think it serves to make the film something rather curious and farcical. Farce—outspoken, even broad, in its repartee—is the quality of the whole affair. In fact, the movie is almost a parody on those routine adventure pictures of South American bandits (there's a fine bandit in this movie) and of tropical passions, with their exhausting intensity.

THE other movies of the week are of such calibre as to make even this loyal and dedicated department wonder if pictures are the most mo-

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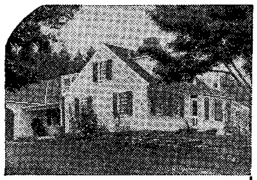

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mentous things in the world today. Still, poking and prying about in the fogginess each one seems made of, a truly devoted admirer of this Industry and of all its products can, I guess, find some tiny ray of light. In "If I Had My Way," neither Bing Crosby nor Gloria Jean radiates with any particular glow, and certainly El Brendel, though the producers of the picture evidently think him a riot, will seem a babbler and an irritant to most. However, surprises turn up in this film. No less a person than Blanche Ring sings "Rings on my fingers and bells on my toes," and Eddie Leonard does a number. Various other stars of the old, old days make a bow, and one may be curious to see how they have survived. Grace La Rue and Trixie Friganza, now staid and matronly, are here, and Julian Eltinge, who has matured into a somewhat archiepiscopal type.

It is practically impossible to be certain what "Slightly Honorable" is about, so dizzy is its plot, dizzy enough to be comic at times. There's a "political machine" in it, and a girl gets slapped, and knives whizz through the air, and a climax is arranged in a Texas cemetery. Pat O'Brien, Edward Arnold, and Ruth Terry are kept busy. . . . This week's Western, "Dark Command," is of pre-Civil War Kansas, with proper references to slave-running and arms-smuggling. The interesting profession of dentistry, the dentistry of that period and locale, also receives some attention. Claire Trevor and John Wayne—you may remember their "Stagecoach"—are united again in this historical romance, and your enthusiasm for the film must depend on your interest in them, or, of course, in dentistry and Kansas.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(BARD OF AVON DIVISION)

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
—*William Shakespeare, Sonnet 36.*

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
—*William Shakespeare, Sonnet 96*

(WELL OF ENGLISH UNDEFILED DIVISION)

But pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.
—*Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Legend of Good Women."*

Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.
—*Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Merchant's Tale."*

That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.
—*Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Squire's Tale."*

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.
—*Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Knight's Tale."*

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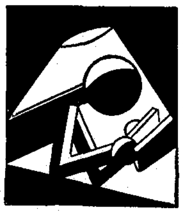
BOOKS

No Trip for a Woman—Kentucky Ballad



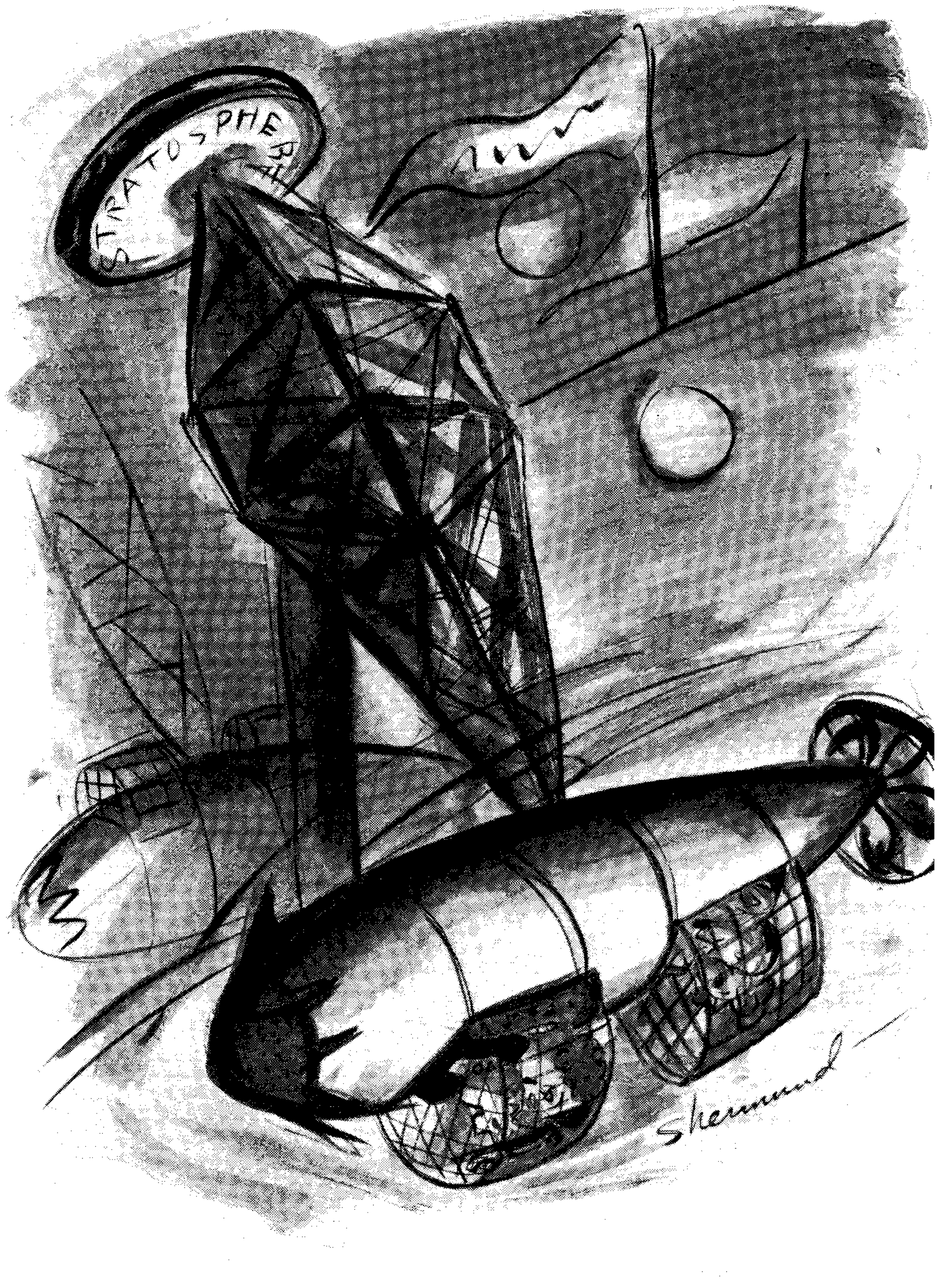
THEY were Kansas products, both of them: the watchmaker's son who wasn't any too bright at school and the locomotive engineer's snub-nosed daughter. A couple of healthy and apparently almost dismally normal small-town kids, they married each other without any very solemn preliminaries and forthwith proceeded, with the aid of cameras, pygmies, head-hunters, cannibals, gazelles, lions, gorillas, and their own unusual qualities, to become Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. The story of how this came about is now told in "I Married Adventure," a pleasant, forthright, occasionally exciting book by Osa Johnson, Martin's widow. It makes a canny bid for a number of audiences: camera fans, fireside explorers, animal lovers, and embattled feminist ladies, who will take vicarious satisfaction in Osa's ability to stand the gaff of hardship and danger as well as, or better than, the next man.

Martin, it seems, was a sort of Peck's Bad Boy, built by nature to run away from home. He liked cameras, animals, and geography, and it took him only a few years to fit these interests together and become the world's most famous photographer of the wild life, both feral and human, of the jungles of Borneo and Africa. Of course, as Osa affectionately makes clear, he had a few other qualities besides a liking for beasts and lenses. He was brave, resourceful, and had the kind of forceful simplicity that enabled him to sell his schemes for film-making to industrialists like George Eastman.

One other quality he possessed, which Osa doesn't mention—the sure touch of the born showman. He had the touch when, as a lanky kid, he started a small chain of nickelodeons, and exhibited the motion pictures of the trip he took with Jack and Charmian London in the Snark. He had the touch toward the end of his all too short life when, deciding that aerial photography would give the animal-and-exploring business a much-needed new twist, he and Osa learned to pilot a plane. Nor can it be denied that the Johnsons worked for all it was worth—and never for more than it was worth—the natural audience appeal that lay in the Mr.-and-Mrs. set-up. But for all the amiable kidding that the Johnsons inevitably got, there was never a suspicion of Barnum about their doings. Showmen? Certainly—but honest showmen. Never pretending to be anthropologists or trained naturalists, they took sound and often extraordinary pictures whose appeal was frankly dramatic, with a reasonable infusion of educational value.

"I Married Adventure" is about adventure, but it's also about a marriage. When Osa became Mrs. Martin Johnson, she had not the remotest notion that she was going to spend the next twenty years of her life inducing testy cannibals to perform antics before the camera, shooting elephants in the nick of time, eating monkey meat, and helping to boss two hundred natives in the middle of nowhere in Africa. Apparently, Martin picked a wife out of the air, and she was, by a miracle, precisely the one he needed. There never was any problem of adaptation. The little girl from Chanute, Kansas, took to head-hunters and rhinoceroses with as much untroubled ease as most of her schoolmates took to double boilers and the Thursday-afternoon bridge club. Whenever the Johnsons set about planning an expedition, some well-meaning old professional was bound to say, "That's no trip for a woman." That was all Osa needed to hear.

The style of "I Married Adventure" does not exist. It might be described as homespun had Osa ever had any set-



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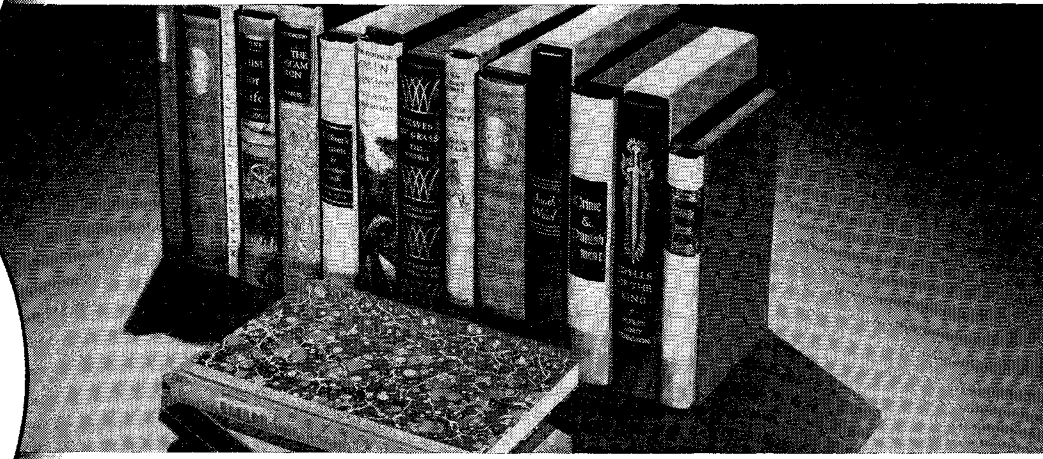

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tled home. She writes about as her husband talked when he lectured—with complete simplicity and a lack of affectation better than the subtlest of platform tricks. Several times the story works in episodes that are genuinely thrilling, and once or twice—I think of Martin's lecture to the nine thousand Salt Lake City school children just before his tragic death—it touches the heart.

The eighty-three aquatone illustrations, many of them from stills, present the Johnsons, George Eastman, Jack London, native chiefs, gorillas, zebras, leopards, giraffes, hyenas, elephants, the then Duke and Duchess of York, and honey bears in a variety of graphic and appealing attitudes.

JESSE STUART, the Kentucky sonneteer who has been called an American Robert Burns, offers his first novel this week: "Trees of Heaven." Perfectly in line with his other books, it evokes all the adjectives that sound so vapid in print: earthy, racy, homely, etc. Using a Montague-Capulet theme (Tarvin Bushman, son of the rich farmer Anse Bushman, loves Subrinea Tussie, daughter of the scorned squatter Boliver Tussie), Mr. Stuart plays some sweet rural variations on his oaten reed. The net effect is of a ballad rather than a novel, with reminiscences—transposed to an American key—of Virgil's Eclogues and the Idylls of Theocritus. As a realistic picture of the life of Kentucky hill folk, it may have its drawbacks, but no reader will deny it the true smack of minor poetry.

Maybe, as a matter of fact, it's too poetic. Not only do Mr. Stuart's rustics talk your ear off but they do it only in picturesque language. Anse, who is supposed to be a rugged old boy with a horse trader's heart, talks this-a-way: "It is the spring thunder showers comin'. It is the trumpet of the spring. . . . You will see the green git back to the hills and you will see the flowers spring from the earth and bloom as they have never bloomed before. I can tell that thunder is the trumpet to awake the spring." It must be a real pleasure for a sharecropper to work for a farmer who can talk like that. As for young Tarvin, his language is a cross between that of Romeo and that of Pelléas, with hillfolk modifications. (I expect the next mail will bring me an indignant letter from Mr. Stuart, together with a recording to prove that Kentucky farmers *are* poets, every man jack of them.)

Mr. Stuart is by no means a born novelist, but there are some things he can do superbly. He can do you a coun-

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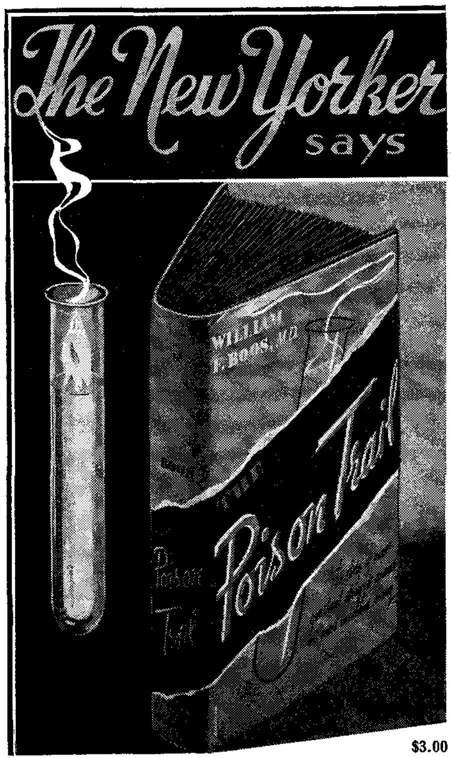

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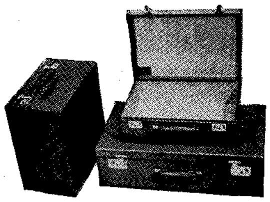

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try frolic, he can whip you up a first-rate picture of sorghum-making, he can describe a land auction so that you almost feel the soil between your fingers, he can make a winter night's vigil in the lambing pen become a permanent part of your imagination. I don't think he's much of a hand at characterization. The religious conversion of old Anse, for example, which redirects the plot so that the story ties up at the end into a happy love knot, is completely unconvincing. Also, Mr. Stuart's use throughout of the present tense happens to drive me crazy. Others may not care.

—Clifton Fadiman

SPRING BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE book which is my favorite in the spring list for boys and girls is Mark Van Doren's "The Transparent Tree." It is written for younger children, for those from eight to twelve years, perhaps. When I first read it, I thought that children might not like it as well as I had, that mine might be an adult pleasure in coming upon an imaginative and well-written book in the midst of so many pedestrian ones, but the one child I have been able to try it on—by reading it aloud to him—would not let me stop until I had finished, and was tense with excitement and suspense. George and William, of the story, are surprised to find, one summer when they reach the country, that they are bored with the farm—just the same old trees, lanes, rocks, and fields—nothing to do. They take to reading the funnies until one day they see the man by the woodpile, the mysterious man named Slim Jim, whom they've never seen before and, when the book ends, will never see again. With Slim Jim, they hunt for the transparent tree, the road under the road (the one the animals use), the signs of the old people, the hillside that changes. As you may guess, they never do find them, but what they find is even better. It is magic, outdoor magic, to be found in the use of the exact eye as well as of the imagination. The book belongs on the shelf with other books of enchantment, like "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "The Wind in the Willows," but it is wholly original. The illustrations by Margaret Van Doren are decorative and in the spirit of the text.

The list of books which follows starts with books for the very young and works upward gradually to those for the comparatively mature. It covers some of the high spots among this spring's

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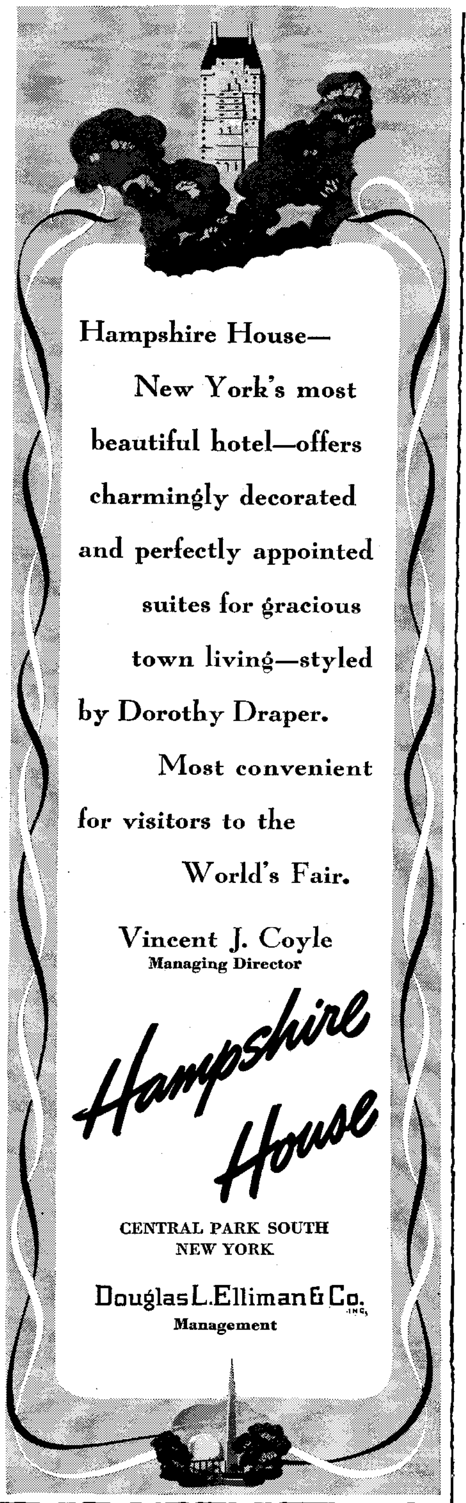

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titles and half a dozen received too late to be included in our autumn list of children's books:

LOVINA, story and pictures by Katherine Milhous. Another book about the Amish people—there have been three within six months—this time for the picture-book age. It is an attractive volume with bright, postery pictures and a story with the qualities of a folk tale, which hangs on the fate of seven Revolutionary plates, cherished yet lost one by one through the generations by Lovina and her family.

NICODEMUS AND THE NEWBORN BABY, written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. Nicodemus learns to his surprise that babies are "borned" and takes on the responsibility of an infant brother. Not so humorous, perhaps, but just as good as the other books in this fine series about colored children.

PEPITO, written and illustrated by Sheila Hawkins. Lively tale of a Spanish boy, a gypsy girl, a donkey, and a broken-down bus, with big pictures in orange, black, and white. No more serious alarms disturb the Spanish town of the story than a quite sociable fire and the depredations of Pepito's donkey.

A GOOD HOUSE FOR A MOUSE, by Irmengarde Eberle, pictures by Eloise Wilkin. For a nice little girl of six, this nice little book about Dinny, who saves a family of mice from the onslaught of a 1905 spring cleaning. Pleasant period pictures.

CATS FOR THE TOOSEYS, by Mabel Guinnip La Rue, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. A simple story of too many cats. Gentle humor, good black-and-white pictures.

WOODEN SHOES IN AMERICA, by Lois Maloy and Alice Dalgliesh. Dutch children in New Amsterdam; a historical-background book for six-to-eight-year-olds. Short text and many delightfully pretty pictures in pen and ink and color.

LENTIL, story and pictures by Robert McCloskey. Big, vigorous, amusing pictures in black-and-white, with an Ohio small-town background. They are so good it is a pity that the text is somewhat creaky in its attempt at homespun humor.

TITO, THE PIG OF GUATEMALA, by Charlotte Jackson, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Eventful journey of an Indian family and their meddlesome pig from their home in the Guatemala mountains to the fiesta in town. Many bright-colored pictures.

BETSY GOES A-VISITING, by Jane Quigg, pictures by Decie Merwin. One of the more successful of the many books based on the commonplace doings of present-day children. Betsy is a third-grader.

SINFI AND THE LITTLE GYPSY GOAT, by Chesley Kahmann, illustrated by F. Luis Mora. A neat, short tale of a gypsy girl, her prickly grandmother, and a mischievous goat. Plenty of real Romany atmosphere.

AT MIDSUMMER TIME, A STORY OF SWEDEN, written and illustrated by Emma L. Brock. A charming book about a village Midsummer's Day fête of only a year ago, when little Swedish girls and whole Swedish towns could make merry with no fear except of the big troll who

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WHISTLE FOR GOOD FORTUNE, by Margery Bailey, illustrated by Alice B. Preston. Six succulent fairy stories based on folk tales, and good to read aloud if taken a bit at a time. The style is so heavily seasoned with the traditional quirks and drolleries of fairy-tale narration that a lot at once becomes indigestible.

KOBI, A BOY OF SWITZERLAND, by Mary and Conrad Buff. This book about a Swiss boy herdsman and his first summer with the cows on a high Alpine pasture has real quality as the story of a boy, and there is much of Switzerland in both the narrative and the brilliant five-color lithographs. One of the best.

THE FAR-AWAY TRAIL, by Charlie May Simon, drawings by Howard Simon. A gentle story of pioneer days in Arkansas. Miss Simon's books are popular with children of the intermediate grades, perhaps because she always writes of happy family life and is able to make it sound real against any background.

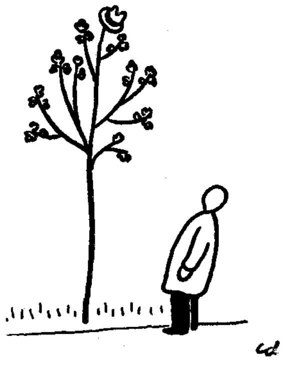
BEN: THE STORY OF A CART-HORSE, by Primrose Cumming, with photographs by Harold Burdekin. Ben starts out as a London dray horse and is retired to work on an English farm. Very British in its farm terminology but above average for a book of its kind, both in its fine photographs and in the pastoral quiet of its well-written text.

THE GREAT GEPPY, text and pictures by William Pène du Bois. An awning-striped horse is the sleuth who solves the mystery of the circus safe robberies. The book, which defies classification, is as full of giddy nonsense and gay pictures as its predecessor, "The Three Policemen," yet this time the dizziness seems a shade less spontaneous. Try it, though, on a child of almost any age.

THE LITTLEST HOUSE, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Marguerite Davis. A warmhearted book which girls of from seven to eleven should relish because in it every little girl's dream comes true: the children of the story are given a tiny house—a *real* house, not just a plaything—to have for their own all one happy summer.

THAT MARIO, written and illustrated by Lucy Herndon Crockett. The author of the picture book "Lucio and His Nuong" now writes for somewhat older children an even more delightful book about Lucio's older brother. There is real humor in the lazy Mario's haphazard journey to Manila and in his adventures in that big, bad city. The Philippine background is vivid and the pictures add to the gaiety.

THE TRANSPARENT TREE, by Mark Van



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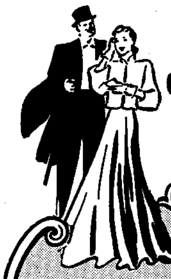

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Doren, illustrated by Margaret Van Doren. Reviewed above.

SALUTE, written and illustrated by C. W. Anderson. The story of a farm boy to whom good horses are the most important thing in life, and well enough told so one can almost believe the strokes of luck which make him the owner, at ten, of a grandson of Man o' War. The lithographs of race horses are very fine.

BEN AND ME: A NEW AND ASTONISHING LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AS WRITTEN BY HIS GOOD MOUSE AMOS, "discovered, edited, and illustrated" by Robert Lawson. One of the most original and amusing books of last autumn and good to read aloud to the whole family. The mouse's interpretation of Franklin's career is indeed so astonishing that it is as well to have a grownup nearby to answer the inevitable "Is it true?"

ANIMAL STORIES, selected, edited, and in part rewritten by Walter de la Mare, illustrated by woodcuts from an old "beaste booke." A master anthologist collects forty-two stories and forty-six rhymes about animals, including well-known and little-known folk and fairy tales, fables, and ballads, and makes them more de la Mare than traditional by his rewriting and poetic taste. Interesting introduction for adults, explaining the reasons for his choices. A book for every home library.

LITTLE WHIRLWIND, by Margaret Ann Hubbard, illustrated by Dorothy Bailey. A pioneer book with a new background: Scotch settlers on the Canadian border of what is now North Dakota, in 1823. Twelve-year-old Chatty MacKenzie spends a winter in a friendly Chippewa village surrounded by hostile Sioux.

OXUS IN SUMMER, by Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock; and SECRET WATER, written and illustrated by Arthur Ransome. Two books about the holiday adventures of English children and both of them the latest in series popular with young Americans. In the first, horses are all-important; in the second, boats. You may rest assured that the children of the stories have nice, literary imaginations and are very, very good sports.

OCEAN-BORN MARY, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. Miss Lenski is so genuine a master of her Early American material that no one succeeds better than she in making a small girl's life in, say, 1732—the date of this story—have actuality for present-day children. The scene is Portsmouth; the plot concerns pirates, the difficulties of the colonists with England, and the multifarious doings of a lively seaport. The character of Mary is vigorous and appealing.

CAP'N EZRA, PRIVATEER, by James D. Adams, illustrated by I. B. Hazelton. Good yarn of privateering out of Newburyport in the War of 1812. Even the heavy use of old New England colloquial talk won't dim the interest of boy readers over ten.

MY BROTHERS AND I, written and illustrated by Alexander Finta. The story of the author's older boyhood in the Hungarian city of Nagyvarad and a sequel to "Herdboy of Hungary." The doings of the irrepressible Kinta boys, their gang fights, their scientific experiments

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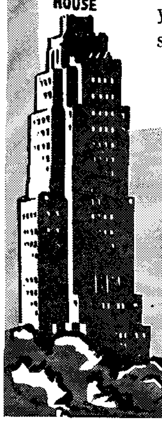

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NEW YORK

(which usually end in disaster) are of universal appeal and yet have enough of the exotic to be thoroughly fascinating to an American of, say, twelve to fourteen. Well written.

TUMBLEDOWN DICK: ALL PEOPLE AND NO PLOT, by Howard Spring, illustrated by Steven Spurrier. An entertaining book, full of Dickensian characters, two of the best being a vaudeville conjuror and a pet-shop keeper. The scene is Manchester, England, and if there is no plot, there are plenty of unexpected events. The author of "My Son, My Son!" knows boys and does not "write down" for them.

THE KID FROM TOMKINSVILLE, by John Tunis, illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum. Character and "heart" are what make this rookie wind up his second season in a World Series for the Dodgers. Despite its large doses of hokum, the story moves fast and the professional baseball dope will be meat and drink to half the boys you know—the half who aren't yet up to Lardner.

HE HEARD AMERICA SING: THE STORY OF STEPHEN FOSTER, by Claire Lee Purdy, pictures by Dorothea Cooke. A readable if undistinguished biography of the composer whose songs are still by far the most popular with the school children of America. The best part of the book is the description of the sources of Foster's songs: the music of plantation, river boat, and minstrel show. The life of a man who died a drunkard at the age of thirty-eight is unlikely material for a youthful audience, but the author manages to present it with only a few deprecatory murmurs. Words and melodies of many of Foster's songs are given.

NANSEN, by Anna Gertrude Hall, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The story of the adventurous and idealistic life of a scientist, explorer, and statesman who, in contrast to Foster, is the perfect hero for young people. Artzybasheff's cold, ice-blue illustrations are very fine, but the text is marred by a lack of intimate detail and by the biographer's tendency to underline the inspirational aspects of her subject matter. Recommended, though, for the chapters on Nansen's crossing of Greenland and on his bitter, three-year voyage in the Arctic Current.

WINGS OF GLORY, by Sonia Daugherty, pictures by James Daugherty. A historical novel based on the first half of David the Psalmist's life. It makes an absorbing and dramatic story and recreates in fascinating detail the strange, pagan Old Testament world, but it will interest only the fairly mature reader.

NOTES: New editions include Hans Andersen's saddest fairy tale, "The Little Mermaid," in a beautiful volume with pictures by Dorothy P. Lathrop; Rabelais's "The Amazing Adventures of Gargantua and His Son Pantagruel," edited for boys (if you can countenance such a scheme) by Tiffany Thayer, with illustrations by Robert Ball. . . . D. C. Heath has now incorporated the Disney personages, like Mickey, Donald Duck, and Pinocchio, into a series of school readers equally good for home

The Question is:

CAN YOU AFFORD *not* TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN?

Can you afford to pass by the outstanding values offered by New York's finest East Side apartments? Today, town living offers not only convenience and complete comfort, but economy as well.

7 ROOMS

SIMPLIFIED HOUSEKEEPING—In one of New York's newest buildings, *this delightful suite is a special value* at $4000. On Fifth Avenue in the smart Seventies. Two master bedrooms; complete appointments make housekeeping easy and efficient. Living room, 26x16 feet, has wood-burning fireplace, overlooks Park.

10 ROOMS

DARK SECRET—We're going to let you in on our secret right now—four bedrooms of this really fine Park Avenue apartment are on a court. But one bedroom, living room and dining room face west, overlooking Park Avenue. You can get this apartment at a "bargain" rental which will make your friends squirm with envy. $2900.

UPSTAIRS-DOWNSTAIRS—In this Park Avenue duplex apartment you can enjoy the rare "private house" pleasure of going "upstairs" to bed and coming "downstairs" to dining room and living room. High ceilings add to spaciousness. Four master bedrooms, two maids' rooms. Rental, $3,900.

11 ROOMS

ENDOWED WITH CHARACTER—An apartment of distinguished character in the Sutton Place section, an entire floor, with outlook on two streets. Principal exposures south and west. Corner living room, 27x19, adjoining dining room and library, creates a sweep of impressive vistas. All rooms of stately proportions. Rental $4,300.

12 ROOMS

SALUTE THE MORNING SUN—Morning sunshine floods the living room, dining room and library of this delightful suite in the East Sixties; three of the four master bedrooms face south; one has a dressing room; four master baths. Living room, 27½x19, wood-burning fireplace. $4,500.

12 ROOMS

OPEN SPACES—Easily one of the most spacious apartments in New York, *occupying an entire floor,* on Park Avenue in the Sixties. A charming circular foyer, 30-foot living room, 27-foot dining room, four master bedrooms, three baths. Fireplaces. An extremely comfortable family layout. Four exposures. $5200.

FOUR CORNER ROOMS—You'll enjoy the rare treat of four spacious corner rooms in this sunny Park Avenue apartment in the quiet Seventies—because of its ingenious arrangement. Living room has wood-burning fireplace; one of the 4 master bedrooms has dressing room. There are three maids' rooms. A sound value, $5200.

13 ROOMS

WITH A VIEW—Central Park displays its beauty from the wide windows of this stately apartment on Fifth Avenue, in the Seventies. The superb living room, 34x19½ feet, and the charming dining room overlook the Park at its most delightful setting. There are four bedrooms, three baths. Four wood-burning fireplaces.

14 ROOMS

CHARM IN LIVING—A magnificent Fifth Avenue apartment, occupying an entire floor, really a manor home. Windows are exceptionally large. The living room, 31x20, the library and the master bedroom, 25x17 with adjoining dressing room, have sweeping Park views. Four other bedrooms. $5,600.

15 ROOMS

DESIGN FOR MODERNS—A superb apartment, occupying an entire floor in a Park Avenue building in the Seventies, perfect for the large family with the many, varied interests of modern life. The 48-foot living room faces east over the Avenue; the dining room is 25 feet long. Five bedrooms are easily arranged into separate suites.

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★ ★

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123 WEST 57TH STREET

Hotel
WHITE
LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 37TH STREET
Direction of Emil H. Ronay

consumption. . . . Also for young readers: "Sounds the Letters Make," by Lucille D. Schoolfield and Josephine B. Timberlake, illustrated by Catherine Werneke Wheeler—an ingenious alphabet book in rhyme designed to aid speech as well as reading; "Down the River," "Up the Mountain," "Along the Coast"—three beautiful geography picture books with double-page color lithographs. . . . Nature books: "Voices from the Grass," a book on insects by Julie Closson Kenly, illustrated by Henry C. Kenly; "Bill and the Bird Bander," by Edna H. Evans, photographs by William J. Evans—Florida birds; "Prairie Neighbors," a book on flora and fauna of the Central Plains, by Edith M. Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton. . . . Useful summer handbooks: "Playthings for Indoor and Outdoor Fun," by Ray J. Marran—how to make them yourself; "Learning to Swim," by N. Baumann Stults and Genevieve M. Kuntz, illustrated by Roberta Paflin—how to teach as well as learn the art. . . . Two recent volumes of essays on children's reading will interest parents as well as teachers and librarians: "My Roads to Childhood," by Anne Carroll Moore, the superintendent of work with children in the New York Public Library, and "Reading with Children," by Anne T. Eaton, the librarian of the Lincoln School; both volumes contain helpful book lists. —K. S. W.

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WHICH NEWS SERVICE D'YA TAKE?

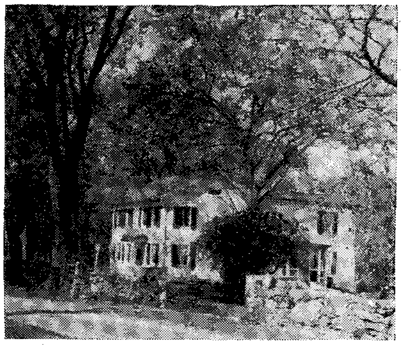
SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18—(AP)—SAILOR TOM SHARKEY, ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF A GUSTY, RIP-ROARING ERA OF PRIZE FIGHTING, HEARD WITH SADNESS TODAY OF THE DEATH OF HIS OLD-TIME FRIEND AND RING OPPONENT—KID MCCOY.

"IT GRIEVES ME DEEPLY," SAID SAILOR TOM, STILL BARREL-CHESTED AND IN GOOD HEALTH AND APPROACHING 70. "I'LL NEVER FORGET OUR FIGHT IN 1898 IN NEW YORK. HE WAS A TOUGH ONE AND CLEVER AS ALL GET OUT. HE WAS A FINE MAN AND A GOOD SPORT." —*Associated Press dispatch to the Milwaukee Journal.*

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18—(UP)—KID MCCOY WAS THE SLICKEST, MEANEST FIGHTER THAT EVER PULLED ON A GLOVE, SAILOR TOM SHARKEY SAID TODAY WHEN HE LEARNED OF MCCOY'S DEATH IN DETROIT.

TOM, A TOUGH, 66-YEAR-OLD, 210-POUND IRISHMAN, WAS REMEMBERING A NIGHT IN 1898 WHEN HE KNOCKED OUT THE KID IN 10 ROUNDS.

"I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT MCCOY," SAID TOM. "HE WAS FAST, COLD-BLOODED, A GOOD FEINTER AND A FINE BOXER. BUT HE COULD BE JUST PLAIN MEAN. HE NEVER MISSED A CHANCE TO CUT UP HIS MAN, EVEN AFTER HE HAD THE FIGHT IN HIS POCKET. BUT HE COULDN'T TAKE A PUNCH ANY TOO WELL."—*United Press dispatch to the same newspaper.*



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Each house contains 5 rooms, overlooks a private garden and has its own entrance on a private, quiet, "traffic-free" street. And, of course, all the superior comforts of an ultra-modern apartment.

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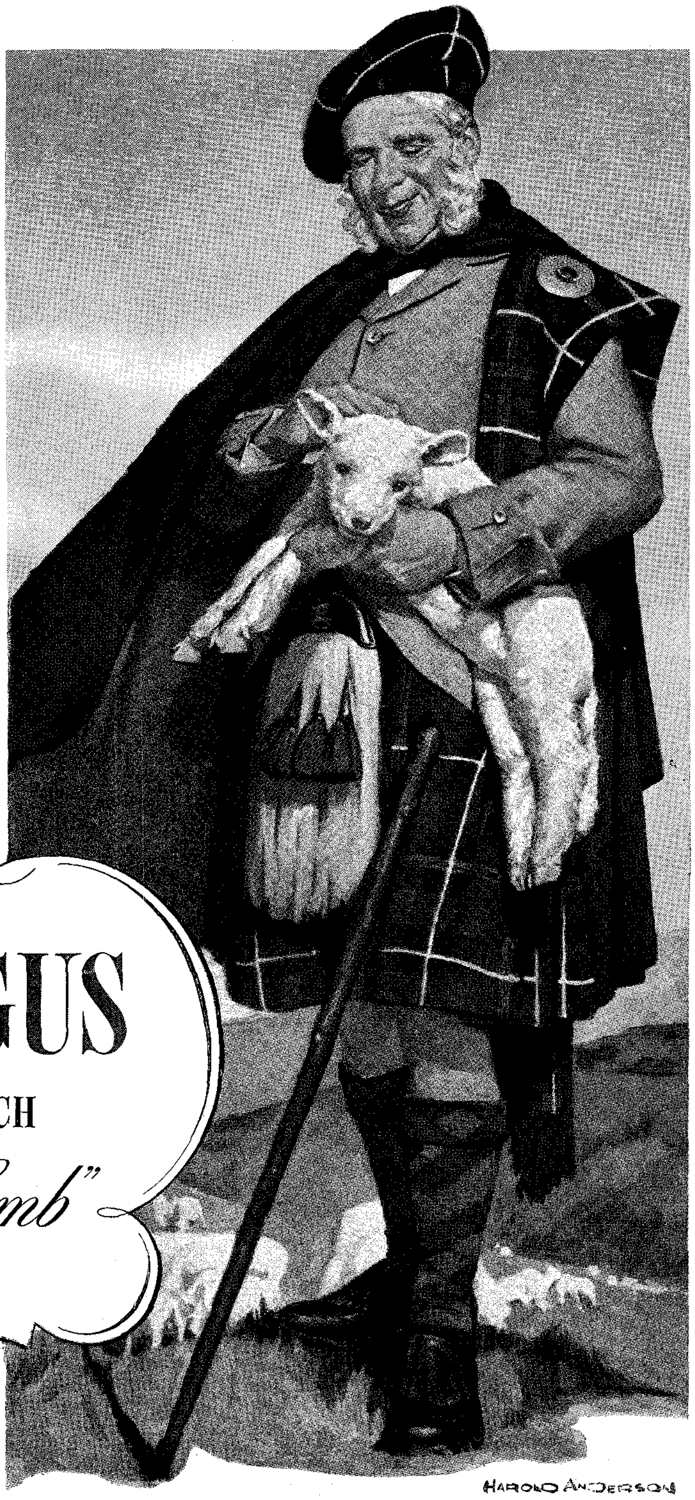
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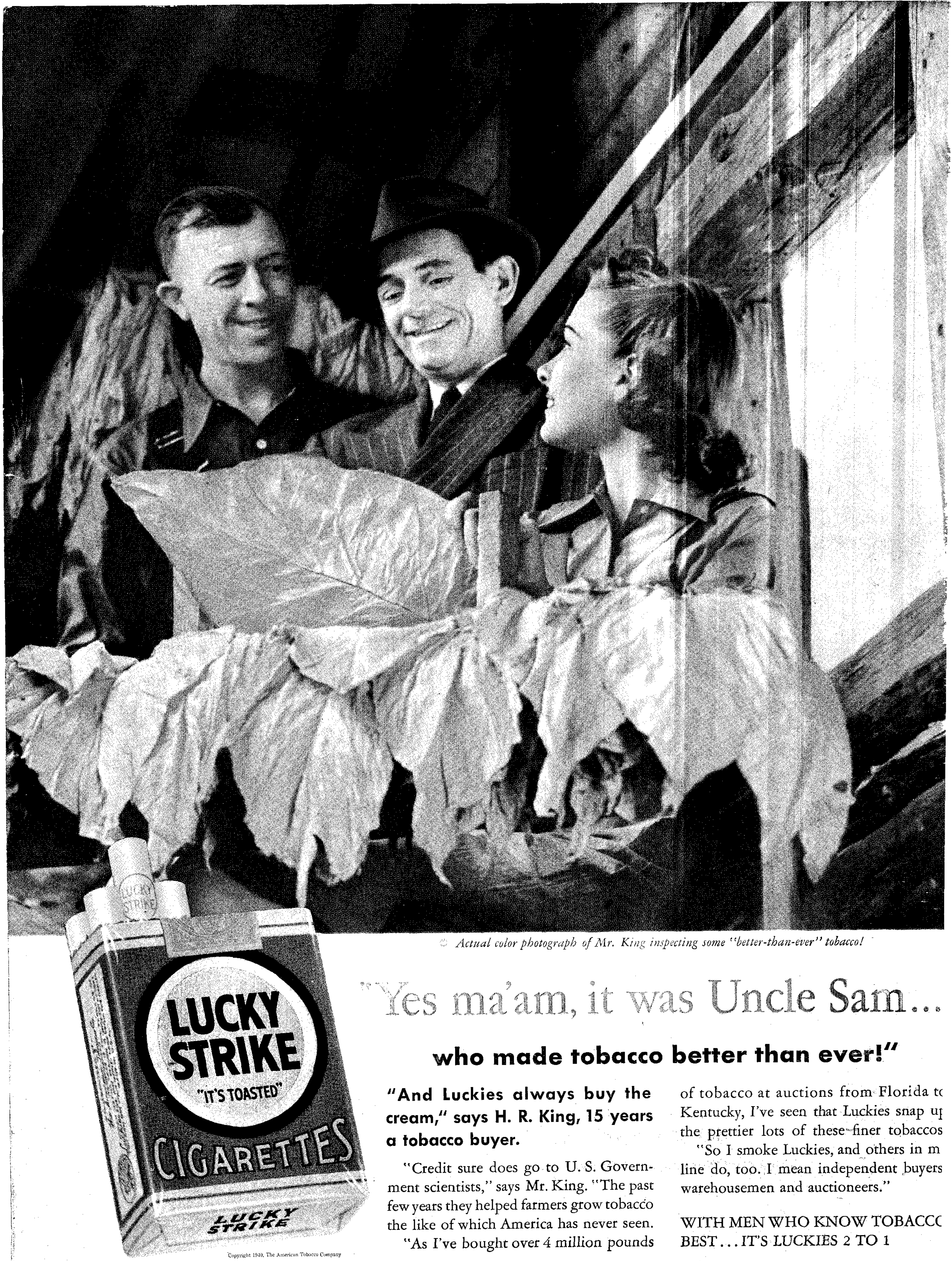

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